# The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 9, 1887. PRICE FIVE CENTS



WE ARE OFFERING

SPECIAL BARGAINS

In White and Colrored

**Bed Spreads!**

We Have a Big Drive in

**Linen Towells!**

One lot for 15 cents.
One lot for 20 cents.
One lot for 25 cents.

These goods are of extra value and worth more money.

**GEORGE DEWALD & CO.**

Cor. Calhoun & Columbia



**CHOICE LOTS IN WILLIAMS' ADDITION.**

**Near South Calhoun Street.**

From $500 up. Small cash payment; long time on remainder if desired, with privilege of making payments to stop interest at any time. These lots are near to Calhoun street, the main central thoroughfare of the city, where property always rents well, is quickly saleable and is especially desirable from its location, midway between the Wabash on the west and Pittsburg offices and shops on the east. Calhoun is Fort Wayne's great central street, destined to be fully occupied with stores, shops, etc.

For these standard lots inquire of any real estate agent in the city or at the main office corner of Clinton and Berry streets, opposite the new government building. 19-tf



Remember that to-day is the day for Centlivre's Bock beer. Inquire for it.


THE young lady teacher of a public school at Santa Rosa, Cal., was very desirous of giving an "exhibition" at the close of the term, and drilled the scholars in declamations, recitations, etc. The pupils were strongly averse to the project, fearing the criticisms of visitors, and when the dreaded day arrived, and all preparations were completed, the teacher was surprised by the absence of visitors, of whom she had invited many. The reason was made apparent by the subsequent discovery that the pupils had surreptitiously pinned a card on the door after the school hour, which read: "Examination day! No visitors admitted this afternoon."

## THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, April 9.—The stock market was again strong at the opening, the first prices showing advances of ⅛ to ¼ per cent.

Noon—Money easy at 6@7 per cent.

NEW YORK, April 9.—Wheat unsettled; May a trifle lower, and others a shade better, but less doing; No. 2 red, May, 92½@92⅝c. Corn, quiet, but steady, at 49@50½. Oats, a trifle better, at 35@42c. Pork, steady; new mess, $16.25. Lard, firm, at $7.60c. Butter, steady, at 12@29c. Eggs, 13½@14½c. Sugar, steady; granulated, 5⅞c. Molasses, firm, but quiet, at 20c. Coffee, firm and unchanged, at 15½c.

CHICAGO, April 9.—Wheat, easy, at 78½@81½c. Corn, easy at 34½@38½c. Oats, steady, at 24½@28½c. Rye, 54½c. Barley, 51½c. Flaxseed, $1.06. Prime timothy, $1.64. Whisky, $1.18. Pork, steady, at $20.75. Lard, firm, at $7.30.


**Only 4c! Only 4c!**

Will buy, to-day, Allen's Best Shirting Prints, at Chaska's Old Stand, 72 Calhoun street.

Eggs 12c. per dozen.
Butter 25c. per pound.

YANKEE GROCERY.

Centlivre's Bock beer. Nothing like it. Centlivre's Bock beer.

Fresh strawberries, first of the season.
Lettuce, quarter pound, 7c.
Spinnach, half peck 15c.
Radishes, bunch 4c.
Onions, 2c.

FRUIT HOUSE.

All dealers handling Centlivre's beer will have Bock beer on tap to-day.


## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

To the Editor of THE SENTINEL.

In response to the earnest request of my friends to be a candidate for mayor at the coming election, I have consented to be a candidate, subject to the decision of the democratic convention. S. C. LUMBARD.

# COERCION.

**A Big Mass Meeting Against it—Gladstone's Powerful Manifesto.**

LONDON, April 9.—The anti-coercion meeting to be held in Hyde park, Monday, promises to be the biggest out door political meeting held in London for years.

Gladstone, in a manifesto, says of the coercion bill: "It is the first time coercion has been proposed without any attempt by the ministry to show, what we know they cannot show, a state of exceptional and flagrant or growing crime. If England is to coerce Ireland for crime, Ireland can reply that, relatively to population, she has less crime than England. In my opinion the rejection of the bill is more needed by England than Ireland. For Ireland it is a question of suffering and she knows how to suffer. For England it is a question of shame and dishonor and to cast away shame and dishonor is the first business of a great nation. In 1876 the meeting of London workingmen first gave effectual force to the movement for Bulgaria which brought about the election of 1880. May the meeting of Monday next ring the death knell of the worst, most insulting and most causeless coercion bill ever submitted to parliament."

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, April 9.—News has been received at Hayti, to the effect that an amicable settlement of the Brittish claims may be expected.

**Crop Report.**

WASAINGTON, April 9.—The report of the department of agriculture for April relates to the condition of winter grain and the comparative healthfulness of farm animals. The average condition is 88, same as in 1881 and higher than at the same date in 1883 and 1885. The damage from the hessian fly is comparatively slight.

The American Fishery union recently suggested to President Cleveland the closing of our markets to Canadian fish products as a sufficient measure of retaliation. The chief executive, in a lengthy reply, reminds the union that the retaliation proposed is not designed for any particular interest, but to maintain the national honor.

**Prohibiton in Kansas.**

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., April 9.—The new law passed by the late Kansas legislature which is intended as a backbone to the present prohibitory law, is playing havoc with the liquor trade in Kansas. The St. Joseph wholesale dealers complain of a falling off of trade and a firm known as one of the largest in the city has taken four of its Kansas men off the road.

**A New Labor Organization.**

PITTSBURG, April 9.—The requisite number of assemblies of Knights of Labor signed yesterday for the formation of a state assembly of iron workers. The new organization will embrace nothing but these workers and is expected to be the strongest labor assembly in the state.

CHICAGO, April 9.—The strike of the union carpenters is still on and work on many large buildings is being retarded in consequence. The bricklayers and stone masons are notified that they must not assist bosses or any one else in carpenter work, under pain of fine.

**Prohibition Will Come Before the Texas Voters.**

GALVESTON, Texas, April 9.—The prohibition question is rapidly assuming a front rank among the political issues of Texas. The late legislature passed an act submitting this question to a vote of the people in August. The anti-prohibitionists are organizing for the battle.

**The Fires.**

CINCINNATI, April 9.—Fire this morning damaged the buildings of the J. Walker Brewing company to the extent of $50,000, which is covered by insurance. The building extends from No's. 385 to 392 Sycamore street. About fifty horses, stabled on the premises, were rescued with difficulty.

**The Weather.**

WASHINGTON, April 9.—Following are the weather indications:

Indiana, fair weather, followed during Sunday with local rains and cooler weather.

**A Girl Poisoned.**

NEW YORK, April 9.—Clara Schalg, the young girl who swallowed a quanity of carbolic acid Tuesday last, repeated the dose last night and is dead.

**Boilers Exploded.**

MILWAUKEE, April 9.—Two boilers in the ship yard exploded this morning, doing $10,000 damages.

**A Burglar Killed.**

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., April 9.—A. R. Cattling shot and killed Charles Green, a burglar from Bradford, Pa., who was entering his house last night.

**Caught by a Belt.**

DECATUR, Ind., April 9.—A [illegible] in the pulley of a grindstone in his father's planing mill Thursday, was caught by the driving belt of the mill and carried to the line shafting, where he was whirled round and round until every bone in his body was broken. One of his arms was torn from his body at the shoulder. His death was almost instantaneous.

**Indictments.**

HUNTINGTON, Ind., April 9.—The grand jury adjourned yesterday. Among the indictments returned were one against Joseph Engleman, who assaulted David Shoemaker and fractured his skull, and one against Uriah Peogh for forgery whose arrest and attempted suicide was telegraphed yesterday. Engleman gave bonds for appearance in the sum of $500.

**Two Executions.**

Patrick McCarty was hanged yesterday at Fort Smith, by the United States marshal, for the murder of the Mahoney brothers in Indian territory. Schade Scarbrough was executed at Clayton, Alabama.

**The New Hunting Law Now in Force.**

An act to amend section 202 of an act entitled. "An act concerning puplic offences, and their punishment," approved April 14, 1881, being sections 2,110 of the revised statues of 1881:

Section 1. Be it enacted by the general assembly of the state of Indiana. That section 202 of the above entitled act be and the same is hereby amended to read as follows: Section 202. Whoever hunts with a dog or dogs, or hunts or shoots with any kind of firearms, on enclosed lands whithout having first obtained the consent of the owner or occupant thereof, shall, upon conviction thereof, be fined in any sum not more than fifty dollars nor less the five, provided that no prosecution shall be instituted under the provisions for this section, except upon the consent of the owner of the land entered. And provided further, that the provisions of this section shall not apply to wet or overflowed lands.

**Indiana Men Smothered.**

CHICAGO, April 9.—Alvin Hill and G. W. Archibald, the former the son of the president of the Adams County National bank, Decatur, Indiana, and the latter a dry goods merchant of Pleasant Mills, Indiana, arrived in the city yesterday and about 10 o'clock last night registered at a hotel on West Lake street. Both went to bed in the same room and blew out the gas. The laudlady missed them this morning and later in the day pried the door to the room open. She found young Hill dead and Archibald just alive. He was brought back to consciousness after hours of hard work.

**Deaths of the Week.**

The following is the list of deaths since our last report:

John Dennison, 2 days, exhaustion.
Sarah A. Wilhelm, 33 years, paralysis of the brain.
Thomas Hamilton, 75 years, pneumonia.
Daniel Barcus, 75 years, exhaustion.
Azel A. Rogers, 60 years, gangrene.
Blanche Forest, 1 month, congestion of the brain.
Raburn Beeson, 74 years, congestion of the lungs.
Mary Schafer, 7 years, rheumatic fever.
Samuel Rosenthal, 17 years, consumption.

# LOCAL NEWS.

R. E. Meyers, of this city, was at Indianapolis yesterday.

The Pennington machine works were incorporated at Indianapolis yesterday.

The viewers have reported in favor of the Habecker ditch in Adams township.

The jury in the *Gazette* case was out deliberating when THE SENTINEL went to press.

Mrs. J. D. Hance, who has been the guest of her son, J. P. Hance, returned to her home in Carroll county, to-day.

Regular services at the R. R. Y. M. C. A., Sabbath afternoon, at 3:30. Come.

Rev. J. M. Fulton will conduct the usual services at the Second Presbyterian church to-morrow.

A woman died on the Pittsburg passenger train No. 1 as it approached the city at noon. She was afflicted with consumption. Undertaker Peltier prepared the remains and shipped them to Englewood, her home.

The Douglas avenue branch of the C. L. S. C. will meet on Thursday evening of next week instead of on Monday evening at the residence of the Misses Newell, No. 79 Douglas avenue, to accomdate any who may wish to attend the Y. M. C. A. concert Monday evening.

Mr. W. A. Foote came down from Duluth to visit his family and square himself against the reflection of a picture in the Minnespolis *Tribune* on his handsome face. Mr. Foote is prospering in the northwest and his friends are all glad to greet him.

Rose Mooney sues Julius C. Mooney for a divorce at Chicago on the ground of [illegible]. He also [illegible]

do farm work, including the clearing of their land. She closes by asserting that she has never had decent clothes or enough of them. The parties live in Eel River township.

The Fort Wayne turnverein has elected the following new officers: Frank Zimmerman, first speaker; Peter Nussbaum, second speaker; George Braitniger, secretary; Gottlieb Stauffer, treasurer; Emil Berthold, superintendent; August Schubert, first turnward; Fred Kratzsch, second turnward; Louis Rastetter, John Reuss and Frank Gruber, trustees.

Building permits have been granted to Charles Strubey to erect an addition to his frame house on lot 81, Hanna's addition, to cost $400; to Thomas Ahern to build a three-story brick building on lot 88, Brackenridge addition, to cost $4,000; to Joseph Nichter, to construct a one and a half story frame house on lot 47, Bond's addition, to cost $800; to F. H. Peters, to put up an addition to his frame house on lot 20, Ewing's second addition, to cost $200, and to Julius Remus to erect a kitchen on Ewing's outlot No, 1, to cost $200.

# Y. M. C. A.

**Program of the Grand Subscription Concert of Monday Evening Next.**

The sale of tickets for the grand subscription concert for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A., indicates a crowded house next Monday evening. Following is the full program for that occasion:

PART I.

Overture. "Morning, Noon and Night in Vienna".....Von Suppe
Reineke's Orchestra.
Quartet, "Come, Dance and Sing".....Buck
Haydn Quartet.
Piano Solo, "Lucia de Lamermoor,".....
.....Donizetti
Miss Ross Schlesinger.
Baritone Solo, "The V kings".....Adams
Mr. W. F Carver.
Instrumental, "The Huntsman's Farewell".....Mendelssohn
Fort Wayne Brass Quartet.
Dialect Song, "The Tipperary Christening."
.....McGinnis
Mr. A. T. Lukens.
Gospel Hymn, "It is Well With My Soul."
.....Bliss
Chorus of Male Voices.

PART II.

Overture, "O'd Lavender".....Braham
Reineke s Orchestra.
Quartet, "Remember Thy Creator,"...Rhodes
Haydn Quartet.
Contralto Solo, "Ashamed of Christ"...Danks
Miss Minnie Graves.
Instrumental, "Praise of the Soldier"
.....Boildieu
Brass Quartet.
Soprano Solo, "The Forget-Me-Not".....
.....Von Suppe
Mrs I. Aaron.
Dialect Song, "Little Mischief".....Markham
Mr. A. T. Lukens.
Gospel Hymn, "I've Found the Pearl"...Bliss
Chorus of Male Voices.

# INDIANA NEWS.

**Items of Interest From all Parts of Hoosierdom.**

Huntington is sinking gas well No. 2.

Laporte has raised $5.000 for gas well purposes.

Quakers are to build a new church at Plainville.

Huntington G. A. R. aid loan is liberally potronized.

The residence of Wm. K. Whittaker, about twelve miles northwest of Martinsville, was burned yesterday, together with most of the contents. Loss, $1,500; insured in the Phœnix of Hartford, for $375.

The sale of the Madison woolen mill, which was set for yesterday, has been postponed until Thursday, May 5. It is hoped that, pending the sale, some plan will be adopted under which the mill will be started.

# BREVITIES.

**Short Telegrams, Giving the News of the Day From all Around.**

As a result of the recent tragedy in Avery street, Boston, house No. 101 Brattle square, which has been a gambling den for twenty-five years, has been closed.

The Chicago striking carpenters refused to compromise their differences with the "bosses," who will not recognize the union, and a long and bitter struggle is expected.

Gen. Charles J. Payne, of Boston, owner of the Mayflower, has decided to build a steel center board yacht, about the size of the Mayflower, to defend the American cup.

Rev. W. F. Lowery, pastor of Brown's African M. E. church, Allegheny City, was the target of a would-be assassin last Sunday night during services. The bullet barely missed his head.

Paul Leader, one of the defendants in the Haddock murder trial at Sioux City, testified that Leavitt, who was the state's chief witness, shot Haddock, and not Arensdorf, the man on trial.

PRINCE BISMARCK said in his interview with M. de Lesseps, as an illustration of the fickleness of popular favor: "I was speaking to you just now of my popularity. This is almost as awkward as antipathy. This pavement of Berlin, which formerly I could not tread without the people I met spitting as I passed to show their disgust for me, is now so crowded with friends when I set foot out of doors that I am reduced to showing myself as little as possible. [illegible]

# THE CROWNING DAY.

**The Lord Will Come in Power and Glory From on High—Free Salvation, as it Will be Uttered From the Lips of God's Servants To-morrow.**

Do not be ashamed of Christ.

See that your children attend Sunday school.

This world is not your home, kind reader!

Do not live in this world alone for yourself.

Communion service to-morrow morning in the First Presbyterian church at 10:45. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.

Commence with Easter Sunday to live a life that will do you some good when you pass away to the other world.

If the Lord has given you wealth use it for his cause. Remember you will be held responsible and will have to give an account for every penny-whether you use in for good or evil.

There will be a mission and Easter service to-morrow evening at 7:30 at the Simpson M. E. church, corner Dawson and Harrison street. All are invited. Come, and bring your friends.

The morning service of the Third Presbyterian church will be conducted by the Rev. J. P. Lloyd. Sunday school at 2 p. m., instead of 7 o'clock. There will be no evening service.

Regular services at the church of God, corner of Hoagland avenue and DeWald streets, to-morrow morning at 10:30 and evening at 7:30. A cordial invitation extended to all. W. W. Lovett, pastor.

No services at the Wayne street M. E. church to-morrow morning, but the Sunday school services will begin at 2 o'clock p. m., and a missionary and Easter concert will be given in the evening.

Easter will be observed at the A. M. E church to-morrow. Special sermon Easter morning and evening. Egg service at 3 p. m. Friends are invited to all these services by the pastor, W. H. Brown.

The Christian and Congregational churches will join in a union service in the Congregational church at 10:30 a. m. At 7:30 p. m. an easter concert exercise will be given by the Sabbath school.

Grace Reformed chapel will be reopened, 'mid the joys of the Easter morning. Appropriate services will be held. The evening theme will be "The Profitableness of Godliness. T. J. Bacher, pastor.

Trinity church, W. N. Webbe, Rector. Easter Sunday, services at 7:30 a. m., 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school celebration. Easter music at the 10:30 a. m. service: Processional "March of the Templars," Hiles; "Christ our Passover," Hodges; "Gloria," Mozart; "TeDeum," Tully; "Jubilate," Rossi; "Gloria," Twelfth mass, Mozart; Offeratory, "I Know that my Redeemer Liveth," Handel; "Gloria in Excelsis," Buck. All are cordially invited.

Come with your friends and neighbors to the 7:30 services at the Baptist church. Easter will be celebrated by the baptism of several converts at the 10:30 services, symbolizing the death, burial and resurrection of Jesus Christ in accordance with Romans, 6:3, 4.—"Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized with Jesus Christ, were baptized into his death. Therefore, we are baptized with him into death, that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so, we also should walk in the newness of life." S. A. Northrop, pastor.

Don't disparage the good that other people are doing. People will not be led to think you great or wise or good if you are constantly sneering at the goodness or wisdom or greatness of others. It is the mark of a petty mind to do this. Form the habit of sneering and in a short time there will be scarcely a thing that you can not find fault with, and you will be a contemptible thing. Speak kindly and you will find some good thing in almost any one to speak of, and you will develop into the cheery, happy one who blesses and is blessed wherever he may go.

# CEDAR BLOCKS.

**A Strong Petition to be Presented to the Council Next Tuesday Evening.**

The following petition in reference to wooden blocks will be presented to the common council next Tuesday evening:

To the Honorable Mayor and Common Council of the City Fort Wayne, Indiana.

GENTLEMEN—We the undersigned property owners of Calhoun street and citizens of Fort Wayne, respectfully represent that we are the owners of the number of feet set opposite our names, and that we represent a large majority of the property bordering on that part of Calhoun street which is to be paved and [illegible] the consideration from your hands that it deserves, beg your honorable body to order the paving of said street with cedar blocks or other suitable wooden material that has been tried and will stand the heavy traffic it will be subjected to, on this street especially. We therefore respectfully solicit you to grant the petition.

Edward Seidel, 20 feet front on Calhoun street.
Dessauer, Trauerman & Wolf, 30 feet.
John Mohr, jr., 20 feet.
H. W. Mordhurst, 20 feet.
Fred Graffe, 90 feet.
John Bothner, 25 feet.
Louis Fox, 50 feet.
Thomas Lau, 93½ feet.
John Koester, 50 feet.
Wilhelmina Salzmann, 25 feet.
J. J. Jocquel, 50 feet.
F. W. E. Helmke, 70 feet.
C. C. Gumpper, 20 feet.
J. D. & C. C. Gumpper, 20 feet.
M. M. Kelley, 20 feet.
Patrick Hoarn, 20 feet.
P. H. Garvey, 22 feet.
Michael and J. Woulfe, 50 feet.
Pat Woulfe, 20 feet.
A. M. Agster, 40 feet.
Joseph Mommer, jr., 20 feet.
Miller & Moritz, 85 feet.
Caroline W. Phillips, 65 feet.
Margaret Breen and Wm. P. Breen, 28 feet.
William Dunn, 130 feet.
August C. Trentman, 125 feet.
E. M. Powers, 50 feet.
A. B. Trentman, 65 feet.
W. Fleming, 166 feet.
H. G. Wagner, 55 feet.
Wm. H. Dreier, 20 feet.
Chas. Stellhorn, 15 feet.
John H. Welch, 20 feet.
John Leichner, 20 feet.
Henry C. Graffe, 80 feet.
S. C. Lumbard, administrator estate of Ann Bird, dead, 20 feet.
Jacob Foellinger, sr., 110 feet.
Charles G. Smith, secretary board of trustees Fort Wayne lodge, No. 14, I. O. O. F., 70 feet.
Mathias App, 20 feet.
L. O. Hull, 20 feet.
Wm. Saunders, 20 feet.
Sanford Rich, 50 feet.
Juliana T. Nierman, 42½ feet.
E. A. K. Hackett, 25 feet.
L. Mohr, 25 feet.
Wilson & Bro., 20 feet.
John Gaetje, 40 feet.
G. Stauffer, 20 feet.
Mrs. R. B. Nill, 48 feet.
Gottlieb Niemann, 20 feet.
Empie & Samaders, 20 feet.
Daniel Harmon, 102 feet.
Nirdlinger & Oppenheimer, 22½ feet.
John Leihner, 10 feet.
Fred W. Stenner, 25 feet.
Gottlieb Orff, 25 feet.
T. B. Hedekin, 200 feet.
Elisa Schroeder, 20 feet.
Schroeder Bros., 20 feet.
J. Henry Schone, 20 feet.
Mary C. Schuckman, 20 feet.
James M. Kane, 25 feet.
M. B. Shilling, 20 feet.
H. G. Olds, 20 feet.
Mrs. Hanna Smith leaves the matter to C. McCulloch, so I will be satisfied with cedar block. C. McCulloch. 150 feet.
E. P. Williams, 22½ feet.
Jas. Summers, 20 feet.
C. O. Lepper, 20 feet.
H. C. Sites, 20 feet.
Jacob Certia, per Peter Certia, 40 feet.
Hester A. Wood, 74 feet.
Leop. Freiberger, 20 feet.
A. H. Hamilton, 45 feet on west side and 20 on east side.
Geo. W. Brackenridge, 22 feet.
John C. Spencer, by guardian, 40 feet.
Timothy Hogan, 50 feet.
Mrs. E. Driscoll, 17 feet.
J. W and H. P. Vordermark, 20 feet.
J. B. White, 210 feet.
Mary Smith by Geo. D. Crane, her attorney, 20 feet.
Jacob Baker, 30 feet.
J. H. Jacob, for Y. M. C. A., 90 feet.
Susan C. Williams by Henry M. Williams, 20 feet.
George T. Roelle, 50 feet.
J. B. Barnes, 40 feet.
E. Miller, administrator, 17½ feet.
J. Brackenridge, 30 feet.
G. McCullough, 20 feet.
Louis Sauser, 20 feet.
Montgomery Hamilton, 20 feet.


**PRACTICAL TAILORS.**

**One of the Leading and Popular Merchant Tailoring Establishments of this City, is that of Young & Co.**

Their success has been fully commensurate with its merit. They employ only skilled and experienced assistants, supervising their business personally in all its departments, and no suit is permitted to leave the house that is not a perfect fit. Among their patrons are numbered many of our leading citizens, who have learned that the place to obtain an elegant fit is at this establishment. The stock carried of foreign and domestic cloths of all kinds is probably the most complete and carfully selected in the city.

We can briefly say, give them a call and it will prove to you that they have the spring and [illegible] line of cloth


# BUNCHED THEM!

**The Wabash Courier and Plain Dealer Consolidated Under Charley Haas.**

Negotiations which have been in progress for several weeks, looking to the consolidation of the two republican newspapers in Wabash, the *Plain Dealer* and *Courier*, were concluded last evening, and an agreement for the sale of the good will of the latter paper to Charles S. Haas, who will consolidate it with the *Plain Dealer*, was perfected. A joint stock company with a capital of $12,000 will be organized at once for the publication of the consolidated paper. Chas. H. Newell, for eighteen months past editor of the *Plain Dealer*, will have charge of the business department. Charles S. Haas, the editor, and Henry H. Harris will superintend the mechanical department. Lee Linn, of the *Courier*, who has completed his thirteenth year of newspaper work in Wabash, will remove to Denison, Texas, where he will take editorial control of the *Daily News*. Mr. Haas, the editor of the consolidated newspapers, was formerly city reporter on THE SENTINEL. He is a gentleman and a bright, entertaining writer.


Salvation Oil cures wounds of all kinds, 25 cts.

The Philadelphia Star asserts that "truth whispered is more effective than nonsense thundered;" and truth it is that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the best remedy in the land for curing a cough or cold.

The best in the world—Centlivre's Bock beer, on sale to day.


**For To-day's Trade.**


We will place on sale one thousand yards Allen's Best Shirting Prints, at 4c. a yard, at Chaska's Old Stand, 72 Calhoun street.


**Street Railway Notice.**

Commencing with Sunday, April 10th, the cars on the Citizens' Street railroad will be run every twenty minutes, the same as on week days, between the hours of 8 a. m. and 9 p. m., until further notice.

S. C. LUMBARD, Receiver.


Ice cream and sherbets for Easter at the Chicago bakery on Broadway.

**WM. YERGEN'S, JR.**

**House Painting and Dealer in Wall Paper.**

One of the largest stocks, best selections and the newest and most desirable patterns and designs can be found with Wm. Yergens, Jr., No. 136 Broadway. It embraces all the latest styles in wall decorations, from the most elaborate velvet finish to the medium and cheaper grades. Mr. Yergens also carries a full stock of white leads, oils, mixed paints, etc. House and sign painting is conducted by skilled artists, and the many new structures in the west end are proofs that Mr. Yergens is the leader in all matters pertaining to interior and exterior of house decorating.

Centlivre Bock beer. Nothing like it. Centlivre's Bock beer.

Maple sugar, 12½c pound.
Maple molasses, $1.10 per gallon.
Buckwheat flour, 30c for 10 lb sack.

YANKEE GROCERY.

Remember that to-day is the day for Centlivre's Bock beer. Inquire for it.

The spring term of the Conservatory of Music begins on Wednesday, the 13th inst. Enrollment of pupils Monday and Tuesday. 9-3t

**OUR AIM.**

To save money for our patrons.

**OUR INTENTION**

To do better by you than any one else.

**OUR PLATFORM**

Square dealing and low price.

A positive saving of 33 per cent. on all purchases made at the

**BANKRUPT SHOE STORE,**

19 CALHOUN ST.

Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1887.

# STYLES IN DRESS.

## The Budding Toilet Beauties of the Spring-Time.

### THE PREVALENCE OF STRIPES.

*Features of the New Fabrics for Spring and Summer Wear—Miscellaneous Fashion Notes.*

A novelty in summer silks is Bengaline with small reps, and of almost as light weight as are French foulards, says *Harper's Bazar*. It comes in plain colors, and in stripes, checks, and plaids, showing all the new soft quaint tapestry shades. It will be made up with the striped or plaid Bengaline for the plain lower skirt, the vest, collar, and cuffs, while plain Bengaline or else cashmere of the prevailing color will be used for the basque and drapery. Thus serpent blue cashmere (with gray in it) is draped on a satin-striped Bengaline, or else plain heliotrope Bengaline is made over a plaid Bengaline skirt of heliotrope barred with old rose, or the new Battenberg green of a solid color is combined with striped green, ecru, and primrose Bengaline. Double stripes and stripes of irregular widths are a feature of new fabrics, though the regular hair stripes and penciled lines are still shown.

Pompadour Siciliennes of light quality and very gray coloring are shown in stripes for making the entire dress, with the shapely Louis Quatorze coat-basque, or draped with Marie Antoinette panniers, festoons, ruches, and great choux, made all of the same fabric. These light Siciliennes have stripes of a cream ground strewn with trailing vines, wreaths, and garlands of flowers in their natural hues, alternating with plain stripes of Dresden-china blue, Dubarry rose, celadon, serpent, heliotrope, or the yellow of French porcelains.

New silks made in Tussah, India, have the cream ground of pongee, but are of a lighter wiry ecol fiber, pleasant to the touch, and prettily decorated with green, brown, or porcelain blue Grecian broche squares, or with cubes or diamonds. They are also imported in stripes and plaids of soft India colors on ecru grounds. Exceedingly strong yet light twilled silks are made in the ecru or unbleached shades from India cocoons of natural growth that are found in the forests, and are said to make more durable silks than those of the cultivated cocooons. These come in fine stripes and will be used for traveling wraps and costumes.

The India silks and foulards have single long-stemmed flowers strewn at wide intervals on light grounds—rose, cream, serpent, or Nile green—or they are in flowered stripes, vines of cream, ecru, or pink on china blue, brown, green, or violet grounds; or else they are in darker colors with great wheel patterns, or with smaller linked squares or bars of two colors—such as dark wine-colored grounds with lapping quadrangles of ecru and green, or velvet with pale rose and gold squares.

For black and white mixtures gros grain has stripes of gros grain—not of satin—as two irregular white stripes on a black ground, or double black stripes on a white ground. When the silk is all black and plain the soft faille Francaise is still the best choice. For combination black silk dresses there are new stripes two or three inches wide of zigzag armures, with moire or else surah stripes alternating with repped faille stripes, to be used for skirts and basques, and part of the drapery of moire, plain faille, or armure. A rich fabric for the trains of black dresses has only three stripes in each breadth like wide sash ribbons, two of moire with one of satin between, or else only two stripes are in a width.

For colors in monotone or in contrasts are dotted stripes that have dots within dots, and often three kinds of stripes, en camaieu, are in one fabric—repped stripes, satin, and gros grain—or else they contrast—white and black, blue with gray, ecru with heliotrope, or old-rose with green. There are also very narrow frise velvet stripes in tapestry colors on surah grounds of heavy twills. For evening silks are light faille Francaise stripes, white with pale-rose, or blue with brocaded wreaths of small flowers, borders of ribbon, bouquets, etc.

There is a revival of the old-time moire antique, a stately fabric dear to dowagers before the introduction of watered silks with set waves in stripes. The genuine moire antique has irregular zigzag lines like streaks of lightning all over its surface, and this will be used for the whole dress, or else in combination with similar moire that is overlaid with satin stripes. The striped moires are of all one color, or in contrast, as cream moire with brown satin stripes, dark blue with red, old-rose with wine-color, gray with heliotrope, or white with black. The striped fabrics will also be used for the lower skirt of cashmere and of Bengaline dresses made up in the quaint gathered waists with soft full draperies.

Newly-imported Paris dresses show all these new fabrics made up with voluminous draperies of most irregular arrangement, no two dresses being alike, and the sides of each dress being draped differently. Sometimes this variety is carried so far as to make one-half the dress like a polonaise, while the other half is a basque with over-skirt or pannier draperies. This last caprice is seen not only in the silken fabrics for the house, but in the tailor dresses of serge, cloth, and camel's-hair.

*Spring Novelties.*

A very pretty gown for a young lady, says an Eastern fashion authority, was made with a skirt and bodice of sage-green diagonal cross-warp serge; the overskirt, revers, collar and cuffs were of vicuna striped with red.

Another had a skirt and bodice of biscuit delaine, printed with shades of green; drapery and vest of plain biscuit delaine, yoke and cuffs of green velvet.

Pretty spring costumes are made of grisaille material and composed of a tunic and underskirt. The bodice is gathered round the neck and waist, and fastened on the left side with a row of fancy brocaded galloon in gray or silver or gold. The tunic is draped into two small paniers on each side and a pouf at the back. A belt trimmed with the brocaded galloon is fastened at the waist with an oval gold or silver buckle, and thence falls into two lapels in the middle. The underskirt is plaited in flat, wide plaits.

Gowns of sprigged muslin delaines and other light fancy woolens are made with a bodice similar to the above, only the tunic is simply continued from the waist downward, the front overlapping the back part at the side and being slightly draped over a gathered skirt. Round waist with sash or belt. The edge of the tunic is scalloped out and embroidered.

Printed muslins will be made the same way, very slightly draped over an underskirt of silk or satinet, made quite plain. Some few models have puffed-out sleeves, but the greater number have tight sleeves, finished with a bracelet of ribbon and bow with short ends.

With all light materials the bodice gathered like a chemisette on to a band round the neck will be very fashionable, but becoming only to ladies with slight figures. Those who, on the contrary, are gifted with rather too much of a figure will still adhere to the plain bodice peaked in front. This style is renovated by the various styles of shoulder-pieces now in fashion, and of which we have already given a description. The pointed shoulder-piece in particular makes the figure look much slighter.

*Dinner Toilets.*

A lovely and rather unique dinner dress has a bodice and plaited panel of burnt sienna and gold-colored brocade, the drapery of corn-colored faille, the chemisette of cream-colored lace, and a spray of brown leaves on the right side of the skirt and in the hair.

The next has an underskirt of coral-pink ottoman covered with cream lace. The bodice and drapery is also of coral-pink ottoman. A plaiting of Indian silk extends from the left shoulder to the right side of the waist, and is fastened at the shoulder with a bow; chemisette of cream lace; ivy spray in the left side of the skirt.

Another has an underskirt and bodice of olive-green striped fancy silk. The plaited front and tunic are of pink silk; collar band and stripe down the front of bodice of olive surah.

This one has an underskirt of cream striped silk; the bodice and tunic of poppy-red striped silk; revers and trimming on tunic of poppy-red velvet; plastron of plaited India muslin.

A very rich dinner dress has a narrow plaiting at the bottom of the skirt of electric blue sicilienne, then a deep plaiting of cream India silk. The Vandyked overskirt is of electric blue velvet. The drapery is of electric blue sicilienne, fastened on the hip with old silver ornaments; electric blue velvet bodice, with gauged under-bodice of cream India silk. The lower parts of the sleeves are of velvet, with old silver ornaments.

Another very stylish dress is of biscuit and red striped silk. The overskirt is of geranium-red glace silk, with fan-shaped plaiting of velvet. The side panel and bodice are of the stripe, the vest and sleeves of silk, with collar, cuffs, and bows of velvet.

One of green glace silk had a panel and bodice trimming of terra-cotta brocade, trimmed with chenille and cord fringe.

A very stylish dress of blue faille was trimmed with brown-embroidered satin edged with beads. The bows and pointed belt were of blue ribbon velvet. —*Philadelphia Record.*

*Various Fancies.*

THE wood shades of bronze are very popular.

OLD Normandy lace has come again into use among other revived novelties.

CHARLES X. pink is to be one of the fashionable colors in the millinery department this season.

PLAIN skirts will be the rule the coming season, with very long and full draperies in the over-dress.

ALL the newest plaid dresses show the material made up bias, this being considered especially effective in the large plaids.

AMONG the new jackets made by English tailors checks are largely used, especially in the new gray-blue shade with white, and their trimming is Directoire revers of darker blue moire antique, with collar, pockets, cuffs, and lapels on the back of the same old-time silk.

STOCKINGS in silk and lisle-thread repeat all the new greens and shades of heliotrope. For wear with evening dress are silk stockings with black feet and black half way up, the rest being flesh color. This gives a curious appearance, as if only half high hose were worn.

LONG classic draperies in peplum points, pleats from belt to foot in front of draperies, and diagonal pleats from the left hip to the right foot, are seen on other tailor gowns. The new green cloths braided with silver are shown for reception and visiting toilets, and the pale fawn colors that are always liked in the spring are shown in barred cheviots for general wear, and also in the finer-faced cloths.

# SABBATH READING.

## The Christian's Life is One of Continued Warfare with Sin.

### WHAT WE SOW WE REAP.

*What the Church Needs to Know—Shun the Vicious — Typical Expressions from Beecher.*

*What the Church Needs to Know.*

We believe the church in these last days needs to know that, in giving her the Bible, her divine Head never meant that she should put even His own book in place of Him,—so that she would be always appealing to its letter for guidance, rather than to the Spirit who indited it, and gives it life. We hold most strongly the full inspiration of the Bible as the Word of God, and as our infallible guide. We believe also that the Spirit who gave it can never contradict Himself and that all new views of truth must be tested by it. But we also believe that the Spirit who first gave the Bible to the Church, is God's perpetual gift to her to the end of time, that His presence must be duly acknowledged and honored, that His guidance must not be only sought, but expected, that His voice must be listened to, His promptings obeyed. We know the danger here of fanaticism. But even fanaticism is less dangerous than dead formality. Better the disorder of a Corinthian assembly, where there is the energy of the Spirit, than the most decorous worship of modern days of which He is not the inspiration. —*Words of Reconciliation.*

*Shun the Vicious.*

A man cannot live long in an atmosphere impregnated with miasmatic poison and preserve his physical health; neither can he dwell where the poisoned air is moistened by vicious contamination and preserve a pure and upright character. We are all of us, more or less influenced by our surroundings and our associations, and those who seem strong, when far from immoral companions, frequently are the first to fall when brought into direct contact with those who give unbridled license to the grosser passions of their nature. While it is true that temptation, when successfully resisted, develops virtue, it is also a melancholy fact that in most instances the resisting power is not equal to the aggressive force. As physical health is conditioned upon the purification of the air we breathe, so moral health is determined largely by the character and conduct of those around us. If we would be pure in deed and thought, we must mingle with the pure in word and conduct, and shun the companionship of those who make a jest of virtue and a mock of honor.

*Typical Expressions from Beecher.*

Mr. Beecher never delivered a discourse in which there were not many gems. A hasty glance through a few of his published utterances discloses these epigrammatic thoughts upon ev page. A few of them are culled a presented below, but they of necessity lack completeness and serve better to show Mr. Beecher's originality of expression than the breadth of his mind. The misconceptions of religion and the quarrelling of the sects were frequent topics with him:

Religion is a very slim, lean, gaunt, poor, ill-fed thing as it is ordinarily conceived of in this world.

Men sit around a tool-chest quarreling about saws and planes and chisels. They are not building anything; they are debating about tools. They are fit to be a theological seminary.

That kind of revival preaching which seeks to drive men into Heaven by the fear of hell is not Christianity. It is the worst form of Paganism.

Sects are candlesticks, and a man or woman that is big enough to be good for anything is too large for any sect.

Why is it that men think it incumbent upon them to be cats and dogs in religion and gentlemen in everything outside of it?

Sunday with him was not a day of gloom, and he took frequent occasion to show the needlessness of being somber on that day.

I esteem the awfulness that is attached to Sunday, and church, and pulpit, the greatest mistake of Christendom.

The prevalent idea of keeping the Sabbath is that it is a day on which certain things must not be done. To the majority of people, Sunday is a day full of *nots*.

I am in favor of any movement that helps anybody to appreciate Sunday as a day of rest, of healthful and pure pleasures, and that will gently lead men, women, and children from the things of low estate up to the higher.

Some of his utterances on the question of death and the future life are peculiarly appropriate at this time:

To one who is living aright, no death can be sudden and no place unfavorable. One step and all roads meet.

Dying is the best part of life to one who knows how to live worthily.

If the life that has gone out has been like music, full of concords, full of sweetness, richness, delicacy, truth, then there are two ways to look at it: One is to say, "I have not lost it!" Another to say, "Blessed be God that I have had it so long!"

When we comprehend the fullness of what death will do for us, in all our outlook and forelook, dying is triumphing. Nowhere is there so fair a sight, so sweet a prospect, as when a young soul is passing away out of life and time through the gate of death—the rosy, the royal, the golden, the pearly gate of death.

Death is as sweet flowers are. It is as blessed as bird-singing in spring. I never hear of the death of any one who is ready to die, that my heart does not sing like a harp. I am sorry for those that were left behind but not for those who have gone before.

As I grow older and come nearer to death, I look upon it more and more with complacent joy, and but of every longing I hear God say: "Oh, trusting, hungering one, come to me." What the other life will bring I know not, only that I shall awake in God's likeness and see Him as He is.

Beat on, then, Oh heart, and yearn for dying. I have drunk at many a fountain, but thirst came again; I have fed at many a bounteous table, but hunger returned; I have seen many bright and lovely things, but while I gazed their luster faded. There is nothing here that can give me rest, but when I behold Thee, Oh, God, I shall be satisfied.

His ever exuberant and joyous nature was a constant protest against the ascetic in religion or in daily life.

Don't mope. Be young as long as you live. Laugh a good deal. Frolic every day. A low tone of mind is unhealthy.

A lawyer who works ten months in the year and then for two solid months amuses himself, will last twice as long as if he took no recreation.

Men have come to think that tears are more sacred than smiles. No! Laughing is as divine as crying.

Humor usually tends towards good nature, and everything that tends towards good nature tends towards good grace.

If laughing's a sin, I don't see what the Lord let's so many funny things happen for.

Having wit and bouyancy of spirits, let them flash out in services of religion. Don't consider it necessary to rake them up and hide them.

Humor is the atmosphere in which grace most flourishes.

I say when a person becomes a christian that he loses nothing that he should not be afraid to keep. If ever you are going to be a Christian don't set out to be a gloomy-eyed, twilight-faced, bat-like Christian.

*JOHN BROWN'S WIFE AND DAUGHTER.*

At Los Gatos we begin to ascend into a more wild and picturesque country. The road winds up and around the Santa Cruz mountains, along creeks fed by the mountain streams and gulches, into woods which hold greater wealth for California than the gold in its mines, for here the wild grapevine was discovered, and here was the home of the early "Mission" grape, which was the first one cultivated. Near Los Gatos a spot is pointed out—a bare spot between two trees upon a mountain peak—where the wife and daughter of John Brown took refuge after the tragedy of Harper's Ferry. It was a wild, lonely place, with not even a trail by which it could be reached; but the daughter used to come down the mountain at intervals on the back of a mountain pony to do a little trading, and carry her load home strapped to its back. The editor of the San Jose *Mercury* first called public attention to the wretched loneliness and poverty stricken condition of the two women and started a fund for their benefit. The New York *Tribune* and Daily *Times* took it up, and the sum was raised which bought the land, built a comfortable cottage and left enough for a small income. The county subsequently made a road up the mountain; and though the mother died nearly two years ago, the daughter continues to live at her home in the wild Santa Cruz mountains.—*California Cor. New York Graphic.*

*AN IDYL OF THE GULCH.*

In 1858, "Sallowed-Faced Dick," one of the mildest-mannered pirates who ever cut a throat, ran down from Red Gulch to 'Frisco to sell his dust and have a racket. He got washed up at the hotel, put on his store clothes, and lounged into the office. Standing by the door was a gentleman whose face attracted him by reason of its genial and, indeed, lovable expression. Dick opened conversation, and, as he proceeded, was fascinated by the stranger's general information on mining topics. From out of the bottom of his heart came the only response which he had been taught to make to one whose conduct pleased him.

"Ole boy," said he, slapping him on the shoulder, "let's liquor."

"I beg your pardon," said the other. "I am a minister of the Gospel, and never drink."

Dick's sallow face grew sallower, tears came to his eyes, and his hand moved nervously toward his hip.

"Good God, stranger," said he, I've just come to town for a good time. Don't make me shoot a man the first day."

The drink was taken.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

*A TRAMP'S ELOQUENCE.*

"You do not look very well, my poor man," said a lady to a tramp to whom she was handing something to eat.

"No, ma'am, I do not," he answered. "I neglected to take my annual bath last summer, and I am suffering now for my carelessness. I kept putting it off until the weather became too cold. This shows you, ma'am, the evil of procrastination. And let me add that if you have it in your mind to give a poor tramp a small drop of something to keep him warm, now is the time to do it. Do not be like me, ma'am! Do not procrastinate and afterwards carry around with you a chestful of remorse and regret. Be warned, madam, by one who repents at the eleventh hour."

This admonition was too strong for the lady to withstand, and she immediately went into the house and brought the tramp out a cup of weak tea, steaming hot.—*Boston Courier.*

"HOW SAD!" exclaimed one blade of a pair of scissors to the other; "how sad, we only meet to sever!"

# THE CHILDREN.

## Matters Grave and Gay for the Amusement of the Little Ones.

### THE CABIN-BOY'S TREASURE.

*An Interesting Account of a Shipwreck, and the Brave Captain's Love for the Little Cabin-Boy.*

*The Cabin-Boy's Treasure.*

"We'll be driven ashore in less than five minutes, and then may God have mercy upon us, for the rocks will have none!"

So muttered through his clinched teeth (as he strained his eyes through the blinding spray to catch the dim loom of the cliffs right ahead) the Captain of the trading brig Mermaid, homeward bound to London from the Brazilian port of Pernambuco.

It was indeed all over with the poor old brig. Both her masts were gone, her wheel and steering-gear had been carried away, and a tremendous sea was sweeping her straight toward the wildest and rockiest part of the southwest coast of England. For himself Capt. Barrett would have cared little, accustomed as he was to face every kind of danger without flinching; but his wife and her little girl were on board along with him, and what was to become of them?

Close by the captain's side, clinging as tightly as his benumbed and cramped finders would let him to the jagged stump of the mainmast (behind which Mrs. Barrett and her child had been placed for shelter), stood Bill the cabin-boy, a bright-eyed, curly-haired little fellow, barely 10 years old. The kind-hearted captain had found him wandering disconsolately about the East India docks, ragged and hungry; and remembering the time when he himself had been just such a poor and friendless boy, had taken the forlorn lad abroad the Mermaid, where he had remained ever since.

Bill was much better off than most ship-boys, for instead of being starved and beaten, as they usually were in those rough days, he was made a regular pet both by the captain and the crew. But he was not their only favorite, for Capt. Barrett had brought back from Brazil a queer little South American raccoon, not much bigger than a rat, and looking very like one, with its long, sharp snout and sleek brown coat. All through the homeward voyage, Zip, as the coon was called, was the chosen playmate of the sailors, who were never tired of running about the forecastle with him, or feeding him on pieces of softened biscuit. But now, when every man on board expected to be struggling for his life within a few minutes, poor Zip seemed likely to be left to take care of himself, and to have but a poor chance for escape.

Suddenly Bill was seen to leave his place and to pick his way like a rope-dancer across the rocking, reeling deck, over which the furious sea broke every moment in roaring waterfalls of foam. One would hardly have thought the little cabin-boy likely to possess any treasure for which he would care to risk his life; but it was plain enough that he did, for when he got back to his place (after venturing down to the lower deck) he had something buttoned up inside his jacket, of which he seemed to be very careful indeed.

He was barely in time, for scarcely had he caught hold of the broken mast once more when the doomed vessel was suddenly whirled upward on the crest of an enormous wave, as if she were being flung up into the very sky. Then she flew forward with amazing swiftness, and a tremendous crash was heard as her bow was driven hard and fast between two low jagged rocks!

The shock threw all on board off their feet, and they clung in desperation to whatever they could seize, as the waves poured over the stern like a cataract. For a moment it seemed as if the whole vessel must go to pieces at once; but no—she held firm, and there was still a chance for life.

But what was to be done next? They were indeed only a very little way from the land; but how were they to reach it? The only plan was for some one to swim ashore with a rope; and this, in the teeth of the great seas that came thundering in every moment, would be as deadly a venture as to charge through a shower of cannon balls.

But help was at hand. The drifting wreck had long since been descried from the shore, and suddenly a bright flash shot out from the brow of the cliff, and something like a fiery star came hissing toward the stranded brig through the darkness which the first pale gleam of dawn was just beginning to pierce. It was a rocket, with a rope attached to it.

Such was the fury of the storm that the messenger of safety all but missed its mark. The line fell just upon the shattered bow, and would have dropped off into the sea in another instant had not one of the sailors sprung forward and caught it. It was quickly made fast, while those on shore secured the other end, and the way of escape lay open.

In a trice Capt. Barrett had fastened his wife and little Mary firmly into the sling attached to the rope; and all on board held their breath as the two disappeared into the darkness, drawn along that frail cord which looked as slender as a spider's thread amid the mountain waves that leaped and gnashed around it like wild beasts. But after a suspense which seemed endless to the anxious watchers on the wreck, a cheer from the shore, faintly heard through the roar of wind and wave, told that the mother and child had got safely to land.

"Thank God!" said the Captain, fervently. "Now, lads, away you go; I must be the last man aboard the poor old craft, you know."

The men obeyed in grim silence. One by one they were drawn to land, and last of all came the Captain himself. But although he had borne up bravely till then, his overtaxed strength gave way as soon as he reached the shore, and down he fell in a dead faint.

When he came to himself again, he was lying on the floor of a fisherman's hut, and beside him sat Mrs. Barrett with her child in her lap.

"All right Cap'n," said the old fisherman, cheerily, helping him to rise; "we've got your men safe, all twelve of 'em."

"And the boy?" cried Capt. Barrett, "the little cabin-boy?"

"The boy?" echoed the old man, doubtfully. "I didn't see no boy among 'em, nohow."

"What! is little Bill missing?" shouted the Captain. "I must go and see about that at once."

Out he went that moment, weak though he was; and he soon fell in with three or four of his men, who, like himself, were coming out of the huts in which they were sheltered. But none of them knew anything about Bill, and the Captain's heart was beginning to sink, when somebody pulled him gently by the sleeve, and there stood the missing boy, muffled in a huge pilot coat.

"I was just a-lookin' for you, sir," said Bill, touching his forelock.

"Why, where on earth have you been, my lad?" asked the Captain. "We all thought you were lost."

"Well, you see, sir, Jim Barrows wrapped me in a tarpaulin, and held me in his arms while they pulled him ashore, and maybe that's how they didn't see me. I've brought you something from the wreck, though. Look here!"

So saying, he produced from under his coat the Captain's little raccoon, Zip, which, overjoyed at seeing its master again, leaped upon his broad shoulder and rubbed its cold, wet nose against his face.

"I didn't forget him," said the boy, gleefully. "I went down and got him up just afore we struck, and buttoned him inside my jacket; and here he is, all right and jolly."

Capt. Barrett is an old man now, but so long as he lives neither Bill nor Zip will ever be far away from him.—*David Kerr, in Harper's Young People.*

*BEECHER WAS ALIVE.*

There are probably few newspaper reporters in this city that have not interviewed Henry Ward Beecher. The Plymouth pastor enjoyed great popularity among the reporters, for he was accessible, genial, and, as a rule, talkative. He was always ready to engage in a harmless bit of chaff with the newspaper men, but he did not brook insolence. The last-mentioned fact was recently impressed upon the alleged mind of a swaggering youngster who said that he represented a Brooklyn paper. A rumor that Mr. Beecher was dead got started in some unaccountable manner and spread like wildfire. Reporters by the score hurried to Mr. Beecher's house and were there confronted by the famous preacher hale and hearty. After a while along came a young man who said to Mr. Beecher with an impudent grin that he has been sent by the city editor of the Brooklyn ——— "to find out whether Beecher was alive or dead."

"Well," said the Plymouth pastor, "I suppose you know who I am?"

"Oh, yes," answered the fellow pertly, "but I would like to have it directly from you that you are not dead."

"Ah," murmured the stalwart pastor, as he laid a heavy hand on the funny young man's coat collar. The next instant the young man was held up in the air and shaken as a dog would shake a sawdust doll. Mr. Beecher set him down on the sidewalk not any too gently and quietly remarked: "Now, you can go to your city editor and tell him that you have received actual proof that I am alive."—*New York Times.*

*A MATHEMATICAL TRAVELER.*

"Say, Sam, I've been figuring," remarked one traveling man to another on the steam cars. "I've got the boss mathematical calculation."

"Let's have it."

"Well, there's at least thirty 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' combinations in the country, ain't there?"

"I guess so."

"And suppose each company plays seven nights and two matinees; that's nine performances a week. Forty weeks, the usual theatrical season, makes it 360 performances, and thirty companies make a grand total of 10,800 performances."

"Yes, but what of that?"

"Why, a Little Eva dies in each performance, and you have ocular evidence that she has become an angel in the transformation scene. Now, I was wondering whether we hadn't better hustle for the golden gates before we are crowded out by this enormous emigration of Little Evas."

But his audience was fast asleep, and the mathematician settled down and figured two overcoats out of a two months' expense account.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

*THERE WERE REASONS.*

"I notice," he said to one of the officials of a southwestern railroad, "that your earnings for December showed a decrease."

"Yes, they did."

"To what do you attribute the fact?"

"Well, we had three box-cars smashed, one flat-car disabled for twenty days, and two of the locomotives burst a flue. Nothing but the very best financial management enabled us to pull through and make any showing at all."—*Wall Street News.*

FRENCH experiments have shown that nickel may be effectively rolled upon soft steel plates, which are thus made as valuable for lamp reflectors and other purposes as silvered copper.

# FUN.

ROUGH on rats—strikers.

A FLAT failure—a poor pancake.

THE morning stars sang together for joy, after they secured their long-hoped-for engagement.

"DRAWING the enemy's fire" is dangerous work, both for a soldier and an artist at the front.

"LAUGH and the world laughs with you." Slip down on the sidewalk and the world laughs at you.

SOMETHING that's all the better for being put off until to-morrow—the speaking of an angry word.

THE Norristown *Herald* has an article on "The Distribution of the Diamond." It is such articles as these that give sparkle to a newspaper.

M. L. HOLBROOK has written a book on "How to Strengthen the Memory." He omits the most fashionable of strengtheners, that of tying a string about the forefinger.

GENTLEMAN (on plank crossing stream) —Well, either you or I must turn back. Pat—Och, you turn, and I will folly yes. Divil a bit will I turn me back to such a foine gentleman.

A TEXAS preacher predicts that the world will come to an end in ten years. Ten years! Who cares? Nine more winters of tobogganing yet. Let her slide!—*Boston Courier.*

"WHAT'S a life insurance?" asked one boy of another. "Well, I s'pose," said his companion, "it's a concern that keeps a man poor all the time he's alive, so that he may die rich."

KNOWLEDGE OF CHARACTER.

No man we know by outside show—
How'er that may attract—
We cannot tell what's in the shell
Until the nut we've cracked.

*Boston Courier.*

AT Sidney, an island in the South Pacific, girls are kept shut up until they are married. If an island can be discovered where girls are made to shut up after marriage, it would probably be colonized in a twinkling.

"NEVER would call a boy of mine 'Alias,'" said Mrs. Jones, "if I had a hundred to name. Men by that name is allus cuttin' up capers. Here's Alias Thompson, Alias Williams, Alias Nighthawk—all been took up for stealin'."

THE Lowell *Courier* says that statistics show that no actor was ever killed while traveling upon a railroad. This would seem to suggest to actors the wisdom of spending all their time traveling upon a railroad. It would be a splendid relief to the public.—*Boston Post.*

THE Rev. Brooke Hereford, of Boston, recently preached a sermon on "How to Make the Best of Sunday." It is said that some of the male members of his congregation were greatly disappointed because he failed to recommend going a-fishing on that day.—*Norristown Herald.*

"A MAN has insulted me," exclaimed a lady who had come to the ball in an extremely decollete dress, "and I want redress." "You certainly do," replied her brute of a husband, who didn't approve of his wife's taste in dress. "Redress would improve several ladies here."—*Texas Siftings.*

TRAMP (whose request for food has been denied)—Well, ma'am, would you let me sleep in the ten-acre lot back of the barn if I won't make any noise? Woman—Ye-es, I don't mind letting ye do that. Tramp (appealingly)—Well, one thing more ma'am, before I say good night. Would you have me called at 7 sharp! I want to catch the limited cattle train West.—*Chicago Ledger.*

FEMININE PHILOSOPHY.

Could I but pierce that dark, mysterious curtain
That veils the future from my eager eyes,
And know beyond a doubt I stood a certain
Chance to get a matrimonial prize,

Then might I scorn this bold plebeian creature
Who with bad grammar comes a-wooing me,
Who looks so "shoppy" in his every feature,
And talks of lard enthusiastically.

I'm thirty, so I can't afford to shake him,
Lest of a husband I might be bereft.
He's homely, but I guess I'll have to take him;
It's better, after all, than getting left.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

*HIS FADS WERE CLOCKS AND SHOES.*

Speaking of eccentric characters a gentleman recalled the idiosyncrasis of the late Sylvester Bonnaffon, who lived over what is now Madden's saloon. He died some years ago. He was a most eccentric but very methodical man. He was a devoted lover of horseflesh and always kept a fine team, in which he drove out every day for perhaps twenty years, never varying as to route or time. His action in taking his daily drive was as regular as a special train, and he arrived at particular points as punctual as though "on time" according to schedule. He invariably drove out Walnut street to Ninth, up Ninth to Ridge avenue, along Ridge avenue to Broad, and up Broad. He carried a clock to time himself and returned to the stable at 5 p. m. After his death 125 pairs of shoes were found in his room and thirty-nine clocks.—*Philadelphia News.*

*COMING TO THE POINT.*

"I hear 'em say, Miss Metie, you gwine to marry 'fore long."

"Who say so?"

"George Cowherd tole me,"

"George Cowherd's mouth ain't no praar-book. Who's I gwing to marry?"

"He says ole man Harry Perkins."

"Harry Perkins! Humph! I wouldn't hab dat ole nigger for soap-grease."

"Ef 'twas me now would you have me fer wood-cutter?"

"Daddy cuts de word."

"Lemme tote it den."

"Kee—ee—ee! I don' know about dat. You has ter ax mammy."

"An' how if she say yes?"

"Well, den, Mr. Meachem, I mean yes, sho' 'nough."

"Well den—kee—ee—ee!"

There will shortly be a wedding in the highest colored circle on Manson's Branch. No cards.—*Judge.*

MANY a newspaper contributor sets up as a [illegible] who is put down as a [illegible] discriminating

# SHOT AND SHELL.

## Old Veterans' Reminiscences of the War of the Rebellion.

### Embracing Anecdotes of Actual Experience and Colloquial Acquisition.

#### A Confederate Note.

[The following lines were written on the back of a Confederate note by Major S. A. Jonas, of Aberdeen, Miss., and presented to Miss Anna Bush, of Philadelphia. Major Jonas was a true soldier, and is now a good, loyal citizen of Mississippi, and an honorary member of the ex-Confederate Association of Chicago.]

Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the waters below it;
As the pledge of a nation that's dead and gone,
Keep it, dear friend, and show it.

Show it to those who will lend an ear
To the tale that this trifle will tell—
Of liberty born of a patriot's dream,
Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess precious ores
And too much of a stranger to borrow,
She issued to-day her promise to pay,
And hoped to redeem on the morrow.

The days rolled on and weeks became years,
But our coffers were empty still;
Coin was so scarce that the treasury quaked
If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong indeed,
And our poverty well we discerned;
And this little check represents the pay
That our suffering veterans earned.

We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold our soldiers received it;
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay,
And every patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay,
Or the bills that were overdue;
We knew if it bought our bread to-day
'Twas the best our poor country could do.

Keep it—it tells our history over
From the birth of the dream to the last;
Modest, and born of the angel of hope,
Like our hope of success, it passed.

#### Thanksgiving in the Army.

At the battle of Gettysburg, in 1863, about one hundred and sixty officers and men of the Ninety-fourth New York, together with our Colonel, A. R. Root, were taken prisoners. We were offered the parole or go to Richmond. The Colonel said to us, "Boys, you had better take the parole;" to which we agreed, and were paroled after the battle. The most of us took a French furlough and went home for a visit.

After making a visit at home we returned to Washington, where we found there was an order for all Ninety-fourth boys taken prisoners at Gettysburg to report to Camp Parole, Annapolis, Md. Therefore all who found there was such an order out reported to Camp Parole, where we found Colonel Root in command of the camp. There were about sixty of us who reported there, and we were given quarters in a brick house close by the Colonel's headquarters. We at once became the provost guard of the camp, and were rather privileged characters as soldiers. We were looked up to as being upright and perfect in all our doings; also in keeping others straight and allowing no thieving and jayhawking to go on in the country thereabouts.

I had the honor (if there was any attached to the position) of having charge of the guard and I reported all doings and misdoings to the Colonel. Things went along smoothly, and the old Colonel was proud of us and we were proud of him, for we were having a nice time, our first and only soft job while in the service for three and a half years.

Finally Thanksgiving Day of that year was close at hand, and we naturally wanted a good Thanksgiving dinner, when the question came up, "What shall we have?"

Brooks says: "Let us go down to the city and buy some turkeys, and have roast turkey."

Banty says: "It will cost so much, we cannot raise the scrip."

Purd says: "Let us make a raid on the suttler."

"No," Dave French says, "that will not do, for that would give us away, and we would then be sent back to the front."

John Smith says: "I will tell you what to do. Let us have roast goose."

Charley McComber says: "I know of an old farmer over here a few miles who is fattening some geese and think I can buy two or three of them dog on cheap."

The boys all agreed then to have goose for Thanksgiving dinner, and up went the hats, and three cheers for the geese. The next question was, How shall we roast them?

John King, our cook, says: "You get the geese and I will see that they are roasted and stuffed in good shape."

"But how will you do it?" said I.

He said he would build a brick oven in the ground. So the day before Thanksgiving King went to work and built his oven by digging a hole in the ground and arching it over with brick; built a fire and dried it in good shape for the morrow.

That night Charley McComber (whom we called Mack for short) says that John Smith, Banty Conkling, Dave French, Dave Wilder, John King, and myself should go with him to help fetch the geese, also to help pay for them. About three o'clock on Wednesday we started down the Chesapeake Bay. We went to a place where we kept our boat (for we had built a boat for the purpose of fishing for oysters and hunting ducks), and Mack says: "You see, over across the bay there is a large farmhouse standing on that rise close to the water. That is the place we can get our geese for our Thanksgiving dinner."

"But," says I, "that is so far away we cannot go there and get back to-night; besides there is danger of our getting lost or capsized."

"Oh, no, not in the least," says he; "the bay is still, and it is only about three miles," and I went.

"You, Smith and Banty get in the boat with me, while the other three boys stay here, and when it gets dark you can build a fire, and heat the water (for we had brought a camp-kettle with us), and then we will also have a guide or beacon light to get back."

All agreed; we stepped into the boat and pushed off; long before we were across it was dark, and we were guided by the light from the farm house. After awhile we succeeded in landing, and all got out and drew our boat up on land a little so it would not leave us, and then went up around the barns to reconnoiter.

We soon found a small yard made of rails, and it was so high that I could not reach the top rail.

Mack says: "Here are the geese," and commenced to climb.

I says: "Hold on! Had we not better go up to the house and see the proprietor?"

Banty says: "To the deuce with the proprietor. We are a good ways from home, and in too much of a hurry to bother with him."

Smith says: "We have not had any pay in a good while, and money is a little scarce with us. He can wait until next pay-day."

I says: "All right; here goes," and we all mounted the fence and over we went. You ought to have heard those geese yell. I never heard such a noise in my life from geese. I made a dive and got one by the neck and made for the fence again. I succeeded in getting out, but I certainly thought the goose would break every bone in my body, for such a pounding as that goose gave me with her wings I had not had since I used to go past the village schoolhouse, when the whole school would come out and pitch on to me. About the time I got out of the yard the dogs at the house [illegible] with the [illegible] halloing, [illegible] and on I [illegible]

night), and jumped in; was about scared to death. My goose was completely scared to death, for it died about that time, anyhow. I took an oar and was trying to push the boat off, when up came two dogs, mad enough to eat me up. I battled them off with my oar until I got the boat started, then I felt a good deal relieved. The dogs followed me into the water until it was too deep for them, then they returned. But here I was, alone. Where were the other boys? The dogs soon told me that they were farther to the right. They had missed their bearing, and had gone past.

I whistled, and got a response some forty rods below, where I headed the boat, but before I could get to them the dogs came up with them and they were having a lively time, judging by the noise, for the boys were giving them the contents of two revolvers, and kept them back until I made port and took them in, with their cargo of geese.

We had but just got squared around and headed for our port when the old farmer came down with a light to see his wounded dogs and how many of his geese had gone, but he was not very bad off, for he was only seven short, and the dogs were not seriously hurt either, as we found out afterward.

Mack, Banty and John had two geese apiece, while I had only one. How they managed to get two I could never see, for one was all I could manage, as they were large and fat.

We soon got our eyes on our beacon light on the other shore, and pulled for it with all our might, arriving there about one o'clock Thanksgiving morning.

We immediately went to dressing our own poultry with the aid of a little commissary, which some of them fetched along. We had all done nicely by daylight, and were back to camp.

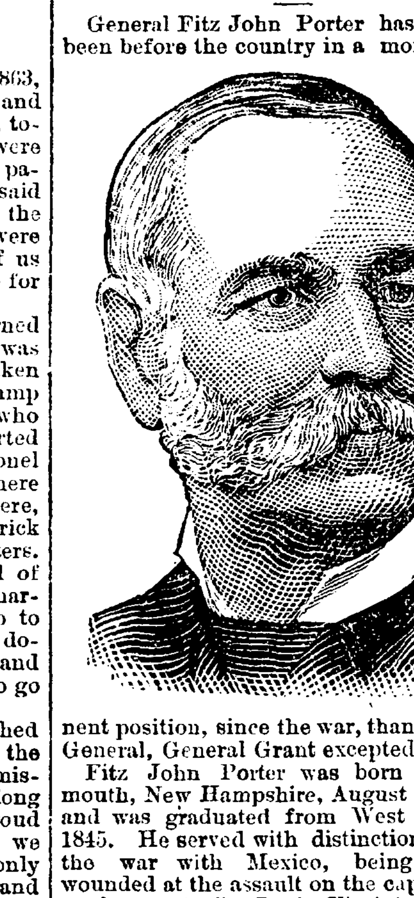
About one o'clock the cook announced that dinner was ready. The Colonel was invited over to take dinner with us, which he enjoyed very much, judging from the manner he got outside of roast goose. The Colonel supposed that we had paid for our geese, and did not know that we got trusted for them.

Thus ended as pleasant a time as was ever passed in the army.

A. J. LANGMADE,
Company K, Ninety-fourth Regiment, N. Y. S. V.
YORKSHIRE CENTRE, N. Y.

#### General Porter.

General Fitz John Porter has probably been before the country in a more prominent position, since the war, than any other General, General Grant excepted.



Fitz John Porter was born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, August 30, 1822, and was graduated from West Point in 1845. He served with distinction through the war with Mexico, being severely wounded at the assault on the capital, September 13, 1847. In the Virginia Peninsular campaign he was director of the siege of Yorktown, and upon the evacuation of that place was placed in command of the Fifth Corps, and fought the battles of Hanover Court House, Mechanicsville, and Cold Harbor. He was in command at Malvern Hill, and his corps mainly resisted the assaults of that day. In the second battle of Bull Run his corps suffered severely on August 30, but was not in service on the 29th. He still continued in command of his corps, and was present at Antietam, but in November was arraigned before a court martial on the charge of disobedience of orders, and on January 21, 1863, he was deprived of his position in the army and forever prohibited holding any office under the Government. Since that time General Porter's friends have been untiring in their efforts to have him restored to rank and honor, and their efforts were at last crowned by success.

#### A Run For Life.

During the winter of 1863 the Second Corps commanded by General Hancock was encamped in the vicinity of Brandy Station and Stephensburg, Virginia. The Confederate army occupied a strong position on the opposite bank of the Rapidan River. Both armies lay some distance from the river and the space between them was patrolled by scouting parties and pickets of both armies. The Third Brigade of the First Division, commanded by Brigadier General Owens, was encamped near the signal station on Stephensburg Heights. The brigade was employed during the winter doing picket duty at Kelley's Ford, on the Rappahannock, and Morton's Ford, on the Rapidan Rivers. During the month of January, in the usual line of duty, I was detailed for picket on the line between Stephensburg and Morton's Ford, nearly two miles distant. Between our post and the ford was a farm-house occupied by a family who manifested a strong sympathy for their graybacked friends on the opposite side of the river, but who were glad to avail themselves of the privilege of trading watered milk for coffee, of which our pickets had an abundance. Early in the evening I proposed to the boys on our post that some one should go out to the farm-house and exchange some coffee for milk, and it was decided that I should go. Each of the boys contributed a share of the coffee, intending to divide the milk in common for our midnight cup of coffee. Frank Green, a native of the Green Mountain State, volunteered to go with me. Equipped with our guns and canteens we started. The night was cold and clear, and the moonlight would enable us to see any party between us and the river. We soon reached the house and effected the desired exchange. Between the house and that part of the picket line where our post was located was a swampy piece of ground, well covered with a growth of willows. We were just approaching this swamp, when I heard a noise in the direction of the river. Looking in that direction I saw a party of cavalry cantering toward the house we had just left. I dodged into the cover of the willows, closely followed by Green, and proposed to remain hidden in the swamp until they had reached the house, and, with the willows between us and them, we could reach our lines without being discovered. Green agreed to the proposition, and crouching among the willows we anxiously watched the movements of the party. We could see the gleam of their bright steel scabbards in the moonlight, and the pounding of their horses' hoofs on the frozen ground could be plainly heard. Green did not relish the sight of the bold riders, and proposed to make a run for it and get under cover of the rifles of our vedettes. I replied that if we remained in the swamp until they reached the house, our chances for escape would be good, but if we left the willows the enemy would be sure to see us and would cut us off. The words had scarcely passed my lips when Green arose, declaring he would not stay and be gobbled up. Darting out into the moonlight, he started for the picket line. Drawing my canteen strap under my belt, I followed, knowing that farther concealment would be impossible. We had not run more than a hundred yards [illegible]

Glancing over my shoulder, I saw that our pursuers were riding obliquely across the fields in order to cut us off. A half mile would bring us in range of the rifles of the nearest vedettes. The ground was level, and frozen hard. In the shade of the forest, at intervals, I could plainly see the light of the picket fires, so summoning all my energies I darted after Green. Visions of Libby, Castle Thunder, Belle Isle, and Andersonville flashed before me as I could hear the rapid beat of the flying hoofs as they spurred after us with exulting shouts, as though they were sure of their prey. Green was a number of yards in advance of me, and I strained every nerve to close up the gap between us, but my utmost efforts failed (I believe that fellow could beat his own shadow). We were almost within range of the vedette's rifles. Why did they not make a diversion in our favor? The thought had hardly flashed through my mind when crack, crack, crack, went the rifles of the three nearest vedettis, and the spiteful zip, zip, of the leaden messengers, as they cleft the frosty atmosphere, and sped away in the direction of our pursuers, made weird, yet sweet music to my ears. Remembering that my own rifle was in my hands, I faced about and saw that the two foremost riders had halted. I drew a bead on the nearest and fired. He ducked his head and, with a yell of defiance, the entire party drew off and rode away in the direction of the ford, thinking no doubt that the Yanks would make it lively for them if they stayed longer on our side of the river. Two hours later a merry group around our fire were discussing hard tack, salt pork and coffee.

H. T. CATON,
Company E, One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York Volunteers.
LAWRENCEVILLE, Pa.

#### How I Became Acquainted with Phil Sheridan.

Some time between the hours of ten and three of the night of Dec. 24, 1864, I started to Winchester, Va., from Upperville, in the same State, to take Christmas dinner with a lady friend of mine in Winchester. I did not know that the Yanks were in town. I rode into Winchester between daybreak and sunrise, and to my horror I found that the town was full of Yanks. I tried to get out of town by the same road that I came in, but I soon ran into the pickets. Where those pickets were when I came in is a mystery to me until this day.

Well, to make a long story short, I was captured and taken to General Custer's headquarters, and from there to General Sheridan's quarters. At that time I was only about sixteen years old, and I have often thought that was why the General treated me so nicely that day. I sat in his office talking to him from about ten o'clock until dinner was announced. The General invited me to dinner, and a good dinner it was. After dinner I went back to his office and had a good cigar, and remained there until about three o'clock, and was sent from there to the Provost Marshal's office, and, strange to say, I was not locked up in the guard house until dark. Next morning I was sent to Stevens Depot to take the train for Washington, but before we got to the depot some one cried out that Mosby was coming. I did not look to see which way the driver or my guard went. As for myself, I started for Berryville as fast as I could go. I do not think I stopped five minutes at any one time until I reached Ashby Gap, in the Blue Ridge Mountains.

That is how I became acquainted with General Sheridan, and I, an old rebel, do not hesitate to say that he is one of God's noblest sons, and if by chance he should see this he will remember the saucy young rebel that took dinner with him Dec. 25, 1864.

MOSBY'S ROOSTER.

#### General Barksdale.

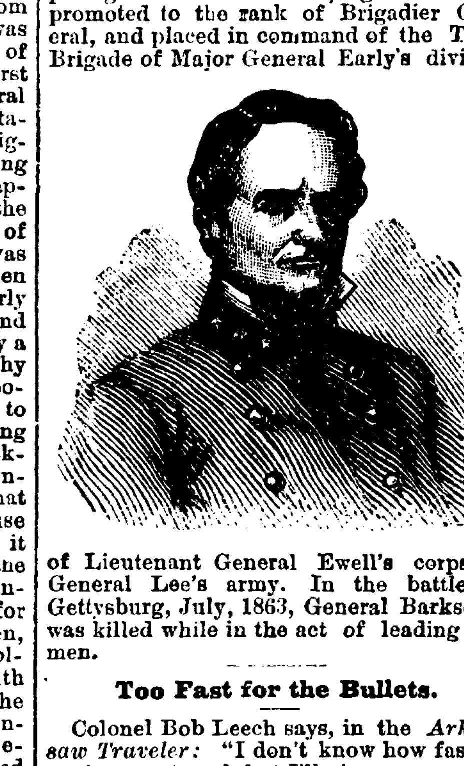
William Barksdale, of the Confederate army, was born in Rutherford County, Tenn., on August 21, 1821. His father had served in the war of 1812, and his son had early given evidence of a love for a soldier's life, although he did not follow the profession. His early education had been obtained in the Nashville University, after which he removed to Columbus, Miss., where he studied law and was admitted to the bar before he had attained his majority, becoming a successful practitioner.

Young Barksdale soon became a Southern politician, and conducted the columns of the Columbus *Democrat*.

During the year 1847 Mr. Barksdale participated in the Mexican war as a non-commissioned officer on the staff of the Second Mississippi Volunteers, and performed his military duties with credit to himself and regiment. On his return home he again began to dabble in politics, and was in 1851 chosen a member of the State convention to discuss the compromise measures proposed during the previous year.

During the year 1853 he was elected to Congress, where he remained until the war broke out, when, with the rest of the secession members of the South, he took his departure to join the Confederate ranks.

Mr. Barksdale raised, during 1861, the Thirteenth Regiment of Mississippi Volunteers, and at their head joined the Confederate army in Virginia. After participating in various campaigns he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General, and placed in command of the Third Brigade of Major General Early's division



of Lieutenant General Ewell's corps of General Lee's army. In the battle of Gettysburg, July, 1863, General Barksdale was killed while in the act of leading his men.

#### Too Fast for the Bullets.

Colonel Bob Leech says, in the *Arkansaw Traveler*: "I don't know how fast an engine can travel, but I'll give you an idea of how fast one did go. During the war I ran a scouting engine for the Confederate Government. It was my duty to carry a telegraph operator, who, at different points, would cut the wires and send dispatches. We were running at a rapid rate one day when, upon rounding a curve, I saw a thousand gun barrels blaze in the sunlight. I also saw that a number of cross-ties had been piled on the track. To stop in time was an impossibility, to go on seemed certain death, for if we escaped being killed by the wrecking of the engine we would be shot to death, for we were regarded as spies. I decided in a second what to do. Telling my companion to lie down in the tender, I seized the throttle, and, in locomotive parlance, threw her wide open. The engine jumped like a rabbit. I threw myself flat in the tender, expecting every second to be hurled to an awful death. Bang, bang, bang! went the guns. Then all was silent save the whir, whir of the wheels. Could it be possible that the engine had knocked off the obstructions? I arose and looked out. We had passed the enemy and scattered the ties. My companion, as much astonished as myself, got up. I looked back, and just above the tender I saw what I took to be a swarm of big black flies. I reached out and took hold of one. Gracious! I then discovered what they were. They were a shower of bullets that the enemy had fired after us. Well, we ran along at this rate until the bullets all fell behind." The gentlemen looked at one another, but no one disputed the statement.

The three most brilliant centuries of [illegible] history were from 1500 to [illegible]

# HADDOCK'S SLAYER.

## Testimony of Two of the Men Who Witnessed the Assassination.

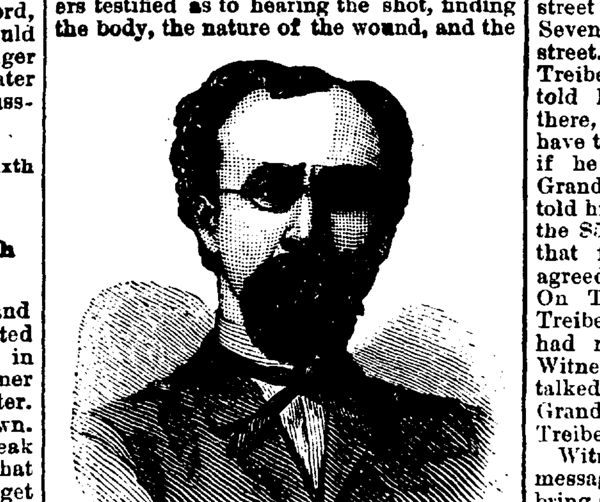
### Strong Evidence Against Arensdorf, Who Is Accused of Being the Chief Plotter.

### The Wife of the Murdered Preacher Creates a Sensation by Fainting in the Court Room.

[SIOUX CITY CORRESPONDENCE.]

Interest in the trial of the slayers of the Rev. Dr. Haddock has been so great here in Sioux City that for the past week it has dwarfed all other themes. Scarcely anything else is discussed or talked of in the store, the workshop, the drawing-room, or at the dining-table.

The introduction of evidence began on Friday of last week. Physicians and others testified as to hearing the shot, finding the body, the nature of the wound, and the



MR. MARSH, THE PROSECUTING ATTORNEY.

flight of the conspirators, among whom Leavitt, the State witness, was identified. On Monday Leavitt was placed upon the witness stand and told his story. It was identical with his original confession, or statement, and very damaging to Arensdorf's chances of acquittal. Condensed into a narrative, Leavitt's testimony is as follows:

In the latter part of December, 1885, he came to Sioux City, but went away and returned in the first week of January, 1886. He opened his variety theater on Pearl street in February. In June he went East and came back to this place a few days before the killing of Dr. Haddock. There was a saloon connected with the theater. There was a bar up-stairs and another down-stairs. "Doc" Darling and a brother of witness were bartenders. Dan Moriarty was doorkeeper and Billy Dorsam treasurer. Witness knew John Arensdorf; he became acquainted with him in January, 1886, and bought beer of the Franz Brewing Company to the extent of $50 or $75 a week. Arensdorf was seen at the theater and about town frequently by the witness. Leavitt proceeded to describe in detail his return to Sioux City from Mount Clemens, Mich., late in July; how the plan of having him join the Saloonkeepers' Union was proposed; how the meeting mentioned by Witness Adelsheim was held and Leavitt made a member of the organization.

After he joined, several persons, among them Arensdorf, the defendant, agreed to the proposal that something should be done to rid the town of temperance workers. Arensdorf said there was $700 or $800 in Junk's safe, which he thought sufficient to effect the purpose. Arensdorf said that something must be done, and suggested that Haddock's or Turner's house be blown up or burned down.

The next day witness went down to the St. Paul Railroad yards to see Dan Moriarty and try to get him to whip Dr. Haddock. They were willing to give him $100 for the job, and witness thought him to be the proper person for the work. Moriarty refused to whip anybody.

Witness testified to seeing Dr. Haddock on the stand as a witness in the injunction cases then on trial. The day before the saloon-keepers' meeting, on the evening of Aug. 3, Leavitt met by chance Plath, Treiber, Fred Munchrath, Jr., and two Germans, whom he afterward knew to be Granda and Koschnitzki. They were standing on the Sioux City National Bank corner, on Fourth street, talking about Haddock's trip to Greenville. Leavitt joined in the conversation. Witness described the hack ride to Greenville "to see how the preacher got his evidence in the whisky cases."

On returning from "Greenville," which is near the eastern limits of town and is a local designation, the party was driven directly to Junk's saloon. The four men went into the saloon. Treiber got money and paid the driver, Adams. Leavitt treated the crowd to cigars and remained three or four minutes. Arensdorf, Grady, Scollard and Junk were there. Then all seemed to start for their homes; at least witness did so. As they reached the street "Bismarck" came up and said the buggy had turned. Arensdorf said: "Let's go up and see." Arensdorf, Peters, Treiber, Plath and Leavitt went toward the stable on Water street, Arensdorf and Peters leading. Sherman walked with Leavitt. This was the first time witness saw Sherman. Leavitt saw John Ryan on the street and spoke to him. The party stopped by the board fence, corner Fourth and Water streets. Munchrath was seen there by witness and heard to say: "If you lick Haddock, just give him a black eye or something that won't hurt him or get any of us in any trouble." Witness heard Arensdorf say something about "a drunken Dutchman."

Leavitt remained calm, and Arensdorf did not move a muscle during this portion of the evidence. As Leavitt continued to explain the manner of the killing the audience was breathless with interest. The witness described how Haddock came from the stable, moved north on West Water street to the corner of Fourth, turned eastward, and midway on the crossing was met by Arensdorf, who had walked out from the fence to encounter him. "They met, and Arensdorf looked into Haddock's face; Haddock raised his hand; the hand came down; Arensdorf passed; then came the shot."

The remainder of Leavitt's direct examination pertained to his own conduct. He went to Ryan's house into the rooms occupied by Mr. Reilly and Mr. and Mrs. Dorsam, where he took off his hat and his two coats—a rubber overcoat and a dark Prince Albert. The hat was of straw. He talked with the Dorsams about what had occurred. The hat he wore was Plath's, for which he had exchanged his own while going toward Water street. Witness wore Dorsam's hat away from Ryan's house.

Witness saw John Arensdorf the next day before the latter appeared at the coroner's inquest.

"I said," he continued, "'Hello, John,' and asked how he felt. He said he did not feel any too well. He asked me if I had seen it. I said: 'Yes, John. It is a bad thing for you. You ought never to have done that.'

"'I know it,' he said; 'but everybody has got to keep still. Did anybody see it besides you?'

"I says, 'Yes; everybody on the spot there must have seen it, John, because they all stopped dumb when it happened.'

"He said: 'Can I depend on you as a brother?'

"I said: 'You can. I am a Knight of Pythias.'

"After the coroner's inquest I asked him: 'What did you know, John?' He said nothing and kind of laughed. He said he couldn't [illegible]

Nebraska for a few days, and from there to Germany."

Leavitt was subjected to a rigorous cross-examination by the defense without in the least shaking his testimony.

Mrs. Leavitt was called to the stand, and corroborated her husband's testimony in regard to the conversation which he had with Arensdorf upon the sidewalk in front of their rooms on Fourth street, soon after the murder of Haddock, in which Arensdorf spoke of sending Peters away to Nebraska or Germany because he could not be fixed for evidence. Attorney Argo conducted the cross-examination. Considerable amusement was created when the attorney asked the witness whether she had ever drank beer with any men there. She replied: "Yes; I drank beer with you, Mr. Argo."

Albert Koschnitzi, or "Bismarck," was next placed upon the stand. He strongly corroborated Leavitt. His evidence, summarized, was substantially as follows:

The morning of the day of the murder of Mr. Haddock, he went to Fourth street and met George Treiber. He went with him into Trieber's saloon and was given a glass of beer. The two then went together to the court house, where they remained until noon. The injunction cases were being tried. Mr. Haddock was a witness in the cases, and after the court adjourned they went out together and went up the street in front of the court house to Seventh streeth, then east on Seventh street. They walked by Haddock's house. Treiber, pointing at it, as they strolled by, told him (witness) that Haddock lived there, and that Treiber would give $500 to have the preacher whipped. Treiber asked if he knew Fritz Folger and Sylvester Granda. Witness said he did. Treiber told him to see Granda and tell him about the $500 offer. The witness saw Granda that forenoon and told him. Granda agreed to go to Treiber's saloon that night. On Tuesday morning witness went to Treiber's saloon. Treiber said that Granda had not been there as he had promised. Witness then sought out Granda and again talked about the money and the whipping. Granda said he went to the saloon and that Treiber was not there.

Witness went back to Treiber with that message. Treiber told him to be sure and bring Granda up that evening. Witness on the day of the murder went with Treiber to the court-house and saw Haddock there. The whisky trial was in progress. He remained in court about an hour and a half. In the evening witness went once to Treiber's saloon. Granda had not been there, and Treiber wanted witness to go and fetch him, giving him five cents to pay street-car fare. Witness went to Granda's house, but did not find him, and returned to the saloon.

On starting to go, witness met Treiber, Granda, Platt, Munchrath, and Paul Leader



MR. ARGO, OF COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE.

on the corner of Fourth and Pierce streets. Treiber told "Bismarck" to go and show Granda where Dr. Haddock lived. The two men started on that errand, but "Bismarck" said he could not find the house, and Granda declared he would not do the whipping, anyway. So many knew of the offer he was afraid to do it. "Bismarck" proposed that they go back to the saloon and make Treiber give them a few drinks. The two men then went back to Fourth street, and on the corner of Pierce again met the crowd. Leavitt and Henry Peters were with the others. At this encounter Plath gave Granda twenty-five cents.

Witness and Granda went to Umbler's saloon and took a drink. They returned to the corner. Treiber sent them down to the Columbia House to see if Haddock had returned from Greenville. Witness found Eberhardt at the Columbia House playing cards and called to him to come out. In response to Bismarck's request Eberhardt sent a man to the stable next door to make the inquiry about the buggy. Fitzsimmons was the man. About an hour later witness saw the horse and buggy come back. He was watching for it in the rain at the corner of Fourth and Water streets. Granda was with him. The two men went east on Fourth street and told the crowd near Junk's saloon that the buggy had returned.

The crowd met by witness consisted of Arensdorf, Peters, Leader, Munchrath, Leavitt, Granda and others. They proceeded west until they reached the corner of Water street, Paul Leader walking with "Bismarck." Dr. Haddock came along Water street to the crossing of Fourth. John Arensdorf went out to meet him, passed a step or two by the minister, then turned and fired at his head.

In the midst of "Bismarck's" cross-examination Mrs. Haddock, who had borne the nervous strain of the direct narrative by force of will without evincing distress, was unable longer to endure the excitement of the trial. A moan startled the audience, causing hundreds to spring to their feet. Judge Lewis instantly perceived both the cause and the perils of the alarm. He commanded all to resume their seats and observe quiet. Sheriff McDonald hastened to Mrs. Haddock's side, and, aided by friends, bore her, insensible, to the Judge's library, immediately behind the judicial desk. The large opaque windows at the rear of the bench, which had been raised to improve the ventilation of the court-room were rattled down and the doors closed. Meanwhile Judge Lewis, prompt to appreciate the legal as well as the physical emergency, abruptly dismissed the jury from the court-room with but a word or two of instructions that none of them should speak of the case while absent.

Order was soon restored in the audience, the jury was recalled, and the business of the session resumed. The Judge's conduct illustrates his instinctive fairness. He perceived that the sympathies of the jury might be aroused by this scene of a heart-broken wife's anguish.

Mrs. Koschnitzki and her daughter were placed on the stand and corroborated "Bismarck's" statement relative to the conduct of the defendant after the crime. As it now looks, the prosecution has made a stronger case than many of its warmest friends believed was possible.

The daughter of "Bismarck," Minnie Koschnitzki, a little 12-year-old girl, was placed on the stand, and testified in regard to her father's movements immediately preceding and following the murder, and to the paying of money to her mother by Arensdorf. At this point the State rested its case, and the defense began by attacking the character of the principal witnesses for the State—"Bismarck" and the Leavitts. Several witnesses swore that the former was beastly drunk on the night of August 3, and that his character was bad. Testimony was introduced to the effect that the Leavitts had denounced the murdered preacher, and expressed the hope that he would be killed.

Several witnesses swore positively that an hour before the murder they saw Leavitt on Fourth street, wearing light pants. Other witnesses testified to his having made remarks about killing Haddock the day of the murder. The defense are evidently laying the foundation of a plot charging [illegible]

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

## Notes on the Lesson for April 17—"Joseph Makes Himself Known."

[From Chicago Standard. By Rev. J. M. Coon.]

The lesson to be studied is found in the forty-fifth chapter of Genesis, verses one to fifteen. Time, 1707 B. C., nine years after the events of the last lesson. Place, Heliopolis, the capital of Lower Egypt.

SPECIAL MENTION.

*Egypt.*—One of the most ancient and interesting countries on the face of the earth. It is bounded south by Ethiopia, north by the Mediterranean Sea, and east by the Red Sea. Its northern and southern limits are given in Ezek. 29: 10; 30: 6. It presents itself to the eye of the traveler as an immense valley, extending nearly 6.0 miles in length, and hemmed in on the east and west by a ridge of hills and a vast expanse of desert. It has an alluvial basin, owing its existence, fertility, and beauty to the River Nile, which flows through it. Hence, Egypt was anciently called "the gift of the Nile." As to the origin of the name, there is much difference of opinion. In the Old Testament, the Hebrew word translated Egypt is *Mizraim*, which was the name of one of the sons of Ham (Gen. 10: 6), who might have been the founder of the nation. It is sometimes called Ham (Ps. 78: 51; 105: 23-27; 106: 22) and also Rahab (Ps. 87: 4; 89: 10; Isa. 51: 9.) The Arabs now call it Mizr. As a subject of prophecy, Egypt is one of the most interesting of ancient nations (Isa. 18: 19; Jer. 42: 46; Ezek. 29: 32). The predictions concerning it are remarkable for their precision and fullness; and their exact fulfillment in every essential point is attested by incontrovertible evidence. At the time when some of the most extraordinary of these predictions were uttered (Ezek. 30: 21-26), Egypt was flourishing in arts and arms. Her splendid cities rose up on every side, and the stately monuments of her genius and industry were without a parallel. But when the divine counsel was fulfilled, the scepter of the Pharaohs fell, and Egypt became a tributary kingdom, without a prince of its own, subject to a foreign yoke, and has often been governed by slaves. (Cook's Comp. Quar.)

*Benjamin.* (Gen. 35: 18) was the youngest son of Jacob and Rachel. His mother died immediately after his birth, which took place near Bethlehem, when the family were on their journey from Padan-aram to Canaan. With her dying breath she called him Benoni ("the son of my sorrow"), but his father gave him the name of Benjamin. The tribe of Benjamin had their portion of the promised land adjoining Judah, and when ten of the tribes revolted, Benjamin continued steady in its attachment to Judah, and formed a part of that kingdom (1 Kings 12: 17-23). The prophetic history of the tribe is told in Gen. 49: 27, and Deut. 33: 12.

*Goshen.* This land, also called "the land of Rameses" (Chap. 47: 11), probably from the city "Raamses," which the Israelites were compelled to build there (Ex. 1: 11), was situated on the eastern bank of the Nile, and, apparently commencing a little to the north of Memphis, extended to the Mediterranean, and to the borders of the Philistines' land (Ex. 13: 17). In Ps. 78: 12-43, it is called the "field of Zoan," or Tanis. It probably was an unsettled district, but rich in pastures, and belonged in a very loose way to Egypt. In the lxx. it is called "Gesem of Arabia," to which country both Herodotus and Strabo reckoned all the district on the east of the Nile toward the Isthmus of Suez as belonging. And here the Israelites were constantly joined by large numbers of Semitic immigrants, who were enrolled in their "tafs," and swelled the rapidly increasing number of their dependents.

*God's hand in human affairs.* This is the great truth of the passage. The following extracts, bearing upon the subject, will set forth this truth in various phases:

The divine purpose in bringing Jacob and his descendants into Egypt, for which the way is prepared in the events of this lesson, seems to have been two-fold. (1) The bad surroundings of Jacob's sons were rapidly demoralizing them. It was necessary to remove them from contact with the Canaanites, and place them where they would not suffer from association with corrupt people.

This could be accomplished in Egypt, because the Egyptians would hold them, as shepherds, in abomination, and would not mingle with them. (2.) It was intended ultimately to bring them into conflict with the most powerful and enlightened nation then existing, and give them the victory, that the name and might and majesty of Jehovah might be exhibited throughout Egypt and the surrounding countries, in the overthrow of the Egyptian gods, and in overwhelming judgments on Pharaoh and his people. In wonderful ways, and yet through the ordinary channels of human nature, all this was accomplished. (Standard Excl. Comm.)

Upon this we have three remarks to make: First, that it is utterly impossible for us to judge of any event, whether it is a blessing or a misfortune, from simply looking at the event itself; because we do not know the whole. Fancy the buying of a slave in a cave in Canaan, and straightway there springs up in your breast a feeling of indignation. Pass on a few years, and we find Joseph happy, honored, and beloved; two nations at least are saved by him from famine. Secondly, we remark how God educes good from evil, and that man is only an instrument in his hands. A secular historian, treating of mighty events, always infers that there has been some plan, steadily pursued; he would have traced, step by step, how it all came about, and referred it all to Joseph. But from the inspired history we find that Joseph knew not one step before him. Thirdly, we remark that there is a danger in a too-easy acquiescence in the fact that good comes from evil; for we begin to say: Evil, then, is God's agent; to do evil must be right; and so we are landed in confusion. Before this had taken place had Joseph's brethren said, "Out of this good will come, let us sell our brother," they would have been acting against their conscience; but after the event it was but faith to refer it to God's intention. Had they done this before it would have been presumption. But to feel that good has come through you, but not by your will, is humiliating. You feel that the evil is all yours, and the good is God's. (F. W. Robertson.)

*"It was not you that sent me hither, but God."* "In one sense that was true. And it was kind and commendable in Joseph to endeavor to mitigate his brothers' sense of guilt, by directing their attention to the Providence which directed and overruled their action. But God's providence does not interfere with man's freedom and responsibility. Joseph's brethren were not the less guilty on account of their crime, for the fact that in it they had unconsciously carried out God's plans and purposes, or for the fact that Providence overruled their action so as to bring out of it better results than they intended. And, though Joseph's intention was kind and right, his brothers were wrong if they allowed the consideration which he presented to lessen in the least their sense of guilt and of need of penitance and forgiveness." (Todd.)

At the very moment when Joseph kindly saw in his brethren only the unconscious instruments of God's providence, he was serving it almost as unconsciously by his plan for securing his father and brethren a safe and happy settlement in Egypt. (Smith.) This history of Joseph shows how skillfully and mightily God manages the wicked, making their wickedness work (wholly against their purpose) to evolve abounding good. If the Lord were obliged to say, "I must content myself with the co-operation of the good, the unfallen, turning their agency to best account for the promotion of happiness, but, as to the wicked, they are beyond my reach; I can do nothing with them; the evil they do must be endured as so much dead loss to the universe, never to be of any service toward virtue and happiness,"—the case would be, so far, one of unrelieved sadness. We may bless the name of our Lord, that his resources of wisdom and power, and the outgoings of his love, are not thus limited. Some good results will be extorted from even those horrible crimes of Joseph's brethren. Even the devil's wickedness, in which he exults as availing to frustrate God's plans and to shake his throne, he will find at length, to his everlasting confusion and shame, has been made, by the overmastering wisdom, power and love of God, to subserve the very cause he thought to break down, and to break down everything he had vainly hoped to build up. For is not God wiser and mightier than the devil? (Cowles.)

SEED-TRUTHS AND GERM-THOUGHTS.

1. Sacredness and instinctive modesty of deep grief (v. 1).
2. A guilty conscience makes one fearful and cowardly (v. 3).
3. Beauty and power of a forgiving spirit (v. 4).
4. Human responsibility and divine sovereignty (v. 5).
5. God can make even man's wickedness to serve his purpose (v. 7).
6. Wickedness is none the less sinful because God overrules it.
7. God is the author and source of all our success and glory (v. 8).
8. The unexpected and embarrassing detection of sin (v. 3.)
9. A momentary sin may bring a continuous and increasing punishment.

# HOBART PASHA.

*Anecdotes Related by Himself of His Experience with a Tyrant.*

As a midshipman his start in life was a rough one, with a very unpleasant cousin for a captain, says the London *Standard*, speaking of Hobart Pasha. It then gives some anecdotes of his boyhood:

"I shall never forget his first words. He was a handsome young fellow with fine features, darkened, however, by a deep scowl. As he stepped over the side he greeted us by saying to the first lieutenant in a loud voice: 'Put all my boat's crew in irons for neglect of duty.' It seems that one of them kept him waiting for a couple of minutes when he came down to embark. After giving this order the captain honored the officers who received him with a haughty bow, read aloud his commission, and retired to his cabin, having ordered the anchor to be weighed in two hours.

"Accordingly at 8 o'clock we stood out to sea, the weather being fine and wind favorable. At 11 all hands were called to attend the punishment of the captain's boat's crew. I cannot describe the horror with which I witnessed six fine sailor-like looking fellows torn by the frightful cat for having kept their officer waiting a few minutes on the pier."

But the boy's own turn came next. For getting in the way, or crying (he was not 13), or "in some way vexing the tyrant," he was at once mastheaded.

"Go to the mast-head, indeed! with a freshening wind under whose influence the ship was beginning to heel over, and an increasing sea that made her jump about like an acrobat. I had not got my sea-legs, and this feat seemed an utter impossibility to me. I looked with horror up aloft; then came over me the remembrance of Marryat's story of the lad who refused to go to the mast-head, and who was hoisted up by the signal halyards. While thinking of this another 'Well, sir, why don't you obey orders?' started me in the lower rigging, which I began with the greatest difficulty to climb, expecting at every step to go headlong overboard. A good-natured sailor, seeing the fix I was in, gave me a helping hand and up I crawled as far as the maintop. This, I must explain to my non-nautical reader, is not the masthead, but a comparatively comfortable half-way resting place, from whence one can look about, feeling somewhat secure. On looking down to the deck my heart bled to see the poor sailor who had helped me undergoing punishment for his kind act. I heard myself at the same time ordered 'to go higher,' and a little higher I did go. Then I stopped, frightened to death and almost senseless; terror, however, seemed to give me presence of mind to cling on, and there I remained till some hours afterward; then I was called down. On reaching the deck I fainted, and knew no more till I awoke after some time in my hammock."

For three years he suffered, but with so little harm to his spirit that, on coming home, and being offered a lift to London from Portsmouth in his cousin's carriage, he tells us:

"Full of disgust and horror at the very sight of him, I replied that I would rather 'crawl home on my hands and knees than go in his carriage,' and so ended our acquaintance, for I never saw him again."

*MISTAKES IN IDENTITY.*

Questions of identity, says the *Medical Standard*, are among the most confusing in practice, and positive opinions should be given only after careful analysis of the case. The peculiar confusion which results in such cases if well illustrated in the recent Daly-Strahl case. A lunatic named Wilson confessed that he killed Daly, cut his body up, and threw the pieces into a creek. At the same time a man named Dieterle had been charged with the murder of Strahl, who had disappeared. The head and dismembered trunk of a body, one leg, and one arm were found and identified as Strahl's by his brother and others. Daly's friends also identified them as Daly's. Strahl and Daly had the same size head, were both left-handed; both had scars on their right hand; both were red-haired and bald on the vertex; both had the right shoulder higher than the left. Dieterle was acquitted of Strahl's murder. Wilson was hung for Daly's murder, chiefly on his on confession, which, however, was corroborated by the circumstances mentioned. Such confusion of identity is far from exceptional. In 1883 three similar cases of confusion of identity occurred in the United States. Tidy reports a case in which a mangled body was identified by a woman and her children as that of the husband and father. Within an hour after interment the real father entered and gave a satisfactory account of his absence. Ogston reports the case of a medical student who resurrected the body of a countryman, and was arrested with it in his possession. The wife and sons of a missing weaver identified it as the husband and father. The medical student told his story, and the grave was examined and found empty. The people whose church-yard had been violated identified the body, but so did the wife and sons aforesaid. Finally the weaver made his appearance, and only then were his wife and sons convinced of their mistake. Dr. Kinlock reports a case in which the body of an old man with a left ear and finger missing, a mutilation of long standing, was found. The daughters and friends of the old man who was missing fully identified the body. On their return from burying the supposed body they were astounded to find their father had returned, and that they had buried a stranger.

FOR some kinds of disaster there is no safety in riches. The colic takes as tight a grip upon the [illegible]

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# TALMAGE'S SERMON.

## "A Live Church," is the Subject of His Discourse To-day.

BROOKLYN, April 2.—The Rev. T De Witt Talmage, D. D., has returned from the West, after an absence of nearly three weeks, in which he preached and lectured in fifteen cities to immense throngs. A vast congregation was present at the Tabernacle this morning and joined with fine effect in singing the hymn which begins:

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run.

Dr. Talmage's subject was "A Live Church," and his text Revelations ii. 8, 9: "Unto the angel of the church in Smyrna write: These things saith the first and the last, which was dead and is alive. I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty, but thou art rich."

Smyrna was a great city of the ancients, bounded on three sides by mountains. It was the central emporium of the Levantine trade. In that prosperous and brilliant city there was a Christian Church established. After it had existed for a while it was rocked down by an earthquake. It was rebuilt. Then it was consumed by a conflagration that swept over the entire city. That church went through fire, and trouble, and disaster, but kept on to great spiritual prosperity. The fact was that church had the grace of God, an ever active principle. Had it been otherwise, all the grandeur of architecture and all the pomp of surroundings would only have been the ornament of death—the garlands of a coffin, the plumes of a hearse.

It may be profitable to consider what are the elements of a live church.

I remark, in the first place, that one characteristic of such a church is punctuality in meeting its engagements. All ecclesiastical institutions have financial relations, and they ought to meet their obligations just as certainly as men meet their obligations at the bank. When a church of God is not as faithful in its promises as the Bank of England it ceases to be a church of God. It ought to be understood that prayers cannot paint a church, and prayers cannot pay the winter's coal bill, and prayers cannot meet the insurance, and that, while prayers can do a thousand things, there are a thousand things that prayers cannot do. Prayer for any particular church will never reach Heaven high unless it goes down pocket deep. In my church at the west there was a man of comfortable means, who used to pray for his pastor in such elongated style that he became a nuisance to the prayer meeting; asking God, in a prayer that was almost without ceasing, that the pastor might be blessed in his basket and in his store, while the fact was he never paid anything. If we pray for the advancement of the church and do not out of our means contribute to its advancement, our prayer is only mockery. Let the church of God then meet its obligations on the outside, and let the members of the congregation meet the obligations on the inside, and the church will be financially prosperous.

Let me say, also, that there must be punctuality in the attendance on the house of the Lord. If the service begins at 10:30 in the morning, the regular congregation of a live church will not come at 10:45. If the service is to begin at 7:30 in the evening, the regular congregation of a live church will not come at 7:45. In some churches I have noticed the people are always tardy. There are some people who are always late. They were born too late, and the probability is they will die too late. The rustling of dresses up the aisle, and the slamming of doors, and the treading of heavy feet, is poor inspiration for a minister. It requires great abstraction in a pastor's mind to proceed with the preliminary exercises of the church when one-half of the audience seated are looking around to see the other half come in. Such a difference of attendance upon the house of God may be a difference of time pieces, but the live church of which I am speaking ought to go by railroad time, and that is pretty well understood in all our communities. There is one hymn that ought to be sung in a great many Christian families on Sabbath morning: "Early, my God, without delay, I haste to seek thy place."

Another characteristic of a live church is the fact that all the people participate in the exercise. A stranger can tell by the way the first tune starts whether there is any life there. A church that does not sing is a dead church. It is awful to find a cold drizzle of music coming down from the organ loft while all the people beneath sit in silence. When a tune wanders around, lonely and unbefriended, and is finally lost amid the arches because the people do not join in it, there is not much melody unto the Lord. In Heaven they all sing, though some there cannot sing half as well as others. The Methodist Church has sung all around the world and gone from conquest to conquest, among other things, because it is a singing church; and any Christian Church organization that with enthusiasm performs this part of its duty will go on from triumph to triumph. A Church of God that can sing can do anything that ought to be done. We go forth into this holy war with the Bible in one hand and a hymn book in the other. Oh! ye who used to sing the praises of the Lord and have got out of the habit, take your harps down from the willows. I am glad to know that, as a church, we are making advancement in this respect When I came to be your pastor we had an excellent choir in the little chapel, and they sang very sweetly to us Sabbath by Sabbath; but ever and anon there was trouble, for you know that the choirs in the United States are the Waterloos where the great battles go on. One Sunday they will sing like angels, and the next Sunday they will be mad and will not sing at all. We resolved to settle all the difficulties and have one skillful man at the organ and one man to do the work of the precentor; and now, from Sabbath to Sabbath, the song comes up like the voice of mighty thunderings.

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the Heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad.

On the way to triumph that never ends, and pleasures that never die—sing!

Another characteristic of a live church is a flourishing Sabbath-school. It is too late in the history of the Christian Church to argue the benefit of such an institution. The Sabbath-school is not a supplement to the church; it is its right arm. But you say there are dead churches that have Sabbath-schools. Yes, but the Sabbath-schools are dead, too. It is a dead mother holding in her arms a dead child. But when superintendent, and teachers, and scholars come on Sabbath afternoon together, their faces glowing with interest and enthusiasm, and their songs are heard all through the exercises, and at the close they go away feeling they have been on the Mount of Transfiguration—that is a live school, and it is characteristic of a live church. There is only one thing I have against the Sabbath-schools of this country, and that is, they are too respectable. We gather into our schools the children of the refined, and the cultured, and the educated; but alas for the great multitude of the children of the abandoned and the lost! A few of them are gathered into our Sabbath-schools; but what about the 70,000 destitute children of New York and the score of thousands of destitute children of Brooklyn around whom are thrown no benign and heavenly and Christian influences? It is a tremendous question, what is to become of the destitute children of these cities? We must either act on them or they will act on us. We will either Christianize them or they will heathenize us. It is a question not more for the Christian than for the philanthropist and the statesman. Oh, if we could have all these little ones gathered together, what a scene of hunger and wretchedness and rags and sin and trouble and darkness! If we could see those little feet on the broad road to death, which through Christian charity ought to be pressing the narrow path of life; if we could hear those voices in blasphemy, which ought to be singing the praises of God; if we could see those little hearts, which at that age ought not to be soiled with one unclean thought, becoming the sewers for every abomination; if we could see those suffering little ones sacrificed on the altar of every iniquitous passion and baptized with fire from the lava of the pit we would recoil, crying out: "Avaunt, thou dream of hell!" They are not always going to be children. They are coming up to be the men and women of this country. That spark of iniquity that might now be put out with one drop of the water of life will become the conflagration of every green thing that God ever planted in the soul. That which ought to have been a temple of the Holy Ghost will become a scarred and blistered ruin—every light quenched and every altar in the dust. That petty thief, who slips into your store and takes a yard of cloth from your counter, will become the highwayman of the forest, or the burglar at midnight, picking the lock of your money safe and blowing up your store to hide the villany. A great army, with staggering step, and bloodshot eye and drunken hoot, they are coming on—gathering recruits from every grog shop and den of infamy in the land—to take the ballot box and hurrah at the elections. The hard-knuckled fist of ruffianism will have more power than the gentle hand of intelligence and sobriety. Men, bloated, and with the signature of sin burned in from the top of the forehead to the bottom of the chin, will look honest men out of countenance. Moral corpses, which ought to be buried 100 feet deep to keep them from poisoning the air, will rot in the face of the sun at noonday. Industry in her plain frock will be unappreciated, while thousands of men will wander around in idleness, with their hands on their lips, saying: "The world owes us a living." O, what a tremendous power there is in iniquity when uneducated and unrestrained and unbalanced it goes on concentrating and deepening and widening and gathering momentum until it swings ahead with a very triumph of desolation, drowning like surges, scorching like flames, crushing like rocks! What are you going to do with this abandoned population of the streets? Will you gather them in your churches? It is not the will of your Heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish. If you have ten respectable children in your class, gather in ten that are not respectable. If in your Bible class there be twenty young men who have come from Christian homes and elegant surroundings, let those twenty young men go out and gather in twenty more of the young men of the city who are lost to God and lost to society. This outside population, unless educated and restrained, will work terror in ages that are to come. Years ago at New Orleans, when the cholera was raging fearfully, a steamboat put out just before nightfall crowded with passengers who were trying to escape from the pestilence. After the boat had been out a little while the engineer fell with the cholera. The captain in consternation went down among the passengers and asked: "Is there any one here who knows anything about engineering?" A swarthy man replied: "I am an engineer," "Well," said the captain, "I would be very glad if you would take charge of this boat." The man went to the engine. The steamer moved more rapidly until after a while the captain and some passengers were alarmed and they went to see what was the matter, and they found that this was a maniac engineer and that he was seated on the safety valve; and as they came to him, he said: "I am commissioned of satan to drive this steamer to hell," and he flourished his pistol, and would not come down. But after a while, through some stratagem, he was brought from his position, and the lives of the passengers were saved. Oh! my friends, that steamer had no such peril as our institutions are threatened with, if the ignorant and unrestrained children of this land shall come up in their ignorance and their crime to engineer our civil and religious institutions, and drive them on the rocks. Educate this abandoned population, or they will overthrow the institutions of this land. Gather them into your Sabbath-schools. I congratulate you that many have been gathered. Go forth, teachers, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and on the coming Sabbaths may there be found gathered scores and hundreds of these wanderers, and instead of 1,800 in the Sabbath-school, we shall see 3,000 or 4,000, and the grace of God will come down upon them, and the Holy Spirit will bring them all into the truth.

Another characteristic of a live church is one with appropriate architecture. In the far West and amid destitute population, a log church is very appropriate—the people living in log houses. But in communities where people live in comfortable abodes, a church uncommodious or lacking in beauty is a moral nuisance. Because Christ was born in a manger is no reason why we should worship him in a barn. Let the churches of Jesus Christ be not only comfortable, but ornate. Years ago we resolved to have a comfortable church. We resolved that it should be amphitheatrical in shape. The prominent architects of the country, after figuring on the matter a good while, said that such a church would not be churchly, and they would have nothing to do with the enterprise. But after a while we found an architect willing to risk his reputation. He put up for us the first tabernacle, in amphitheatrical style. We liked it. All who came liked it. This building followed in the same style. We believe it is appropriate and adapted. An angular church will have an angular theology. The church of Jesus Christ ought to be a great family circle, the pulpit only the fireplace, around which they are gathered in sweet and domestic communion. But when our first tabernacle went up, O, the caricature and the scoffing! They said: "It's a hippodrome! It's a holy circus! It's Talmage's theater!" But the Lord came down with power upon that old building, and made it the gate of heaven to a great many. And this building followed. That we were right in persisting in the style of architecture is proved by the fact that now there are sixty or seventy churches in the United States in the same style. Indeed, our tabernacle has revolutionized church architecture in this country. A live church must have a commodious, a comfortable, an adapted building. "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

Again, the characteristic of a live church must be that it is a soul-saving church. It must be the old Gospel of Christ. "O," say some people, "the Gospel of Christ allows but a small swing for a man's faculties, and some men have left the ministry with that idea." One such said to Rowland Hill: "I have left the ministry, because I don't want to hid my talents any longer." "Well," replied Rowland Hill, "I think the more you hide your talents the better." Why, there is no field on earth so grand as that which is open before the Gospel ministry. Have you powers of analysis? exhaust them here. Have you unconquerable logic? let it grapple with Paul's Epistle to the Romans. Have you strong imagination? let it discourse on the Psalms of David and John's apocalyptic version. Have you great powers of pathos? exhaust it in telling the story of a Savior's love. Have you a bold style of thinking? then follow Ezekiel's wheel, full of eyes, and hear through his chapters the rush of the wings of the seraphim. All ye who want a grand field in which to work for God, come into the gospel ministry. At any rate, come into Christian circles, and somewhere and somehow declare the grace of God. Pardon for all sin. Comfort for all trouble. Eternal life for all the dead. O, my soul! preach it forever. It has been my ambition, and I believe it has been yours, my dear people, in these years of my ministry to have this a soul-saving church, and we never yet threw out the Gospel net but we drew in a great multitude. They have come 100 at a time, and 200 at a time, and 350 at a time, and I expect the day will appear when, in some service, there will be 3,000 souls accepting the offers of eternal life. I wish I could tell you some circumstance that have come under my observation, proving the fact that God has blessed the prayers of these people in behalf of souls immortal. I could tell you of one night when I stood at the end of the platform and a gentleman passed me, his cheek bronzed with the sea, and as he went into the inquiry room he said to me, "I am an Englishman." I said: "I am very glad to see you; walk in." That night he gave his heart to Lord. It was a clear case of quick but thorough conversion. Passing out at the close of the inquiry meeting I said: "How long have you been in this country?" He said: "I arrived by steamer this morning at 11 o'clock." "I said: "How long will you be in the city?" He said: "I leave tomorrow for Canada, and thence I go to Halifax, and thence to Europe, and I'll never be here again." I said: "I think you must have come to this country to have your soul saved." "He said: "That certainly was the reason." In the other room, one night, at the close of the service, there sat among other persons, three persons looking so cheerful that I said to myself: "These are not anxious inquirers." I said to the man: "Are you a Christian?" He said: "I am." I said: "When did you become a Christian?" He said: "To-night." His wife sat next to him. I said to her: "Are you a Christian?" She said: "I am." I said: "When did you become a Christian?" She said: "To-night." I remarked: "Is this young lady your daughter?" They said: "Yes." I said to her: "Are you a Christian?" She said: "Yes." I said: "When did you become a Christian?" She said: "To-night." I said to them: "From whence came you?" They said: "We are from Charleston, S. C." I said: "When did you come?" They said: "We came yesterday." "How long are you going to remain?" "We go to-morrow. We have never been here before, and shall never be here again." I have heard from them since. They are members of the church of Jesus Christ, in good and regular standing, eminent for consistency and piety. And so God has made it a soul-saving church. But I could tell you of a tragic scene, when once, at the close of the service, I found a man in one of these front seats, wrought upon most mightily. I said to him: "What is the matter?" He replied: "I am a captive of strong drink; I came from the west; I thought, perhaps, you could do me some good; I find you can't do me any good; I find there is no hope for me." I said: "Come into this side room and we will talk together." "Oh, no!" he said, "there's no need of my going in; I am a lost man; I have a beautiful wife; I have four beautiful children; I had a fine profession; I have had a thorough education; I had every opportunity a man ever had, but I am a captive of strong drink. God only knows what I suffer." I said: "Be encouraged; come in here and we'll talk together about it." "No," he said, "I can't come; you can't do me any good. I was on the Hudson River Railroad yesterday, and coming down I resolved never again to touch a drop of strong drink. While I sat there a man came in—a low creature—and sat by me. He had a whisky flask and he said to me: 'Will you take a drink?' I said: 'No;' but Oh, how I wanted it! And as I said no it seemed that the liquor curled up around the mouth of the flask and begged: 'Take me! take me! take me!' I felt I couldn't resist it, and yet I was determined not to drink, and I rushed out on the platform of the car, and I thought I would jump off; we were going at the rate of forty miles an hour, and I didn't dare to jump; the paroxysm of thirst went off, and I am here to-night." I said: "Come in, I'll pray for you, and commend you to God." He came in trembling. Some of you remember. After the service we walked out and up the street. I said: "You have an awful struggle; I'll take you into a drug store, perhaps the doctor can give you some medicine that will help you in your struggle, though after all, you will have to depend upon the grace of God." I said to the doctor: "Can you give this man something to help him in his battle against strong drink?" "I can," replied the doctor, and he prepared a bottle of medicine. I said: "There is no alcohol in this—no strong drink?" "None at all," said the doctor. "How long will this last?" I inquired. "It will last him a week." "O," I said, "give us another bottle." We passed out into the street and stood under the gaslight. It was getting late, and I said to the man: "I must part with you. Put your trust in the Lord and He will see you through. You will make use of this medicine when the paroxysm of thirst comes on." A few weeks passed away, and I got a letter from Boston saying: "Dear friend, I inclose the money you paid for that medicine. I have never used any of it. The thirst for strong drink has entirely gone away from me. I send you two or three newspapers to show you what I have been doing since I came to Boston." I opened the newspapers and saw accounts of meetings of 2,000 or 3,000 people to whom this man had been preaching righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. I have heard from him again and again since. He is faithful now, and will be, I know, faithful to the last. O, this work of soul saving! Would God that out of this audience today 500 men might hear the voice of the son of God bidding them come to a glorious resurrection!

All the offers of the Gospel are extended to you, "without money and without price," and you are conscious of the fact that these opportunities will soon be gone forever. The conductor of a rail train was telling me of the fact that he was one night standing by his train on the side track, his train having been switched off so that the express train could dart past unhindered. He said while he stood there in the darkness, beside his train on the side track, he heard the thunder of the express in the distance. Then he saw the flash of the headlight. The train came with fearful velocity, nearer and nearer, until after awhile, when it came very near by the flash of the headlight, he saw that the switchman had not attended to his duty—either through intoxication or indifference, had not attended to his duty—and that train, unless something were done immediately, would rush on the side track, and dash the other train to atoms. He shouted to the switchman: "Set up that switch!" and with one stroke the switch went back, and the express thundered on. O! men and women, going on toward the eternal world, swift as the years, swift as the months, swift as the days, swift as the hours, swift as the minutes, swift as the seconds—on what track are you running? Toward light or darkness? Toward victory or defeat? Toward heaven or hell? Set up that switch. Cry aloud to God: "Now is the day of salvation."

A CITIZEN of Buffalo, N. Y., after seven years' labor, has just succeeded in producing a clock that is a wonderful piece of ingenuity. The framework stands about seven feet high. The front is embellished with carved work and hand-painting. The dial, sixteen inches in diameter, shows the second, minute, and hour, ranging from one to twenty-four hours; all the days of the week and month in separate circles. An inner-ring displays figures corresponding to the twelve-hour system, thus furnishing two readings—one of twelve hours and the main one of twenty-four hours. The interior mechanism is unusually simple, containing half the ordinary number of wheels, while performing correctly a greater variety of work. By an ingenious adjustment of the lower and upper works, a very sensational effect is reached in the artistic canopy, a strange device. At every quarter the twelve apostles are seen to march out at one door and in at another, in semi-circle, in front of a figure intended to represent Christ. Peter is seen to turn his back upon the Savior. Overhead is the inscription, "Beware of Temptation," and a hand pointing toward a bar in front of which a dude is seen approaching a portly, aproned "host," who receives contemptuously his visitor's overtures to "stand him off." At the extreme left a curtained door of the adjoining saloon opens and discloses a policeman in the act of getting away with his mug of beer. At the extreme right is an aperture out of which figures representing "Childhood," "Youth," "Manhood," and "Old Age" emerge to correspond with the first, second, third, and last quarters of the hour. Not the least wonderful thing about the clock is the fact that the bulk of its elaborate carved work was done at odd times by means of a jack-knife, and that some of the richer effects were produced from cigar-boxes.

### A Great Battle

Is continually going on in the human system. The demon of impure blood strives to gain victory over the constitution, to ruin health, to drag victims to the grave. A good reliable weapon like Hood's Sarsaparilla is the weapon with which to defend one's self, drive the desperate enemy from the field and restore peace and bodily health for many years. Try this peculiar medicine.

Ex-Congressman Chittenden, of Brooklyn, will build a $100,000 library on Yale college grounds.

### John B. Gough.

No man of the present century has exerted such a marked influences on behalf of the temperance cause as the late John B. Gough. During the past forty years he delivered nearly 10.000 addresses, and traveled hundreds of thousands of miles. On January 15, 1885, he wrote: "For many years I have used Pond's Extract with great benefit. It has been my companion in my extensive travels. For bruises, chafing or irritation I have found it invaluable. For sore throat, especially when tending to ulceration, I have found it very beneficial."

A company of Chicago and New York capitalists has been formed to work the iron mines on the Kingston & Pembroke (Canada) railroad.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferers at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub wakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.
Jan. 19-eodawlv.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents.

SHILOH'S COUH and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle.

CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shilon's Cure. For sale by Dreier & Bro.

Train No. 3, on the Kankakee line, yesterday ran into the caboose of a light engine ahead, near Colfax, dangerously injuring Edward Barrett, a brakeman, and slightly injuring two others. The caboose was demolished.


## That Tired Feeling

When the weather grows warmer, that extreme tired feeling, want of appetite, dullness, languor, and lassitude, afflict almost the entire human family, and scrofula and other diseases caused by humors, manifest themselves with many. It is impossible to throw off this debility and expel humors from the blood without the aid of a reliable medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I could not sleep, and would get up in the morning with hardly life enough to get out of bed. I had no appetite, and my face would break out with pimples. I bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and soon began to sleep soundly; could get up without that tired and languid feeling, and my appetite improved." R. A. SANFORD, Kent, O.

"I had been much troubled by general debility. Last spring Hood's Sarsaparilla proved just the thing needed. I derived an immense amount of benefit. I never felt better." H. F. MILLET, Boston, Mass.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

At no other season is the system so susceptible to the beneficial effects of a reliable tonic and invigorant. The impure state of the blood, the deranged digestion, and the weak condition of the body, caused by its long battle with the cold, wintry blasts, all call for the reviving, regulating and restoring influences so happily and effectively combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla did me a great deal of good. I had no particular disease, but was tired out from overwork, and it toned me up." MRS. G. E. SIMMONS, Cohoes, N. Y.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

"For seven years, spring and fall, I had scrofulous sores come out on my legs, and for two years was not free from them at all. I suffered very much. Last May I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and before I had taken two bottles, the sores healed and the humor left me." C. A. ARNOLD, Arnold, Me.

"There is no blood purifier equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla." E. S. PHELPS, Rochester, N. Y.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

## ROYAL BAKING POWDER




### Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and can not be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall-st., N. Y. jan24

## KANSAS LAND!

If you want a Large or Small Tract of Land, for a Home or for Speculation, write for a map of Hamilton County, Kansas. *120,000* acres on main line of Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fee R. R. to select from. Best soil for the growing of *FRUIT* and all kinds of grain, and the finest grazing land and stock country in the world. For sale on long time and easy terms of payment. Call or write to *820 Main Street, Kansas City, Mo.*
Feb 11daw-2m E. H. DOBBS.

## CATARRH




## HAY-FEVER

*ELY'S CREAM BALM*

*Is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into nostrils is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head. Allays inflammation. Heals the sores. Restores the senses of taste and smell. 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.*
ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N.Y.

DR. JAMES M. DINNEN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office, 76 Calhoun street.
Residence, 69 West Wayne street

## CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. In fact so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N.Y.
Nov. 17-d&w-6mo.

## ACME KEROSENE ENGINE.



Self-regulating. No skilled engineer required. Clean and safe. 4½ gallons oil at 6c per gallon will run ten hours. Best of the kind made. 1, 2 and 4 Horse Power. For all purposes, including yachts. Send for catalogue. Mention this paper.

W. H. ROBERTSON, General Agent,
48 South Canal St., Chicago.
March 12-eod 3me-d.

## MADAME MORA'S CORSETS.



MOST COMFORTABLE AND PERFECT FITTING.
Merchants say they give better satisfaction than any corset they ever sold. Dressmakers recommend them for their fine shape. Cannot break over hips. Are particularly liked by Ladies of full figure. The "CONTOUR" and "ALDINE" have the PATENT TRIPLE BACK, which covers the open space and protects the spine. The "LA REINE" has the popular REMOVABLE STEELS, which can be instantly taken out, without cutting or ripping. If Ladies, ask for MADAME MORA'S CORSETS. No others have the celebrated French Curved Band. Beware of imitations offered to deceive the public. For sale by all leading dealers. Manufactured by

Madame Mora's Contour, Madame Mora's La Reine, Madame Mora's Aldine, Madame Mora's Comfort Hip.
L. KRAUS & CO., Birmingham, Conn.
J. G. Fitzpatrick & Co., 71 Leonard St., N. Y.



FRANKS AND WELLMAN.
Undertakers and Embalmers,
Corner Main and Clinton Streets
We warrant our prices less than any one else in the City. may31-1y

### More Facts.

STERLING, ILL., August 22, 1885.
We feel we must write something of the success of Hop Bitters. Their sale is thribble that of any other article of medicine. Hence we feel it but justice to you and your Bitters to say that it is a medicine of real merit and virtue, and doing much good and effecting great cures.
Yours, J. F. & H. B. UTLEY.

HAYESVILLE, Ohio, Feb. 11, 1884.
I am very glad to say I have tried Hop Bitters, and never took anything that did me as much good. I only took two bottles and I would not take $100 for the good they did me. I recommend them to my patients, and get the best of results from their use
C. B. MERCER, M. D.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Sept. 15, 1885.
We take pleasure in giving you a notice and a nice strong one, as it (Hop Bitters) deserves it. We use it, and we know it deserves it.—*The Register.*

GREENWICH, Feb. 11, 1887.
Hop Bitters Co.:
Sirs—I was given up by the doctors to die of scrofula consumption. Two bottles of your Bitters cured me. They are having a large sale here.
LEROY BREWER.

GREENWICH, N. Y., Feb. 12, 1885.
Hop Bitters are the most valuable medicine I ever knew. I should not have any mother now but for them.
HENRY KNAPP.

LONE JACK, Mo., Sept 14. 1885.
I have been using Hop Bitters, and have received great benefit from them for liver complaint and malarial fever. They are superior to all other medicines.
P. M. BARNES.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Feb 2, 1886.
Hop Bitters Mfg. Co.:
I know Hop Bitters will bear recommendation honestly. All who use them confer upon them the hightest encomiums and give them credit for making cures—all the proprietors claim for them. I have kept them since they were first offered to the public. They took high rank from the first, and maintained it, and are more called for than all others combined. So long as they keep up their high reputation for purity and usefulness I shall continue to recommend them----something I have never done before with any patent medicine.
J. J. BABCOCK, Physician and Druggist.

KAHOKA, Mo., Feb. 9, 1886.
I purchased five bottles of your Hop Bitters of Bishop & Co. last fall, for my daughter, and am well pleased with the Bitters. They did her more good than all the medicine she has taken for six years.
WM. T. McCLURE.
The above is from a very reliable farmer, whose daughter was in poor health for seven or eight years, and could obtain no relief until she used Hop Bitters. She is now in as good health as any person in this country. We have large sales, and they are making remarkable cures.
W. H. BISHOP & CO.

## WHITE Bronze Monuments
Are Beautiful,
And do not decay like stone. Investigate before purchasing.
LONGACRE & CO.,
No. 46 Harrison Street,
Fort Wayne, - - Ind.
Jan. 10 d&w1y.

## Geo. R. Bowen.
Plumbing,
Steamfitting,
Sewering.
Particular attention given to
Sanitary Plumbing and Sewering.
Bath Tubs, Boilers, Water Closets, Sinks, Hydrants, Yard Hose, Brass Trimmings for Engines, Etc.
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## MADDEN & COX
—PRACTICAL—
## Sanitary Plumbers.
STEAM & GASS FITTERS.
—DEALERS IN—
Sanitary Appliances, Water Closets, Bath Tubs, Wash Stands, Hydrants, Pumps, Sinks, Cesspools,
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## L. O. HULL,
## WALL PAPER,



AND CEILING DECORATIONS,
The Newest Goods! The Latest Novelties! The Lowest Prices! Linerusta Walton, Window Curtains, Artists' Materials, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Window Glass.
HOUSE, SIGN AND FRESCO PAINTING.
We are headquarters for Artistic Wall and Ceiling Decoration, and can show better work and more of it than all others in the city put together. Now wake up, I am talking to you; you can get goods to please you and save money by buying at Headquarters,
90 CALHOUN STREET
FORT WAYNE

# SKIN AND SCALP

## Cleansed, Purified and Beautified by the Cuticura Remedies.

For cleansing the the Skin and Scalp of Disfiguring Humors, for allaying Itching Burning and Inflammation, for curing the first symptoms of Eczema, Psorinsis, Milk Crust, Scaly Head, Scrofula, and other inherited Skin and Blood Diseases, Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, and exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are infallible.

### A Complete Cure.

I have suffered all my life with skin diseases of different kinds and have never found permanent relief, until, by the advice of a lady friend, I used your valuable Cuticura Remedies. I gave them a thorough trial, using six bottles of the Cuticura Resolvent, two boxes of Cuticura and seven cakes of Cuticura Soap, and the result was just what I had been told it would be—a complete cure

BELLE WADE, Richmond, Va.

Reference, G. W. Latimer, Druggist, Richmond, Va.

### Salt Rheum Cured.

I was troubled with Salt Rheum for a number of years, so that the skin entirely came off one of my hands from the finger tips to the wrist. I tried remedies and doctors' prescriptions to no purpose until I commenced taking Cuticura Remedies, and now I am entirely cured.

E. T. PARKER, 379 Northampton St., Boston.

### Druggists Endorse Them.

Have sold a quanity of your Cuticura Remedies. One of my customers, Mrs. Henry Kintz, who had tetter on her hands to such an extent as to cause the skin to peel off, and for eight years she suffered greatly, was completely cured by the use of your medicines.

C. N. NYE, Druggist, Canton, Ohio.

### Itching, Scaly, Pimply

For the last year I have had a species of itching, scaly and pimply humors on my face to which I have applied a great many methods of treatment without success, and which was speedily and entirely cured by Cuticura.

MRS. ISAAC PHELPS, Kevenna, O.

### No Medicine Like Them

We have sold your Cuticura Remedies for the last six years, and no medicines on our shelves give better satisfaction.

C. F. ATHERTON, Druggist, Albany, N. Y.

Cuticura Remedies are sold every where. Price: Cuticura, 50 cents; Resolvent, $1.00; Soap, 25 cents, Prepared by the Potter Drug and Ceemical Co., Boston Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

**GRUBS,** Pimples, Skin Blemisher, and Baby Humors, cured by Cuticura Soap

## Catarrh to Consumption.

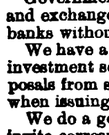
Cattarrh in its destructive force stands next to and undoubtedly leads on to consumption. It is therefore singular that those afflicted with this fearful disease should not make it the object of their lives to rid themselves of it. Deceptive remedies concted by ignorant pretenders to medical knowledge have weakened the confidence of the great majority of suffers in all advertised remedies. They become resigned to a life of misery rather than torture themselves with doubtful palliatives.

But this will never do. Catarrh must be met at every stage and combated with all our might. In many cases the disease has asaumed dangerous symptoms. The bones and cartilage of the nose, the organs of hearing, of seeing and tasting so affected as to be useless, the uvula so elongated, the throat so inflamed and irritated as to produce a constant add distessing cough.

Sanford's Radical Cure meets every phrase of Cattarh, from a simple head cold to the most loathsome and destructive stages. It is local and constitutional. Instant in relieving permanent in curing, safe, economical and never-failing

Each package contains one bottle of the Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent, and an Improved Inhaler, with treatise; price, $1.

Potter Drug & Chemical Co., Boston.



## KIDNEY PAINS,

And that weary, lifeless all-gone sensation ever present with those of Inflamed Kidneys, Weak Back and Loins, Aching Hips and Sides, overworked or worn out by disease, debility or dissipation, are relieved in one minute and speedily cured by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, a new, original, elegant and infallible antidote to pain and inflammation. At all druggists, 25c.; five for $1.00; or of Potter Drug Co., Boston.

# Tutt's Pills

*Is an invaluable remedy for*

**SICK HEADACHE, TORPID LIVER, DYSPEPSIA, PILES, MALARIA, COSTIVENESS, AND ALL BILIOUS DISEASES.**

**Sold Everywhere.**

## Maverick National Bank,

BOSTON, MASS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *CAPITAL* | - - - - | *$400,000* |
| *SURPLUS* | - - - - | *600,000* |

Accounts of banks, bankers and corporations solicited.

Our facilties for collections are excellent and we re-discount for banks when balances warrant it.

Boston is a Reserve city, and balances with us from banks (not located in other reserve cities) count as a reserve.

We draw our own exchange on London and the continent, and make cable transfers and place money by telegraph throughout the United States and Canada

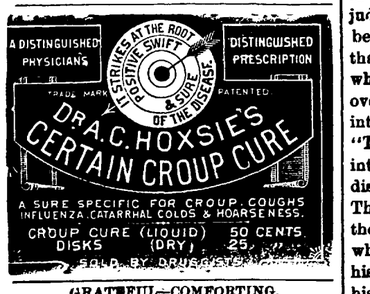
Government bonds bought and sold, and exchanges in Washington made for banks without extra charge.

We have a market for prime first-class investment securities, and invite proposals from states, counties and cities when issuing bonds.

We do a general banking business, and invite correspondence.

ASA P. POTTER, Pres't.
JOS. W. WORK, Cashier.

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GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

## EPPS'S COCOA

**BREAKFAST.**

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half pound tins by grocers, labeled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO.,
Homœopathic Chemists,
London, England.

March 12-mas1y

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

The firm of Humphreys & Gerow, slate roofers, is this day dissolved. John Humphreys will continue said business, collect all the moneys due said firm and pay all debts of said [illegible] at Fort Wayne, Ind., Feb. 6, 1887.

HUMPHREYS,
GEROW.

# THE WHEEL.

## Wheelmen's Headquarters, League Uniform and Items of General Interest to Wheelmen.

Why don't the Fort Wayne Bi club challenge the state for a club team road race. We have the largest club in the state and plenty of material for a good, strong team.

A Fort Wayne rider is in receipt of a letter from Cal Reiman at Los Angeles. Cal., in which he remarks that it is an every day occurence to see clerks, bookkeepers and other riders of bicycles attending to their several duties in full uniform—i. e., knee breeches, jackets, low shoes, black stockings, &c. This is a great convenience in many ways and we think our local wheelmen should adopt the same sensible dress, for they would soon find that as the custom extended the novelty would dissapear and they would then not appear conspicuous. Whe will be the first? Cal says Victors and Stars predominate.

Gormully & Jeffery have brought suit against the Pope Manufacturing company for infringements on their White ball bearings and Lilliebridge saddle patents.

The cloth chosen for the new league uniform is of a dark brown color, close in texture, smooth in finish and medium in weight, and the league tailor, whomever he may be, will be compelled to agree to buy his cloth from the official mill, at a price agreed upon by the executive committee. This arrangement is expected to prevent deterioration of the cloth.

Fred Graham was riding his Champion yesterday for the first time since his accident of a year ago. He is still thusiastic on wheeling, notwithstanding his bad luck.

Dr. James G. Lathrop, athletic director of Harvard college, is of the opinion that a mile will yet be ridden on a bicycle in two minutes or less. The conditions he attaches to this statement, are, that the course shall be straight away, and the wind blowing at the rider's back, at the same rate at which he is riding, which would have the same effect as a dead calm.

"Jax" remarked to us that he took three headers last Sunday.

It was night. Outside 'twas snowing and the wind whistled through the telephone wires until they shrieked and howled as if in pain, but the wind care not for he still blew on and ever. Inside, around the red-hot steve at the Wheelman's headquarters were gathered a goodly crowd of the "knights of the wheel." At promptly 8 o'clock the club captain got down from its shelf a huge volume and called the roll. All were present but the consul. After the club secretary had read the minutes of the previous meeting and a few other minor business details had been gone through with "Jax" began telling one of his famous stories about beer and cheese and so on. When he had done a painful stillness filled the room and the ticking of the court house clock in its tower a square away could be plainly heard. This peaceful quiet was suddenly harshly broken by a prolonged blast from the club bugler, who was greeted with loud cheering, this being considered a decided improvement over the worn-out and time-honored chestnut bell. Then the "Little Unattached," who is also a bicycle agent, began in a loud tone of voice to extol the wonderful merits of the machine he represented, but was speedily chocked off by "Stick," who knows all about bicycles, and of course everybody believes what he says. Short stories of rather a musty flavor were told by "Spuds," the club secretary, the Lightnig Jerker, Fatty and others. These stories had all highly delighted their hearers the first time they had been heard, away back in the dark ages, and amply illustrated the dogma that "there is nothing new under the sun." The night wore on and the wind still blew through the telephone wires with a melancholly wail over the stories just listened to. As the interest began to lag in came the consul, who, as usual, was very late, covered with mud from head to foot. He had been experimenting with a Foote's anti-header out in his back yard with great success judging by the looks of his clothes. H began to tell about a wonderful lamp that he had rigged to his machine, which would throw a light something over six consecutive squares, but was interrupted by the club bugler and "The Flea," who had meanwhile gotten into a warm controversy over that much discussed question, "Who is Kekionga?" The dispute waxed loud and long and the spilling of blood seemed imminent, when up got the "Representative" from his seat on the counter and by a wave of his hand commanded silence, for he was an old-time rider and was much looked up to. "Gentlemen," said he, "why this needless warmth, know ye all that Kekionga is ——," but "Chunk" had grabbed the bugle from the club bugler and blew a terrible blast; the captain just then turned out the lights, the wind shrieked through the telephone wires and to this day no one knows who "Kekionga" is.

The regular monthly meeting of the Fort Wayne Bi club was held April 7, with eighteen members present. The applications of W. A. Diffendaffer, LeRoy Hartzler and F. W. Urbans were handed in for club membership, on resolution of F. W. Fee. The president appointed a committee of three, consisting of Dr. Ross, C. J. McClain, and Louis Ohnhouse to look up new quarters for the club.

The third annual banquet of the Fort Wayne Bicycle club will be celebrated to-night. The members are requested to meet at the club room at 9 o'clock, thence to Sidel's, where the banquet will be spread. Frank Fee has been appointed toast-master. The following are the toasts and members who respond:

| | |
|---|---|
| The Ladies | Frank Lightfoot |
| Our Officers | Dr. G. A. Ross |
| Our City | Theo Thieme |
| Our Riders | C. J. McClain |
| The Wheel | C. W. Edgerton |
| The League | J. M. Kuhns |
| The Club | Stephen Bond |
| Kekionga | Carl Peter Swain |

### The Spring Months.

Are undoubtedly the best in which to purify the blood and strenghten the system, because at this time the body is most susceptible to the beneficial effects of a reliable medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla. The feeling of debility, languor, and lassitude, caused by the changing season, is entirely overcome, and scrofula and all humors are expelled from the blood by the powerful reviving and purifying influences of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Do not delay—Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now. It is made by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Eowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists. 100 Doses One Dollar.

The indictments recently found against present and former commissioners of Cook county number 200, and against wardens and contractors 102.

### Scotts's Emulsion of Pure

*Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites*

*For Children and Pulmonary Troubles.*

Dr. W. S. Hoy, Point Pleasant, W. Va., says: "I have made a thorough test with Scott's Emulsion in Pulmonary Troubles and General Debility, and have been astonished at the good results; for children with Rickets or Marasmus it is unequalled."

Jeff Davis was at the unveiling of the Sydney monument in New Orleans and made a speech. President Cleveland sent his regrets.

## A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*

The current number of the *Railroad Gazette* sums up February accidents at 132, with 55 persons killed and 106 wounded.

## POND'S EXTRACT
VEGETABLE
## PAIN DESTROYER

**Hemorrhages.** Bleeding from the **Lungs,** Stomach, Nose, or from any cause is speedily controlled and stopped.

**Sores, Ulcers, Wounds, Sprains and Bruises.** It is cooling, cleansing and **Healing.**

**Catarrh.** It is most efficacious for this disease, Cold in the Head, &c. **Our "Catarrh Cure,"** is specially prepared to meet serious cases. Our **Nasal Syringe** is simple and inexpensive.

**Rheumatism, Neuralgia.** No other preparation has cured more cases of these distressing complaints than the **Extract.** Our **Plaster** is invaluable in these diseases, Lumbago, Pains in Back or Side. &c.

**Diphtheria & Sore Throat,** Use the **Extract** promptly. Delay is dangerous.

**Piles.** **Blind, Bleeding or Itching.** It is the greatest remedy; rapidly curing when other medicines have failed. Our **Ointment** is of great service where the removal of clothing is inconvenient.

**For Broken Breast and Sore Nipples.** Mothers who have once used **The Extract** will never be without it. Our **Ointment** is the best emollient that can be applied.

**Female Complaints.** In the majority of *female* diseases the **Extract** can be used, as is well known, with the greatest benefit. Full directions accompany each bottle.

**CAUTION.**

**Pond's Extract** Has been imitated. The genuine has the words **"Pond's Extract"** blown in the glass, and our picture trade-mark on surrounding buff wrapper. None other is genuine. Always insist on having **Pond's Extract.** Take no other preparation. *It is never sold in bulk, or by measure.*

**Sold everywhere, Prices, 50c, $1, $1.75.**

**Prepared only by POND'S EXTRACT CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON.**

LADIES

Do Your Own Dyeing, at Home, with

## PEERLESS DYES

They will die everything. They are sold everywhere. Price 10c. a package—40 colors. They have no equal for strength, brightness, amount in packages or for fastness of color, or non-fading qualities. Mhey do not crock or smut. For sale by Thieme & Gross, druggists and chemists, 94 Calhoun st., and H. W. Mordhurst, druggist and apothecary, 74 Calhoun st mar24-dawly.

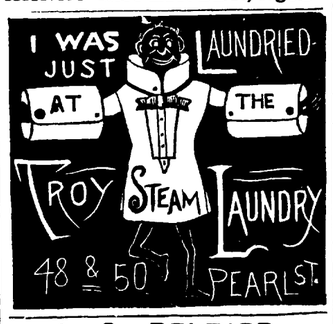
## New Victor Light Roadster



**TRUE TANGENT WHEEL.**

Handsomest and Strongest Bicycle in the market.

HARRY KEPLINGER, Agent




## J. C. PELTIER,

UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER,

17 W. Wayne St.

Telephone No. 174.

May 22 1y.

# GOOCH'S MEXICAN SYRUP

## OF WILD CHERRY, TAR, GLYCERINE, ETC. WILL CURE CONSUMPTION,

And is the best remedy for the cure of all affections of the Throat, Lungs and Chest, such as Consumption, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis Whooping Cough, Croup, Pain or Oppression of the Chest, Hoarseness, Spitting of Blood, and all Pulmonary Diseases.

## CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED!

WE have the gratifying fact to know that it can be cured with GOOCH'S MEXICAN SYRUP. Tuberculous matter is nothing more than nourishment imperfectly organized. Now, if we can procure the organization of this food materiall so that through the process of electric affinity it may take its place in the system, we can cure the disease. This is just what this Syrup does. It at once stops the progress of the disease by preventing the further supply of tuberculous matter, for while the system is under its influence all nourishment is organized and assimilated. It thus controls Cough, Night Sweats, and all other symptoms of Consumption. Consumption is one of the most loathsome and terrible of all fatal diseases, and makes the life of the poor consumptive a hell on earth. Until recently that terrible disease has been considered an affliction beyond the reach of medicine; but a new era in the management of pulmonary diseases seems to be dawning upon the scientific medical world, and, since many distinguished physicians have acknowledged that consumption can be cured, few there are who attempt to controvert their opinion. To those singled out as victims to that fatal malady, we offer a remedy sure in its results to bring back health to their poor weakened frames and joy to the hearts of their friends.

**Consumptives,** because all other things fail, believe not that **MEXICAN SYRUP will.** Not a single sufferer need perish if he or she will take GOOCH'S MEXICAN SYRUP in time. A cough is unlike any other symptom of disease. It stands as co-operator, with the stealthy vice, menacing the health and existence of a vital organ; so commence at once at the first indication of a cough. TRY IT, you who suffer, and be convinced. Do you want to be saved from the fearful consumptive's grave? Then make one more trial. This remedy is in the reach of everybody; it only costs 50 cents a bottle. Is your life not worth 50 cents? If so, make one more trial. Is not your life indeed worth one more trial? Test the truth of our words, if only by one single bottle; and never give way to despair till you are certain there is no hope. It has cured thousands, and it will cure you. As we would plead with a friend to save him from taking his own life, so we plead with you to save yourselves from a premature grave. We positively guarantee a perceptible and continuous improvement when the medicine is faithfully and persistently used.

Below we publish a few certificates of genuine praise from those grateful for health restored. We have selected these from thousands which are now on file with us and ready for reference as proof of the merits of our medicine. We give the Post-office address, so any one desiring can write direct to the parties.

This medicine is manufactured by the **CINCINNATI DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO.,** 54 Main Street, Cincinnati, O., from a prescription of ANTONIA GARCIA, an old Mexican Doctor. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

IT SAVED HER LIFE.—Gooch's Mexican Syrup has accomplished a cure in this neighborhood which has astonished the people. A young lady, Miss Davis, was given up to die by her attending physician. She had Lung Fever. The doctor said she would die before morning, and advised her friends to discontinue his medicine, as they were doing her no good. Her parents had a bottle of your Mexican Syrup and Liniment in the house. They at once began to give the Syrup in doses one hour apart, and frequently bathed her chest with the Liniment. Before morning she was decidedly better, and, after using two bottles of each, she is almost as well as ever. It was almost like raising the dead, and has established the reputation of your medicine here. J. & J. N. SANDS, Trimble, Athens, Co. O.

We have had an Epidemic of colds and sore throat in our town. I cured one of the worst cases with your Gooch's Mexican Syrup and Quick Relief with four or five doses, using it alternately every four hours. R. H. WOLFE, Merchant, Bowersville, O.

*Gentlemen:*—Allow me to offer my unsolicited testimony in favor of Gooch's Mexican Syrup. I had a cough for about three years and was taken with a severe hemorrhage of the lungs. They said I would not live till morning. I commenced using your Gooch's Mexican Syrup, and it relieved me in about thirty minutes. I have used three bottles and it has cured me sound and well. Hoping this may be the means of cheering the hearts of desponding invalids, I am, yours truly, SHELBY CYRUS, White Spring, W. Va. Town, O.

If not on sale at nearest dealer, will send two bottles, postpaid, on receipt of $1.00, to any part of the United States of America.

EARNING HER LIVING.—Gooch's Mexican Syrup has given perfect satisfaction in my family, and I can recommend it without hesitation whatever, as the best remedy for coughs, colds and all lung troubles. A young lady in my employ, who had been forced to quit work, and who had been given up to die by her friends, with consumption, has, by the use of this remedy, been restored to health, and is now at work earning her living, and enjoying health. R. M. FLEMING, Editor Piqua Journal.

Having suffered for the past two years with a very severe cough, and was unable to find anything to give me relief until I commenced Gooch's Mexican Syrup, which I find acts immediately with great satisfaction. FRANK BENNETT, Pension Claim Agent, Room 32, Temple Bar Building, Cincinnati, O.

I am sure Gooch's Mexican Syrup is the best medicine I ever heard of. My baby had been suffering with a cough for three weeks, and six doses of the Syrup cured it. JOHN DREFFER, JR., No. 243 West Third Street, Covington, Ky.

*Gentlemen:*—I will not hide my light under a bushel, for I want the people to know what your medicine has done for me. For four years I have been afflicted with Asthma, and could not get anything to do me any good until I got your Gooch's Mexican Syrup. I took three bottles and it cured me entirely. I give you this, hoping it may be the means of saving some one from a horrible and premature death. Yours under obligations, REV. THOS. B. WARWICK, Scott County, O.

For sale by Myer Bros., wholesale dealers, C. O. Lepper, F. W. Boecker, Hanna St. Drug Store, C. B. Woodworth & Co., Temple of Pharmacy, Dreier Bros., Wm. L. Moellering, B. R. Noll & Co., W. H. Mordhurst, Thieme & Gross, Klinkenberg & Detzer.

## LAWRENCE, OSTROM AND CO.'S Famous "Belle of Bourbon"

IS DEATH TO Malaria, Chills and Fever, Typhoid Fever, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Surgical Fevers, Blood Poisoning




Consumption, Sleeplessness or Insomnia, Dissimulation of Food. Ten years old. No Fusel Oil. Absolutely pure.

## The Great Appetizer.

This will certify that I have examined the sample of "Belle of Bourbon" Whisky received from Lawrence, Ostrom & Co., and found the same to be perfectly free from fusel oil and all other deleterious substances and strictly pure. I cheerfully recommend the same for family and medicinal purposes. J. P. BARNUM, M. D., Anylitical Chemist, Louisville, Ky.

*For Sale by Druggists, Wine Merchants and Grocers everywhere.* Price, $1.25 per Bottle.

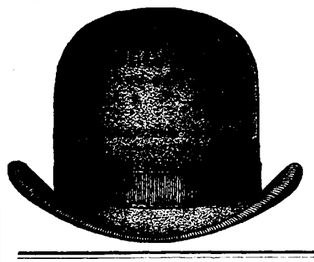
If not found at the above, half dozen bottles in plain boxes will be sent to any address in the United States on receipt of $6. Express paid to all places east of the Missouri River.

Lawrence, Ostrom & Co., Louisville, Ky

JULIUS NATHAN & CO., Agents. - - - Fort Wayne, Ind.

*For Sale by DREIER BROS., W. H. PYKE and OTHERS*

Dec. 18-1y.



WHAT GENTLEMEN

SHOULD WEAR!

The correct styles and finest qualities at

GOLDEN & MONAHAN'S,

66 Calhoun Street.

Agents for Dunlap's Celebrated Hats.

# Wall Paper!

## KEIL & BROS.

Have this season far exceeded their acknowledged standing as the leading WALL PAPER HOUSE in the City by bringing on more than three times the stock of former seasons. We buy directly from manufacturers in jobbing quantities. This enables us to sell at prices that our competitors cannot touch without at a loss. We shall this season sell Wall Paper at the lowest price ever known. We have the stock and prices to back up what we say. Our workmen are artists in their line. Specimens of their work can be seen in the best residences in this City.

## KEIL & BROTHERS,

56 Calhoun Street, Fort Wayne, Ind.

March 12-3mo.



## The Seven Cuticura Boys

These seven beautiful boys owe their beauty of skin, luxuriance of hair, purity of blood, and freedom from hereditary taint or humors to the celebrated Cuticura Remedies.

Thousands of children are born into the world every day with some eczematous affection, such as milk crust, scall head, scuff or dandruff, sure to develop into an agonizing eczema, the itching, burning and disfiguration of which make life a prolonged torture unless properly treated.

A warm bath with Cuticura Soap, an exquisite skin beautifier, and a single application of Cuticura, the great skin cure, with a little Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, is often sufficient to arrest the progress of the disease and point to a speedy and permanent cure.

Your most valuable Cuticura Remedies have done my child so much good that I feel like saying this for the benefit of those who are troubled with skin disease. My little girl was troubled with eczema, and I tried several doctors and medicines, but did not do her any good until I used the Cuticura Remedies, which speedily cured her, for which I owe you many thanks and many nights of rest.

ANTON BOSSMIER, Edinburgh, Ind.

Our oldest child, now six years of age, when an infant six months old, was attacked with a virulent, malignant disease. All ordinary remedies failing, we called our family physician, who attempted to cure it; but it spread with almost incredible rapidity, until the lower portion of the little fellow's person, from the middle of his back down to his knees, was one solid rash, ugly, painful, blotched and malicious. We had no rest at night, no peace by day. Finally, we were advised to try the Cuticura Remedies. The effect was simply marvellous. In three or four weeks a complete cure was wrought, leaving the little fellow's person as white and healthy as though he had never been attacked. In my opinion, your valuable remedies saved his life, and today he is a strong, healthy child, perfectly well, no repetition of the disease having ever occurred. GEO. B. SMITH,

Att'y at law and ex-pros. att'y, Ashland, O.

Reference: J. G. Weist, druggist, Ashland, O.

One year ago the Cuticura and Soap cured a little girl in our house of the worst sore head we ever saw, and the Resolvent and Cuticura are now curing a young gentleman of a sore ear, while the physicians are trying to have it amputated. It will save his leg.

S. B. SMITH & BRO., Covington, Ky.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 60c., Soap 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations and 100 testimonials.

**BABY'S** Skin and scalp preserved and beautified by Cuticura Medicated Soap.

**PIMPLES,** black-heads, chapped and oily skin prevented by Cuticura Medicated Soap.

*NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.*

**DYSPEPSIA** *Its Nature, Causes, Prevention and Cure,* being the experience of an actual sufferer, by John H. McAlvin, Lowell, Mass. 14 years tax collector. Sent free to any address.

**WANTED--WOMAN** Active and intelligent, to represent established business in own locality. Permanent position and good salary. References exchanged. Gay M'f'g Co., 16 Barclay st., New York.

**VIRGINIA FARMS & MILLS** For Sale & Exchange. FREE Catalogues. R. B. CHAFFIN & CO., Richmond, Va.

Established 1856. **FAY'S MANILLA ROOFING!**

Takes the lead; does not corrode like tin or iron, nor decay like shingles or tar compositions; easy to apply; strong and durable; at half the cost of tin. Is also a **SUBSTITUTE for PLASTER at Half the Cost. CARPETS and RUGS** of same material, double the wear of Oil Cloths. Catalogue and samples FREE. W. H. FAY & CO., CAMDEN, N. J.

**CURE FOR THE DEAF.**

*Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING,* and perform the work of the natural Drum. Always in position, but invisible to others and comfortable to wear. All conversation and even whispers, heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials free. Address F. H. SUOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Mention this paper.

*J. & I. COLMAN, London, England*

CONCENTRATED

**MUSTARD OIL**

**A POSITIVE CURE**

for Rheumatism Neuralgia, Colds and Muscular Pains; outward application. Sold by all druggists and Grocers. If you cannot obtain from your druggists or grocers send to *JAMES P. SMITH, 45 Park Place, N. Y.*



**PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM**

the popular favorite for dressing the hair. Restores color when gray, and preventing Dandruff. It cleanses the scalp, stops the hair falling, and is sure to please. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

**HINDERCORNS.**

The safest, surest and best cure for Corns, Bunions, &c. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. Never fails to cure. 15 cents at Druggists. HISCOX & Co., N. Y.



**KIDNEY PAINS**

**IN ONE MINUTE,** that weary, lifeless, all-gone sensation ever present with those of Inflamed Kidneys, Weak Back and Loins, Aching Hips and Sides, Uterine Pains, Weakness, and Inflammation, is relieved and speedily cured by the **Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster,** a new, original, elegant and infallible antidote to pain and inflammation. At all druggists, 25c.; five for $1.00; or of Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.

**Beautify Your Homes.**

USE **JOHNSTON'S KALSOMINE**

**READY FOR USE.**

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(THE NEW QUININE.)




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Pleasant, Pure

**A POWERFUL TONIC**

that the most delicate stomach will bear.

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Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1887

# NEWS OF THE STAGE

## What Players, Playwrights, and Managers are Saying and Doing.

### MOVEMENTS OF STAGE CELEBRITIES.

*News, Notes, and Gossip About Prominent Professionals on Both Sides of the Atlantic.*

*Stage Thunder.*

Edwin Forrest liked his thunder made by a cannon ball rolling from the roof of the theater through an inclined trough which ended in a funnel. In the funnel projected numerous bristle wooden "profiles" or pegs. When the heavy iron ball came thundering down this funnel, crashing and breaking the wood, it sounded as if the house was tumbling down. Thunder made Forrest warm up to work, especially as King Lear, a play in which the boys kept the ball rolling very lively during the third act. Offenbach made Calchas shake a thin sheet of iron in imitation of Jupiter Olympus, and that way of making thunder is now used in South Europe. The Saxon idea of thunder, which mythology tells us was made by Thor throwing his hammer from Walhalla and finally striking something, brought different sounds to the ear than that shaken out from a sheet of tin or iron. And the final thud and crash is made now in North Germany by the rattling of tin first and the breaking of a thin pine board by a cobblestone hurled by the scene-shifter.

The late Mr. E. L. Davenport once said that the finest thunder he had heard was one of these gentlemen tumbling down a very rickety stair and breaking each step as he bounced downward. Booth does not care much how his thunder is manufactured, but he likes it best when it grumbles in the far distance on a bass drum, ending with one or two mighty peals of sharp cracking noises at precise points in his business. Keene, on the contrary, likes it sharp, loud, and plenty of it.

Mme. Janauschek likes her thunder done in the flies by a ball rolling from wing to wing gently, and at times the prompter rattles a long piece of sheet-iron with a handle two or three times right at the audience. This, the madam thinks, gives the effect of a storm, which comes on and finally breaks over her. The prompter, with prompt-book in one hand, shaking the thunder sheet with the other, is usually the only funny thing in madam's performance.

The trouble with storm lingering or mumbling thunder is that it sounds more like an express wagon driving over a very bad pavement. Mr. W. H. Gillette uses a gentle thunder to imitate a coming carriage, and has a stone whereon one of the boys beats a gallop with a steel horseshoe. Charles Fechter finally adopted the Forrest rumbling and final crash. When he fell through a stage trap some years before he died and hurt himself severely, it is said he thought the noise he made was an excellent article of thunder, but doubted if he could get a substitute. He was very much liked by the stage hands wherever he went, and "putting up" a keg of beer for them was not a very unusual occurrence.

When Lewis Morrison brought out his "Faust" at the Chicago Columbia Theater he used all the known ways of raising thunder in the Walpurgis Nacht scene. More than a hundred supers were hired to howl and rattle tin sheets from all conceivable places. Charlotte Cushman cared nothing for the quality of her thunder, but she wanted the quantity as boisterous as she could get it, and wished the thundermakers to pause after each thunder clap in Meg Merrils just long enough for her to say her lines. She didn't care for much lightning.

At the Lyceum Theater thunder is made by rolling a stone boulder down a trough, in the bottom of which are nailed strips of wood. In the storm gathered in "Met by Chance" this thunder was very effective, accompanied as it was by lightning. Several glass tubes, through which ran a wire, were stretched across the stage in zig-zags and the electric flash sent through which could be seen through the transparent glass, and the effect was made more striking yet by throwing a light, obscured by dark, threatening clouds painted on the glass, this was reflected on the drop, and gave the whole background the appearance of a moving mass of rain laden clouds. In "The Brook" the Salsbury Troubadours heighten the effect by a perforated water-pipe in the flies, through which the water sprinkled on the stage, but the thunder and lightning are tame, as they only wish to appear to be surprised by a passing summer shower. James A. Herne was, however, the first to introduce rain on the stage, in "Hearts of Oak."

A very good effect of lightning is the forked streak of fire which blinds Mr. Wilson Barrett in his clever impersonation of Claudian, but the device is not new. It is done very much in the same manner by Stage Manager Waldron, who produces a like effect in "Clio." Magnesium is sometimes used for flash lightning, and powdered rosin blown through a quill over the flame of a candle is also frequently used. A cotton ball saturated with alcohol and thrown from the flies was used in the production of John Howard Payne's "Brutus," and the ball was hurled at [illegible] the statue of Tarquin.—*N. Y. Morning Journal.*

*M. Coquelin.*

M. Coquelin will be the fourth of the distinguished performers of the French stage who have crossed the Atlantic to act in America, and although the other three were Rachel, Fechter, and Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, he is not the least of the four. It may be that he is less known in the United States than they were, and that his coming has been less widely heralded. It is true that he has never striven for that mere notoriety which sometimes serves a public performer in place of fame. No fantastic tales are told of his eccentricities. He is quite without the touch of chartatanry, which taints the sayings and doings of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. He has gone about his business quietly, and he has done his work as best he could. His success has not been achieved in a day, and there is no danger that his fame will fade over night. He has won his way steadily, and the ground is solid under his feet.

M. Coquelin has risen to be now the first comedian of the Theater Francais, as Rachel was the first tragedienne, and he belong there of right as she did; while neither Fechter nor Mme. Sarah Bernhardt were wholly at ease within its walls. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, an extraordinary personality, three-fifths genius and two-fifths sheer fudge, as Mr. Lowell said of Poe, usually broke away from the Comedie Francaise as soon as she might. Fechter's position on the Parisian stage is generally misunderstood and often overrated. He never held an undisputed place. He had passed through the Theater Francais unperceived, and his chief attempt in classic comedy, an elaborate revival of Tartuffe at the Odeon, was a lamentable—I had almost written, a ludicrous—failure.—*Brander Matthews.*

*Stage Kissing.*

Says a writer in the New York *Theater:* "In spite of the assertion that has been often made to me that an actor finds the frequent performance of 'kissing' on the stage as meaningless and unaccompanied by any emotion, there is a great deal of familiarity to be observed that is not only uncalled for, but which seems to be entered into with a zest that if it were not enjoyed ought to be resented by the player as well as by the public. A stranger to Mr. Goodwin's methods asked me, during the performance of 'The Skating Rink,' if Mr. Goodwin was not especially devoted to Miss Grubb. 'If he is not,' said he, 'there is a vulgarity displayed in the contact of faces which ought not to be permitted on a highly moral stage.' My friend was, apparently, unaccustomed to the ways of burlesque. I can see no real healthy reason myself why a woman permits a man on the stage to handle her like an animal. Yet Mr. Goodwin is not so offending in this respect as many others."

*A Letter to an Actor.*

Actors of good face and figure, who play heroic parts and who come to be identified in the minds of susceptible damsels with the heroes they represent, are frequent recipients of gushing epistles. An exchange tells this: "The copying of languishing poetical extracts in the love missives of romantic young females is never more pronounced than when engaged in a thrilling correspondence with a real actor, more particularly if the girl be not entirely too erudite. One of our actors, to whom these posies are common, received one the other day that puzzled him at first. It was a well-known fragment, evidently copied from a paper, and it was copied with an unflinching devotion that would allow none of it to escape, as the last line will show:

'The night is long,
I say with sobbing heart the old fond prayer:
Good night sweet dreams,
God help you everywhere chicago times!'"

—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

*Lecturing an Audience.*

A Pittsburgh audience tittered during a supposed-to-be pathetic passage in "The Planter's Wife," and Mr. Harry Lacy stopped in his lines and addressed them: "If you haven't sufficient mental capacity to appreciate a first-class performance I would advise you not to make the fact so apparent. This company has appeared all over the country at prices ranging from 50 cents to $1.50 and has been received with favor everywhere. Yet it is laughed at by a 10-cent audience. We are trying to give you something better than you are used to—to elevate you to a higher plane, as it were. If you cannot appreciate our efforts you had better go to the box-office and get your money." The impertinence is said to have momentarily paralyzed the audience.

*The Drama at Washington.*

First Actor—No, I have not had a moment's rest since the season opened.

Second Actor—I rested a whole evening at Washington.

"How did you get such a chance?"

"Well, you see, Mrs. Cleveland came to the theater, and as no one paid any attention to the stage we all went back to the hotel and got the bell boy to walk about and chatter a little so they wouldn't miss us."—*Omaha World.*

*Audiences Are to Blame for It.*

People who go to the theater to see art reflected upon the stage see no immorality in the private lives of the actors.—*Macon Telegraph.* That is truth. And people who go to theaters to see limbs and suggestions of immorality see no art in acting and no good in anything. Where stage performances are degraded the audiences are to blame for it.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

SARA BERNHARDT is a generous liver. She has coffee and rolls before rising, and at 11 eats a hearty breakfast, with claret. She dines well at five and has a supper after theater hours, usually nothing more than bouillon, cold meats and fruit, and sometimes terrapin.

*A MODEST MAIDEN.*

Said Seth Green, the fish culturist: "I was trout fishing on Pine Creek, Pennsylvania, below Smith's dam. The creek below the dam was about five rods across, and the bottom covered with 'hard heads,' from the size of a goose egg to a barrel. The water was three feet deep and ran like a mill trail. About ten rods below it ran into a hole ten feet deep, and whirled around like the whirlpool of Niagara. There was no escape there for anybody if he was unlucky enough to get in, unless he was a very expert swimmer. There were saw-horses placed across the creek and planks fastened to them for a foot-bridge. I had a twelve-pound basket nearly filled when I saw an 18-year-old girl come on the bridge. When she got to me I stepped on one of the saw-horses to let her pass. I watched her as she continued and don't think she had got more than thirty feet from me before I noticed that her head began to swim. She gave one of those peculiar screams such as is natural to all girls when in danger, tottered for an instant and fell head foremost down stream, and being buoyed up somewhat by her clothing the swift current carried her rapidly along toward the deep hole. To drop my rod and jump into the water was but the work of a second, and I made my way over the 'hard heads' in three feet of water as fast as I could. I went down twice, but kept going and overtook her about fifty or sixty feet from where she went in, and then began the struggle. I grabbed her and turned her around, and the first thing she did was to clutch me with one hand and push her clothing down with the other, and when she had got them below the surface we were both taken off our feet and went slipping and floating down. We went three rods before I gained a footing. The girl must have been very fond of me, for I never got such a hugging in my life as she gave me. I had my trout basket with the strap hung over my shoulder. I kept swinging it around, and it looked at one time very much as though we three would go into the deep hole. Well, I finally got a firm foot-hold, and then I had a painful duty to perform, and that was to stop that girl hugging me and get her quieted down so that she knew what she was about. I told her that she must take hold of her garments, and with both hands raise them above the top of the water, or we never could get back to the bridge against the current. I placed her in front of me, and put my arms around her, and we went lock-step back to the bridge. I tell you, it was a severe wrestle with the bowlders, current, and basket of fish, but we reached there at last, and then continued the same step to the edge of the bridge at which she came on. She wouldn't consent to go ashore unless I turned my back. 'I'm old enough to be your gradfather,' I said. 'I don't care,' says she, and began to cry. 'Dammit,' says I, swearing for the second time in my life. And I turned round and stayed in the water while she climbed out, arranged her skirts, and ran off. There I stood, with my long rubber boots filled with water, and wet from head to foot, my fish half gone out of my basket, and three miles between me and the hotel."—*Turf, Field, and Farm.*

*SHE LEARNED TO LIKE THE SCHOOL.*

She goes to school and she belongs to an educational family of prominence, who have moved from San Francisco for official convenience; so she has had to go to a new school. The first day she found that, contrary to her experience, boys and girls were together in this school. This offended her, and when she went home she complained.

"Mamma, that's not a good school; I don't think I'll like to stay there."

"Why?"

"There are boys and girls all together there; it isn't pleasant."

"Well, my dear, try a little, anyhow."

The next day she came home in a better humor.

"Do you like the new school any better?"

"O, yes, mamma; the teacher has put the loveliest little boy next to me; he's a lovely little boy; I think I shall like the school."

The third day she came home in the wildest of spirits, beaming all over.

"O, mamma! I know all the boys in the school now."

This is one of those sad stories that good mothers like to read, so I am told, and I've no reason to doubt it.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

*THE CHARGE PROVEN.*

Thompson—Let's go and find Brown, and organize a little poker party for the evening.

Jones—No use looking for Brown.

"Why?"

"Brown's turned religious. No use endeavoring to run him up against a poker layout any more."

"Turned religious! It must be a mighty sudden turn then."

"I can't say about that, but it's straight. He's high up, too. They've made him treasurer or something that way already."

"Pshaw! Who told you all that?"

"No one. I discovered it myself. I was with him the other day when he was buying a paper. He pulled a lot of small change out of his pocket and about half of it was buttons, besides one poker chip."—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

*HARD LUCK.*

"You say you have met with hard luck?" she queried of the tramp who stood on the doorstep.

"Yes, indeed, very hard."

"What was it?"

"Why, ma'am, I invested my last $2 in a lottery ticket and never drew a blessed prize. Ah! If you rich people only knew the misfortunes of the poor!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

WE all love to be flattered, but the best friends we have are those who criticise our acts.

**Important.**

**When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage, expressage, and $3 carriage hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.**

618 rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

THE water gas of the chemist is made by passing steam over hot charcoal, and is a simple mixture of carbon, monoxide and hydrogen; this has no illuminating qualities. The water gas of trade is the theoretical gas, although anthracite coal is used instead of charcoal enriched with volatile hydrocarbons, in order that it may possess luminous properties. The practice of some gas companies is to mix the gas of the old process with a large volume of water gas, and still keep within the limit of the law. Some companies with 2,000 cubic feet of coal gas mix 1,000 feet of the water gas, and then subject the mixture to the old modes of purification. A plant for water gas, compared with the old furnace, is quite simple. A tall tower lined with fire-brick, is first heated to redness. During this heating the fumes of combustion passes out at the open top. When the right temperature is reached, the opening at the top is closed, steam is blown through the hot coals of the furnace and into the base of the tower, where it meets a spray of petroleum, which, volatilizing at the high temperature, adds its enriching qualities, now in the form of permanent gases. As a result, carburetted water gas passes out at the top of the tower, and is conducted into a second tower to undergo a process known as scrubbing.

**In Town and Hamlet**

The seeds of intermittent and bilious remittent fever germinate and bear evil fruit. No community has altogether escaped it. In populous wards of large cities bad sewage causes it, and in their suburbs stagnant pools in sunken lots breed it. There is at once a remedy and a means of prevention. Its name is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is, without peradventure, the most potent antidote in existence to the malarial virus. Fortified with this incomparable, saving specific, miasmatic influences may be encountered with absolute impunity. Disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, begotten by miasma-tainted water, or any other cause, succumb to the beneficent corrective named, and rheumatic, kidney and bladder troubles are surely removable by its use when it is given a persistent trial.

"THERE is no proof of the theory that the cultivation of the mind, or one set of faculties can give expansion or increased size of brain. The Teutonic races in their barbarous state, 2,000 years ago possessed brains as large as now, and so with other races." J. C. Nott, in Types of Mankind, p. 278.—*Dr. Footes' Health Monthly.*

A NEW YORK Alderman, being told that he was ambiguous, declared that the charge was false, as he had not drank anything for a year.—*Chicago Herald.*

ABOVE all other earthly ills,
I hate the big, old-fashioned pills;
By slow degrees they downward wend,
And often pause, or upward tend;
With such discomfort are they fraught,
Their good effects amount to naught.
Now, Dr. Pierce prepares a pill
That just exactly fills the bill—
A Pellet, rather, that is all—
A Pleasant Purgative, and *small;*
Just try them as you feel their need,
You'll find that I speak truth, indeed.

IT often happens that the coat of a swell bears a buttonaire, while that of a tramp has nary a button.

**Farmers.**

Send 10 cents to the PRICKLY ASH BITTERS Co., St. Louis, Mo., and get a copy of "THE HORSE Trainer."

A complete system, teaching how to break and train horses in a mild and gentle way, requiring no elaborate apparatus, nothing more than can be found in any stable in the country—a rope and a strap. Every one handling horses should have a copy.

CREDITOR—I've a bone to pick with you. Physician—Excuse me, my dissecting hour has passed.—*Tid-Bits.*

**The Throat.**—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" acts directly on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary effect in all disorders of the throat.

MOLLIFIED was John when Mary said she loved him.

MENSMAN'S Peptonized Beef Tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties.* It contains blood-making, force-generating, and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general disability; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the work of exhaustion, nervous prostration, or over-work, or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Casswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

LIKE hot weather, the smiles of a lovely woman will at all times wilt a man's choler.

**IF YOU ARE LOSING YOUR GRIP**
On life try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots. For weak men, delicate women.

**"BUCHU-PAIBA."** Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney diseases, Catarrh of Bladder, &c. $1.

If muslins, calicos, etc., appear to not wear or wash as well as formerly the reason is in the use of inferior alkaline—soap washing compounds that destroy the texture and neutralize the colors. Shun them! Use "Rough on Dirt."

**Northern Michigan Attractions.**

No section of the United States is receiving more attention at the present time than what is known as the iron region of Northern Michigan. Laborers and mechanics of all kinds find employment there at good wages, and capital is constantly pouring in for the development of new iron ranges. The richest and most prosperous districts in this section of Michigan are reached by the Milwaukee and Northern Short Line Railroad, trains upon which leave the C., M. & St. P. Union Depot in Chicago daily at 11:30 a. m. and 10:30 p. m., making the trip to Iron Mountain in eleven and a half hours, stopping at Green Bay, Menominee, and other important towns on the route. Parties contemplating a trip to the Northern Michigan iron ranges during the coming season should not fail to purchase their tickets over the Milwaukee and Northern Railroad, from Chicago or Milwaukee.

**Money Makers.**

Don' let golden opportunities pass unimproved; there are times in the lives of men when more money can be made rapidly and easily, than otherwise can be earned by years of labor. Write Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, who will send you free, full particulars about work that you can do and live at home wherever you are located, at a profit of at least from $5 to $25 daily. Some have made over $50 in a single day. All is new. You are started free. Capital not required. Either sex; all ages.

**WELLS' HAIR BALSAM.**

If gray, restores to original color. An elegant dressing, softens and beautifies. No oil nor grease. A Tonic Restorative. Stops hair coming out; strengthens, cleanses, heals scalp. 50c.

The best thing on earth to add to starch to give a good body and beautiful gloss, is "Rough on Dirt," only washing compound that can be so used. Makes ironing easy and saves the starch. Has dirt removing power double that of any other.

BEST, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.

A MAN in Concord, N. H., whose wife was killed while traveling on the cars has accepted $25 from the railway company and given a receipt in full of all claims against the road for damages. It need not occasion the righteously indignant reader any surprise to meet this man in Heaven. His soul is of such dimensions that it could slip in unobserved through the keyhole.

A MECHANIC'S wife rarely wears a tulle bonnet, and [illegible]

A BOTTLE of Red Star Cough Cure made a thorough and permanent cure of a cold so severe that I could not talk, says Mr. J. P. Roach, assistant superintendent New York Central Sleeping Car Company.

A SCIENTIST says that ducks are large eaters. This fellow must keep an ice-cream saloon.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

HON. M. A. FORAN, of Ohio, member of House of Representatives, writes that St. Jacobs Oil relieved him of acute bodily pains.

**Cleaning Floors.**

In cleaning floors never wet too large a space at once. If beyond the comfortable range of the arm, there is almost certain to be a dark circle when dry, showing where you leave off each piece, because, being out of easy reach you have no power to scrub well or wipe dry. Always in using the drying cloth, rub it well beyond the space you are now cleaning over, to the one last done.—*Boston Budget.*

THE "old reliable"—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

THE flour of the family is generally in a sacque.

AS A raindrop foretells a storm, so does a pimple upon the human body indicate health-destroying virus in the blood, which can be neutralized and expelled only by Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic.

"Rough on Dirt" whitens clothing yellowed by careless washing or use of cheap washing compounds. Washes everything from finest laces to heaviest blankets. There need be no fear in using this article. Does not rot nor yellow. 5 & 10c.

**Spring Medicine**

Is a necessity with nearly every one. This is the best time of year in which to purify the blood, to restore the lost appetite, and to build up the entire system, as the body is now peculiarly susceptible to benefit from medicine. The peculiar medicinal merit of, and the wonderful cures by,

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Have made it the most popular medicine to take in the spring. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, and all humors, billiousness, dyspepsia, headache, kidney and liver complaints, catarrh, and all affections caused or promoted by low state of the system or impure blood.

"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier, and am well pleased with it." W. G. WUERTH, organist St. Mary's Church, Detroit, Mich.

**Builds Up the System**

"I gladly attest the peculiar building-up power of Hood's Sarsaparilla. For some time I have been unable to attend to business, but finally at the request of a friend I used part of a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gave tone and strength to my system, and made me feel young as when a boy." GRANVILLE T. WOODS, 64 and 66 Lodge Street, Cincinnati.

N. B.—If you have made up your mind to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not take any other.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

**100 Doses One Dollar**

The best and surest Remedy for Cure of all diseases caused by any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Billious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds yield readily to the beneficent influence of

**PRICKLY ASH BITTERS**

It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the system, restores and preserves health.

It is purely Vegetable, and cannot fail to prove beneficial, both to old and young.

As a Blood Purifier it is superior to all others. Sold everywhere at $1.00 a bottle.

**ELY'S CREAM BALM**

*I have used two bottles of Ely's Cream Balm and consider myself cured. I suffered 20 years from catarrh and catarrhal headache and this is the first remedy that afforded lasting relief.—D. T. Higginson, 145 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.*

**CATARRH**

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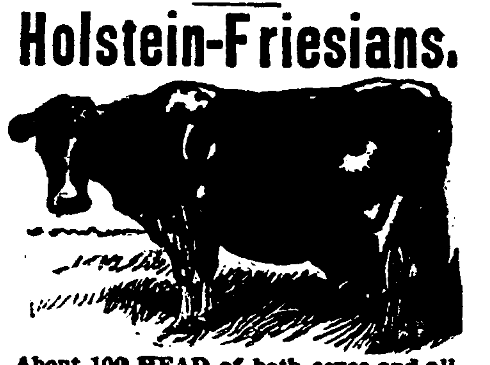
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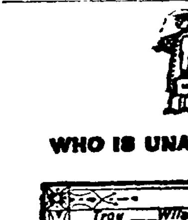
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**OPIUM** and Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. [illegible]

### ON HELEN'S CHEEK.

On Helen's cheek was once a glow,
An aro of dreamland glimpsed below,
A silver purpled, peachy beauty
In tidal swayings to and fro.

O flush of youth! outvelveting
The butterfly's Arabian wing!
The very argosies of morning
Bear not from Heaven so rich a thing.

On Helen's cheek a springtide day,
Fragile and wonderful it lay;
From Helen's cheeks these twenty summers
Child-lips have kissed the bloom away.

Nay, Time! record it not so fast,
The reign of roses overpast;
All victor-pomps of theirs encircle
A loyal woman to the last.

So true of speech, of soul so free,
Of such a mellowed blood is she,
That girlhood's vision, long evanished,
Rounds never to a memory.

No loss in her Love's self descries!
Up-trembling to adoring eyes,
The sweet mirage of youth and beauty
On Helen's cheek forever lies.

—*The Independent.*

# HORACE WINSTON.

**A Story of the Revolutionary War.**



TIRED, so tired of drifting,
Adown the dark stream of life,
Tired of breasting the billow,
The billows of toil and strife,
Wishing and waiting so sadly,
For love that was sweetest and best,
Willing to die, Oh! so gladly,
If that would bring quiet and rest."

As the above passionate wail ceased, involuntarily my eyes filled with tears. I looked at the singer's grief-stricken face and could no longer doubt that her heart was full of woe.

The slender, girlish, form was bowed; heart-broken sobs shook it, the pearly tears trickled slowly down her thin cheeks, her face, which I remembered, as being so round and rosy, was not so now. Oh, no! 'twas pale and shrunken.

Her beautiful lips drooped piteously at the corners, and every few minutes she would cough until they assumed a purplish gray color. When she took her handkerchief from them I saw 'twas wet with—blood.

Full of grief, I caught the poor child in my arms. "Lu, Lu," I cried as I kissed her tear-stained face, "what is the matter? you are so changed."

"Yes, Annie," she moaned, "I am, I know it, but I cannot help it, for my life—my poor life! it is so different from what I once pictured it. You can not form the least idea of its dreariness, Annie, for it resembles nothing so much as a dark, stormy night, with one star to light its somberness! Oh, my friend, can't you pity me? You have all that I have lost—love and happiness." "My dear," I murmured softly, "I do pity you from the depths of my heart; but can't you tell me all?"

"I will," she said, sadly and sorrowfully. "It will be a relief to show you my heart, into which no eye but my Maker's *has ever seen.*"

For a few moments she was silent, then in a constrained voice she said:

When we parted at school I came home. Now, Annie, I will pass over my joy at once more being with my dear ones, and the pleasure I felt at revisiting every well-known spot about the old homestead—noting every change Time had wrought and every beauty he had unfolded. You can imagine all that. I will simply state the facts of which you know nothing.



*"Tell her," my lover cried, "I cannot."*

About two weeks after I got home, father called me to his study and had a long, serious conversation with me. Horace Winston, the man who had petted and spoilt me from my babyhood, wished to marry me, this was what he told me. Mr. Wintson was at least twice my age; but my father said, when I reminded him of the fact, "Yes, he is older than you, but he is a good, true man, and loves you dearly. I cannot live always, my child. I am old and feeble, and I would like to feel that you were in good hands. If you marry him you will be, I know he would cherish my baby."

So I became Horace's betrothed, and 'twas not long ere I learned to love him with all the ardor of my young, unsophisticated heart. And did he care for me, you ask? Why, he had loved me all his life.

Time passed swiftly. Nearer and nearer came our wedding day, until only one short week intervened.

Late one evening as I was busily putting the finishing touches to my wedding dress, I heard the quick tread of horses' feet beneath the window; then hurried steps came up the stairs, and my father and Horace came hastily in.

"What has happened?" I asked, tremulously, for one glance at their troubled faces told me something terrible had occurred.

"Tell her," my lover cried, "I cannot?"

Then father told me gently, and "with many a tear and sigh," that war—cruel war which had always brought sorrow and trouble into the land—had broken out between England and America! And that the ships were preparing to set sail on the morrow morn, and that my dear was one of the men of the first troops who had been ordered to sail. For a moment I was stunned, then—

[illegible]

must go, though it breaks my heart; my King commands and I must obey, for I would not lose my honor."

I could only sob and twine my arms closer around him.

"Poor little one," he cried, his great brown eyes full of large tears. "I have only time to say a few words before I go."

"But, oh! I am so afraid you will be hurt, and 'tis so hard to let you go."

"I know it, love, but I will soon come back; come back for my own bonny bride. Come, my dearest, don't sob so, but look up and tell me that I am doing right."

He was, I knew it, and strove to tell him so, but could not! I was not a fit bride for a soldier. I could not buckle on his sword and composedly bid him godspeed, and then see him start off to battle, not knowing whether I would ever see him again or not. No, 'twas impossible! I could only weep.

He bowed his head and prayed our Heavenly Father to watch over me, and to bring us together again. He touched his pale, quivering lips to mine, the first and—last time, and was gone! Oh, love, I did not know it, I did not dream of such a thing as I watched, with aching heart and tear-dimmed eyes, your gallant form fading away in the distance. I had no idea it was the last time; I thought you would come back to me, or my woman's arms—weak though they were—would have held you fast and never have let you go! But you went—you sailed away, across the mighty ocean, and many were the sad, fond glances, I know, which you cast back to the shores where all you loved dwelt."

Slowly the long months dragged by, each one bringing me a long letter from my lover; but one day one came telling me that in two more he was coming home. Oh, how glad I was! I kissed the precious missive again and again! He was safe, and would soon be with me; so once more I sang and danced gayly about the gloomy, quiet house, lighting it with my bright face. Time never passed so drearily before, but "unto all things there comes an end;" so at last the day came when the ship was expected every hour, but it did not come. "It will be here to-morrow," I said, and so it was; for the next morning when I first opened my eyes I saw it laying at anchor. But it had not brought my lover to me, nor yet a letter from him; instead, there was one in a strange handwriting. It made me sick and sore at heart; what tidings did it bring?



*He raised the picture to his lips, and died.*

With trembling hands and bated breath, I opened it, and read—ah, woe is me! he would never come, for—for he was dead!

The letter, written by a comrade, told me how he—my Horace—had fallen.

In the very thickest of the fight, on that terrible battle-field he fell; and as they bore him to the rear and laid him down, he drew from his pocket a worn letter and from it a photograph. "My darling!" they heard him whisper, then with glowing, glassy eyes he cried, "Write to her, my little sweetheart in 'merrie old England' and tell her how I died, that "I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right, and like a true soldier, I have given my life's blood for my King! Tell her I love her and—and—" *he raised the picture to his lips and died!*

They buried him that evening; and now he sleeps in his narrow bed, on a strange soil, in a foreign land! He, the last of that glorious name, lies calmly resting—far from his home, and with none of the graves of his forefathers around him. Yet "in the midst of that dim old forest" he is sleeping quietly, with none to disturb his last slumber; and only I and the Banshee mourn.

I have no ties to bind me here now; my father has joined my darling, and they dwell in "God's beautiful mansion;" so soon I am going to that distant land where Horace fought and died. From his "own native land" I'll carry the flowers he loved, to deck his grave, then when my task of love is o'er I will lay down and die! So when the last day comes and God's angels raise the dead, my brave soldier-lover will find his sweetheart by his side.

### DO BIRDS FLY DOWN?

I see that one of your young correspondents appeals partly to me in regard to birds flying down. But all who have written seem so well posted that I doubt if I can add anything to their knowledge.

However, I have seen a California quail, a wood-dove, and a hummingbird fly downward; but in slow flyers, with large wings and heavy bodies, the wings are used more or less as parachutes in going down; in other words, the birds spread their wings and rely upon gravity. This I have noticed in the sand-hill cranes in their migrations along the Sierra Madres. A flock of, say a hundred, will mount upward in a beautiful spiral, flashing in the sunlight, all the while uttering loud, discordant notes, until they attain an altitude of nearly a mile above the sea-level. Then they form in regular lines, and soar away at an angle that in five miles or so, will bring them within 1,000 feet of the earth. Then they will stop and begin the spiral upward movement again until a high elevation is reached, when away they go again sliding down hill in the air toward their winter home. It is very evident that a vast amount of muscular exertion is saved in this way. In some of these slides that I have watched through a glass, birds would pass from three to four miles, I should judge, without flapping their wings.—*C. F. Holder, in St. Nicholas.*

THE slopes of Etna and Vesuvius owe their richness to the fertilizing action of volcanic ashes, and reports from New Zeland indicate that the ashes from last year's eruption have enriched the soil to a remarkable degree.

"[illegible]ABNEGATION, that rare virtue [illegible] good men preach and good women [illegible]ctice.—*Holmes.*

## EAGLES IN INDIANA.

*The King of the Air Described by a Scientist Who Is Not Friendly.*

"A great many persons," said Prof. Collett to an Indianapolis *Journal* reporter, "who are considered well informed, seem to think there are no eagles in Indiana. The truth is we have quite a number—a great many more than we need. It was that sensible old utilitarian, Benjamin Franklin, who suggested the turkey as our national bird, objecting to the eagle as unrepublican because he had been appropriated as the emblem of sovereignty by a number of monarchial powers. The poet and the seer have given their finest fancies and inspirations to honor this bird, which, after all, is the most cruel of all feathered robbers. Sometimes he is no dantier than the buzzard, and will gorge himself with the vilest carrion. As to his cruelty, he takes special delight in attacking some of the most harmless and innocent animals. He will pick out the eyes of lambs, apparently more as a torture than for food. I have never heard of a case in Indiana where man, woman, or child was attacked by an eagle. In my own neighborhood, in Vermilion County, I have known an eagle to tear out the eyes of a dozen lambs, frightening the ewes and keeping them at a distance by flapping its wings.

"I never knew an eagle to attack an animal that was capable of resistance. Not that I mean to say he is cowardly, but he is wary. The eagle, as commonly known, is a solitary, melancholy bird. He is usually seen alone in his flights, soaring at a great height because his eye is capable of measuring great distances. Their nests are built of coarse sticks or brush, not well put together, on the top of an inaccessible rock or some tall monarch of the forest. It is commonly believed that the occupation of such a tree for the nest of an eagle causes its death; hence, in story and in pictures, the eagle-nest tree is always shown as a dead tree. It is not true that the eagle's occupancy kills the tree, but he chooses a dead tree for purposes of observation. Besides, the eggs in the nest may have enemies—not merely animals, but birds like jays and crows.

"I have little doubt that persons occasionally see eagles and mistake them for other birds, the eagle being so rare. Perhaps, however, many of our oldest inhabitants have not seen more than one or two in a lifetime. It seems that the eagle, like the wild red man, requires a large hunting ground. By a sort of arrangement a territory of five or ten miles square is assigned to a pair of eagles, though they do not sail in company. They always keep the same territory and the same nesting place. For a long period on the Wabash, below Montezuma, there was a well known eagle tree. There was another above the mouth of Sugar Creek, in Park County, and another near the mouth of Coal Creek, in Fountain County. I might mention more, but I cannot now readily call them to mind.

"We have in Indiana the bald and the golden eagles, the former the more common, the latter extremely rare. Frequently the females and young males of silvered or bald eagles are mistaken for the golden and other species. All males of the bald family are ornamented with a white crest after attaining the age of 2 years. Before that age they cannot readily be distinguished from the female in their more somber plumage. For many years I had seen but few eagles, so I was surprised to learn that on an adjoining farm to my own in Vermilion County, Indiana, within two miles of my residence, there was a bald eagle assembly—that it was held there every night, and was the center to which eagles came from a distance of more than fifty miles in all directions, for a flight of fifty miles or more is nothing to this mighty-winged bird. They came in the dusk of the evening and doubtless met for counsel and direction more than mere companionship. As the birds came in one after another there would be shrieks of welcome and noises very startling to the listener. This national congress, as I call it, has existed for a period that the mind of man runneth not to the contrary. The roosts are in lofty, bare-limbed sycamores, in a very solitary place. By actual count these eagles numbered fifty-three, of which twenty-four were males and the remainder either females or males that had not reached the age of wearing white crest."

### A DUEL WITH SYMMES.

The *Southern Bivouac* prints an interesting article on John Cleves Symmes, the originator of the theory of a hollow, habitable world. It contains many incidents of early life in the west, and describes a duel fought by Symmes. The writer says:

An older brother of Peyton Symmes was Capt. John Cleves Symmes, the author of the "Theory of Concentric Spheres and Polar Voids." He was born in Sussex County, New Jersey, November 5, 1780, and received a good common English education, which in after life he greatly improved through his insatiable desire for knowledge. He cultivated particularly mathematics and the natural sciences, and at an early age studied out the curious theory through which he has become so widely known. He entered the army in 1802, and in 1812 received his commission as Captain. He served in that capacity during the war, and until the disbanding of the army in 1816. While stationed at Fort Adams he fought a duel with Lieut. Marshall, an interesting account of which is given in "Pioneer Biographies," by McBride.

Symmes and Marshall disagreed about the latter's pay. Symmes thought it incumbent upon himself to resent Marshall's remarks, and finally challenged him. In the encounter Marshall received a ball in the thigh, from the effects of which he suffered through life, and Symmes a wound in the left wrist, the use of which he never fully recovered. In the family papers is a letter to Symmes from his brother Daniel, on hearing of his duel. Part of it is worth giving:

"I regretted your affair of honor with Lieut. Marshall, but was gratified that you acquitted yourself as a gentleman and an officer, and that your conduct on that occasion was spoken of in high terms of approbation by all the gentlemen of our acquaintance as well as brother officers.

"It is much to be regretted that the evil custom of dueling has become so prevalent and fashionable in the American army that a man, when once insulted by a person (no matter of what character or how tired of life), a challenge must pass, and the weapons of death be exercised. To prevent this savage and calamitous practice, Frederick the Great, of Prusia, who had lost some of his best and bravest officers in this way, issued an edict that if any challenge passed in his army, the parties should fight until one was dead, and immediately afterward the survivor should be shot as a public offender; which edict was carried into execution to the astonishment of the whole army—it had the desired effect.

"No man for a moment even doubted the courage of the great and justly celebrated Julius Cæsar, and mark his conduct when challenged to single combat by Mark Antony, who was his equal, and stood high on the lists of fame. He coolly replied, that, 'If Antony is tired of life, let him leap into the sea or jump down the Tarpeian Rock.'"

### A CHAPTER ON RATS.

It is the misfortune of some animals to be hated and dreaded, to be objects of the greatest antipathy; often, indeed, the butt of cruel fun, by those who are ignorant of the wonderful structure and uses in nature. And no class of animals has incurred a larger share of man's displeasure than rats, called by Hon. V. S. Morwood "nature's sanitary commissioners." True, these animals are mischievous and destructive, and it is necessary to put a check upon their number; yet the work they do as scavengers entitles them to humane death, even humanity not due to them as living creatures. New Orleans city authorities might well give a vote of thanks to the despised rats that nightly assist them in sanitary matters by devouring a large share of garbage. Rats belong to the order of gliris, and constitute a large family of gnawing mammalia. Black rats were at one time common in England, but their number have been lessened by the introduction of their brown relatives, the Norway rats, who are stronger and more enterprising.

Their long, tapering tails are covered with scales. They have small but distinct ears, and large bright eyes. Their teeth are sharp, and their appetite as discriminating as a goat's. They burrow to great depths, and we are sorry to confess that they live in a great measure by pilfering. There is much to be said on the wrong side, we might call it of a rat's history, while on the good side we find only the recommendation that it is a scavenger, a game enemy in a fight and capable of affection, for pet rats have been known to love their owners, and rats, in common with all animals, love their offspring.

In "The Reason Why in Natural History," we read that rats are clean animals; they invariably wash themselves all over after eating. They perform the ablution after the manner of a cat, by licking their paws. When a rat eats he, by means of his front teeth, gnaws a mouthful which he deposits in a sort of pouch between his grinders and his cheeks, just as men store away their tobacco quid. When he ceases gnawing he masticates his food, moving his jaws incessantly—they move ten times faster than the jaws of a rabbit. A rat generally tastes his food with his tongue before eating it. When he drinks he laps like a dog. When sleeping he rolls himself up into a ball and places his nose down between his hind legs; he curls his tail around the outside of his body; no part of him projecting but his two delicate ears, which are adapted for catching every sound. Poor creatures, they doubtless know they are hunted and hated, and even while asleep keep their ears open to hear the slightest alarm.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

### SCOTT IN THE MEXICAN WAR.

His victories have never received the credit justly due them on account of the apparent ease with which they were gained. The student of military history will rarely meet with accounts of battles in any age where the actual operations coincide so exactly with the orders issued upon the eve of conflict as in the official reports of the wonderfully energetic and successful campaign in which Gen. Scott, with a handful of men, renewed the memory of the conquest of Cortes, in his triumphant march from Vera Cruz to the Capital. The plan of the battle of Cerro Gordo was so fully carried out in action that the official report is hardly more than the general orders translated from the future tense to the past. The story of Chapultepec has the same element of the marvelous in it. The General commands apparent impossibilities in the closest detail on one day, and the next day reports that they have been accomplished. These successes were not cheaply attained. The Mexicans, though deficient in science and military intelligence, fought with bravery and sometimes desperation. The enormous percentage of loss in his army proves that Scott was engaged in no light work.—*The Century.*

MAN himself is the author of most of his infirmities, and of these the greater number originate purely in mental or moral causes. It would be absurd to suppose that many diseases, and deaths too, should not arise from causes beyond the control of man, but his own pursuits and habits in life lay the foundation of by far the greater portion.

## MIGHTY FEEDERS.

*Men Who Ordinarily Ate Food Enough for Five—Rare Gluttons in Action.*

Haydn, the great composer, and equally great consumer, liked to dine alone. It was his custom, says *Good Housekeeping*, to order dinner at 5, and then at the appointed hour to devour the whole banquet. On one occasion he commanded the new waiter, who was not acquainted with the great musician's peculiarity, to serve the dinner.

"The dinner is ready," said the waiter, bowing, "but monsieur, the company have not yet arrived."

"De gompany," retorted Haydn, contemptuously, "de gompany? I am de gompany."

The dinner was at once served to "de gompany," who demolished it quite as effectually as any ordinary company could have done. Another lordly feeder was a contemporary of Haydn, the Duke of Norfolk, who would eat, at a Covent Garden tavern, food enough for five persons, but he possessed a more sensitive temperament than the musician, and would never eat five dinners in one a second time at the same hotel, not caring to encounter again the obvious amazement of the waiters. The Cure de Brequier is immortalized by Brillat Savarin. This reverend gentleman would eat at a single sitting as much food as would serve a workingman for ten days. Brillat Savarin once saw him, in three-quarters of an hour, sweep into his capacious stomach "a quart of soup, a plate of boulli, a large leg of mutton, a superb ham, a copious salad, a pound or two of cheese, a prodigious quantity of bread, a bottle of wine, another of water, and a cup of coffee." The narrator is careful to state that the Cure did not eat either the ham bone or that of the leg of mutton. We are told of an Englishman of letters and politics who ate at a solitary dinner seven and a half pounds of solid meat. At the shop where he performed the feat the customers were at liberty to eat as much as they liked for a certain sum, but its keeper had never before encountered a man of his ilk. Lucullus, never dined more sumptuously than when he dined alone, and on one occasion upbraided his cook for serving him with a cheap repast when "Lucullus dined with Lucullus," the cost of which was only about $500. Among modern extravagant epicures we have Vicomte de Vieil Castel, who wagered that he could consume 500 francs' worth of food and liquor in two hours. His order consisted of twenty-four dozen oysters, a soup, a beefsteak, a pheasant stuffed with truffles, a salmi of ortolans, a dish of asparagus, a plate of young peas, a pinapple, a dish of strawberries, five bottles of wine, coffee, and liquors. He won his wager in one hour and forty minutes. Napoleon I. ate little, and that rapidly, as if he begrudged the time. His two favorite dishes were a breast of mutton grilled and lentils. Napoleon III. resembled his uncle in gastronomic indifference and sobriety, and had no care about what he ate, when Louis XVIII. was more interested in a menu than in an act of parliament. To descend from the region of the historically marvelous to what I have actually witnessed, writes a correspondent of the San Francisco *Post*, I remember once breakfasting in the company of a well-known musician and being greatly astonished at his gastronomical feats. First he disposed of the half of a large muskmelon, followed by a beefsteak and mushrooms, of which he had a second and a liberal help, potato croquets, four boiled eggs, and toast and muffins *ad libitum* followed, the repast being concluded with six wheat-cakes. Said our hostess to me afterward: "I consider him the very prince of guests, with his delightful conversation, his divine music, and *such* an appetite.

### INGENUITY OF A PARIS THIEF.

When the opera of "The Prophet" was first brought out in Paris so great was the demand for seats that tickets were resold at a most extravagant premium. One night, says the Baltimore *American*, a young military officer who had just made an unsuccessful application for a ticket at the box-office, and was about to fall back in despair, was dexterously lightened of his watch by a pickpocket. Detecting the thief before he had time to escape, he recovered the stolen timepiece without the interposition of a policeman. Then, taking the culprit aside, he entered into conversation with him.

"You are an expert in your profession," said he, "and I now wish to avail myself of all your skill."

"Monsieur le Captaine may command me to the utmost of my abilities," replied the sharper.

"Then," whispered the officer, "go immediately and relieve some gentleman of his opera ticket and I will pay you 100 francs for it. No hesitation! be quick! the money is ready."

"It shall be done," was the business-like answer.

In three minutes the adroit rascal returned with an elegant card-case containing four opera tickets, together with a number of cards having the name of Mlle. Solange Dudevant engraved upon them.

"Wretch!" exclaimed the Captain, "you have been robbing a lady."

"No, indeed, sir, replied the sharper. "There is my unfortunate victim," he continued, pointing to a rosy-cheeked young gentleman in a black dress-coat, black tights, white vest, with plain, flat guilt buttons, and white kid gloves, who was engaged in an animated conversation with a couple of young ladies just within the vestibule.

"Dolt!" exclaimed the Captain. "That is a lady dressed en cavalier; it is Mlle. Solange Dudevant herself. Return the articles immediately."

"Monsieur is right," said the pickpocket. "No one but a brute would knowingly rob a lady, especially when that lady is the daughter of George Sand, whom we all love so well. Excuse me, monsieur; I will yet procure you a ticket."

In an instant the sharper placed himself before Mlle. Solange with a profound bow.

"Begging mademoiselle's pardon," he said, "she has had the misfortune to drop her card-case."

"Thank you kindly," replied Mlle. Solange, taking the card-case into her hand. "Allow me to reward you for returning it."

"As to that, mademoiselle," said the sharper," permit me humbly to suggest that you have four tickets in your case, whereas your party consists of only three persons."

"You, then, would like to have the extra ticket?" said mademoiselle.

"Exactly so, mademoiselle," he replied.

"You are quite welcome to it," said the lady.

The sharper took the ticket to the young officer, who, having noticed the manner in which it was obtained, did not hesitate to pay him the promised 100 francs.

On taking his seat in the opera house the Captain found himself elbow to elbow with Mlle. Dudevant, with whom he was well acquainted. He frankly explained to her the equivocal process by which he had procured his ticket, and the lady laughed heartily at the trick of which she had been the unconscious victim.

### THE YANKEE'S RETORT.

When Mr. William Atkins, the farmer philosopher of Somerset County, was about to start on his mission to Quebec, in the interest of the Wiscasset and Kennebec Railroad scheme, he said to Gov. Bodwell: "Mr. Bodwell, had I better put on a tall hat and slick up, or go just as I am, in this woolen shirt and paper collar?"

"Go just as you are," replied Mr. Bodwell. "It isn't the clothes we want to send, but the man under 'em."

So Mr. Atkin wore his everyday clothes to Quebec. And at Augusta, in his flannel shirt, and paper collar, and slouch hat, this wonderful man, with a head more crammed with miscellaneous facts and odd conceits than any other head in Maine, entertained me greatly with an account of his stay in quaint old Quebec. He told me how he dined with the titled aristocracy of the city and handed their fine ladies out to dinner, in his flannel shirt and paper collar—how he discussed poetry and scenes in foreign lands with the literati, and astonished the doctors of divinity with what he had picked up about theology. Mr. Atkins is a man with an iron memory. He can quote passages from the poets, tell you the date of any historical event, or demonstrate a problem of Euclid with equal facility. He acquired it all sitting on the dye-pot by fire-irons of his mother's kitchen, and by burning the oil of night in his own farm library. The mental possessions of the Maine farmer, in his flannel shirt and paper collar, must have taken by surprise the learning of university-filled Quebec.

But the best part of Mr. Atkins' narrative was his dramatic story of his visit to the citadel.

"An officer," said he, "detailed a man to show me around, and he took me everywhere. Noticing a small black cannon, half hidden by the snow, as I was about to go, I said in fun, 'I guess I'll take it away with me.'"

"Go look at the inscription on the breech," said the soldier, laughing.

"I looked and read:

"'Taken at the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775.'

"I saw the soldier had me. It stirred my blood, and I wanted to make a fit reply. I read the inscription over again to gain time. Tears came to my eyes. 'Young man,' I said to him, 'you've got the cannon, but we've got Bunker Hill.'"

The patriotic son of Maine turned red and actually cried again as he repeated the story.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

### SUCKLED BY A WOLF.

Some natives, traveling by some unfrequented part of the jungle in the Bulandshahr district, were surprised to see a small boy of 5 or 6 years old crawling about on hands and feet. On drawing near they were amazed to see the boy disappear quickly within the interior of a large hole, which, on closer inspection, turned out to be the dwelling-place of some wild beast. They reported the occurrence to the magistrate sahib of Bulandshahr, who dispatched messengers to the spot with instructions to light a fire at the mouth of the cave. This was done, and, on the blinding fumes making their way into the farthest corner of the hole, a snarling she-wolf sprang forth with a bound. A moment later the boy, too, came forth, when he fell an easy prey to those intent on securing him. On conveying him to the magistrate the boy was found to be speechless, imbecile, and as near an approach to an animal as a human being can possibly be. Vegetable food was offered to him, but this he refused, and it was only when meat was placed before him that he would eat. In the orphanage he soon learned to walk upright, partake of vegetable food, and to wear clothing. All attempts to teach him to speak have been fruitless, and he is void of ordinary reason, though not altogether unintelligent.—*Bombay Guardian.*

### CHINESE QUAIL.

Five hundred of the small Chinese quail from the Swatow district have been imported here and distributed in lots of 100 on the ranches of gentlemen interested in sporting. They are not more than half the size of California quail and are somewhat smaller than New England quail. They are rapid flyers and it takes a good shot to bring them down.—*San Francisco Correspondence.*

THE law can never make a man honest; it can only make him very uncomfortable when he is dishonest.

### LEGENDS OF BIRDS IN INDIA.

One little bird bears the curious designation of "the bird of the lost money," because it seems to utter in a low voice something that means: "Oh! have you kept, or have I kept it?" There is a tradition that its first ancestors were a man and wife, who, having lost all their wealth, died broken-hearted and were transformed into these birds. The country-folk believed that if you jingle money before them they will curse you, believing it to be their own.

The peacock is said to scream and dance with joy at the sound of thunder, and he "dances, dances on; when he looks down he weeps anon" (at the sight of his ugly feet, they say). The peacock is credited with a strong thievish propensity, as appears from this saying: "The deer, the monkey, the partridge, and the peacock, rob the field of its store." Anything that betrays itself is likened to "a peacock in the thief's house—a saying founded on the story of a peacock which swallowed a gold necklace brought home by a thief. This bird is sacred to the Hindoo god of beauty, who is represented as riding on it.

The kite, the hawk, and the vulture are all regarded as very unlucky birds. The screeching of the first brings serious misfortune, the sight of the second famine and oppression, and the approach of the third death. By whirling a kite around the head of a moslem child on a Tuesday or Saturday and then letting it go great blessings are insured to the little one. Fowlers trade on this superstition. Kites sometimes carry off gold ornaments, and Mohammedan women say the reason is because the young kites will not open their eyes till some gold is placed in the nest; hence the saying: "The philosopher's stone is in the kite's nest."

In India, as elsewhere, the common owl is a bird of ill-omen, but a white species is held in high esteem by the Hindoos. The white owl is always supposed to bring good luck; hence it is held sacred to the goddess of prosperity, and the people are pleased when it builds its nest in their house. In the country these birds often establish their quarters in the darkest nooks and corners of old houses, breeding there generally twice a year and producing five or six young ones at a time; and all their screeching and shrieking is endured for luck's sake. It is considered great good fortune to get a glimpse of a white owl in the daytime.

The half-mythical garuda, a kind of eagle sometimes called "adjutant," is the mortal enemy of snakes. The legend goes that the mother of the garuda quarreled with her sister, who was the mother of the snakes, respecting the color of the horse that was produced at the churning of the ocean; and since that time there has been constant enmity between their descendants. On the occasion of garuda's marriage the serpents, alarmed at the thought of having children who might destroy them, made a fierce attack on him; but he slew them all but one, which he has since worn as an ornament around his neck. To this day superstitious Hindoos repeat the name of the garuda three times when walking in the fields and going to sleep at night, as a safeguard against snakes.

### THE HEIGHT OF GREAT MEN.

A correspondent inquires of us if there is any truth in the general belief that the leaders of any particular age are large men, "or is it merely superstition?" There is a modicum of truth in it. While there are numerous exceptions, it seems to be a fact that great poets, essayists, scholars, and philosophical thinkers are, as a rule, small; while great generals, orators, and politicians, those who are engrossed in doing rather than thinking, are, as a rule, above the average size of man. There is a reason for it; those who possess the most vitality are apt to make the biggest noise in the world. Washington was a large man; so were Cortez, Charlemagne, and Wellington; so were Webster, Clay, Tom Corwin, Tom Marshall, Lincoln, Chase, Sumner; so are Gladstone, Bismarck, Ferry, Cleveland, James G. Blaine, and Gen. Sherman. When men who have won distinction are not tall, they generally make it up in breadth, like Bonaparte, Stephen A. Douglas, and Sheridan.

The thinkers of the world have generally been small; as Cicero, Aristotle, Bacon, Alexander Pope, Alexander Hamilton, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. The members of the Senate, ever since that body was established, have been, it is alleged, about an inch taller than the average height of American men. Successful American editors have generally been tall men, averaging six feet high and over 200 pounds, as the elder Bennett, Thurlow Weed, James Watson Webb, Horace Greeley, Wilbur F. Story, Murat Halstead, Joseph Medill, Whitelaw Reid, Joseph Pultzer, and Charles A. Dana, all fine specimens of full-grown men.

Great orators are almost always large men, and such specimens as Joseph Cook, Henry Ward Beecher, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, Mr. Moody, Roscoe Conkling, and T. De Witt Talmage are familiar to the eye of the present generation of Americans. These orators are not only alike in weighing 225 pounds apiece, but they further resemble each other in possessing a keen sense of both humor and pathos, and in being coarse-grained, of the earth earthy. If they had not been of coarse texture they would have died young, and if they were not large they would have lacked the physical strength to surpass in the sharp competitions of their time. In New York it is proverbial that the great merchants outweigh their clerks.—*Vox Populi.*

"'Tis love that makes the world go round." It also makes the young man go round—to the home of his sweetheart about seven nights per week.

DO NOT put too much trust in the man who praises you.

# FOR EASTER !

WE ARE PREPARED.

With a grand stock of

## KID GLOVES !

Dressed and Undressed

in all colors and Black, Plain Backs, and

## FANCY BRODE BACKS !

There are none like ours

## FOR EASTER

In addition to our usual large and perfect stock we show

Some Beautiful Novelties

—IN—

## FINE HOSIERY

—FOR—

LADIES, GENTLEMEN AND MISSES.

## FOR EASTER !

Wear something new, if only a trifle. Call and see our

## New Neck Lingerie !

RUCHINGS, COLLARS, TIES.

## AFTER EASTER

We want you to come and see our

## NEW CARPETS !

—AND—

## CURTAINS !

## ROOT and CO.

## Home Made Mince Meat !

SARATOGA CHIP POTATOES
FINE FRESH CANDIES,
FINEST BUNCH RAISINS,
NEW NUTS,
CANNED ASPARAGUS,
GOTHA TRAFFLE SAUSAGE,
PLUM PUDDING,
COOKING WINES.

## Pyke's Grocery,

80 Calhoun Street.

Aug. 15-1y

## WALL PAPER!

BULMAN & REAR

Have just opened a new wall paper store at

NO. 176 BROADWAY.

They have secured all the latest novelties, newest goods and will sell cheaper than ever sold in the city.

## PAINTING

House and Sign Painting a specialty with best Oils and Paints and at Bottom Prices.
Don't fail to inspect their paper and give them a trial on Painting.

## UMBRELLAS!
## WRINGERS!

SWEEPERS
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SEWING MACHINES

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## WHEN!

You are ready for your spring goods give us a call. We can sell you everything in the line of

Corsets, Underwear,
Calicoes, Percales,
Hosiery, Gloves,
Swiss Nainsooks,
Table Linens,
Collars, Cuffs,
Embroideries,
Handkerchiefs,
Piques, Etc.

And guarantee the Lowest Prices.

## H. N. GOODWIN & BRO.

126 Broadway.

ONE DELIVERY WAGON FOR SALE





## "Eggsactly" 25c.

Our Easter Egg ready to be served in Full Spring Style. See the beautiful line of

## 4 in Hand
## Scarfs & Ties

In all the newest conceits at TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

## SAM, PETE & MAX,

Fashionable Purveyors.



# Daily Sentinel.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9. 1887.


## THE CITY NEWS.

There are fifty musicians in the Gilmore band.

The Business Men's exchange meets Monday night.

Mr. Jacob Riess, of this city, was at Indianapolis yesterday.

Prof. John A. Maier gives guitar lessons at Andrews every Saturday.

Mr. Louis Hazzard is strongly urged for councilman in the Ninth ward.

The Presbytery of Fort Wayne, will meet next Tuesday, in LaGrange.

Some of the Wabash locomotives are in service on the Chicago and Atlantic road.

Judge R. S. Taylor, the Mississippi river commissioner, is at Washington, D. C.

Peru has a new daily, the *Herald*, edited and published by J. T. and Ed E. Cox.

There are seventy colored men confined in the northern prison at Michigan City.

D. B. Andrews has accepted the management of nine big band saw mills at Woodville, Mich.

The city council meets Tuesday night and the street paving question will come up for final solution.

Sanford E. North and Idella A. Boyle, John W. Luntz and Lizetta C. Vollmer have been licensed to wed.

The spring term of theC onservatory begins next Wednesday, and the pretty girls, like flowers, will bloom.

The cab of a Grand Rapids and Indiana engine took fire at Richmond yesterday and was nearly consumed.

The Jenny Electric Light company has renewed its contract to light the streets of Logansport for another year.

Mr. Chris H. Stein, one of United States Marshal Hawkins' deputies, was married last night to Miss Maria S. Rehling, at Indianapolis.

C. C. Albertson, H. L. Watson, B. S. Hollopeter, A. S. Preston and W. E. Murray are seeking admission to the Fort Wayne conference.

Miss Nellie M. Brown, of LaGrange, Ind., who has been the guest of Mrs. J. F. Beegan for several weeks, returned to her home this afternoon.

Col. and Mrs. J. Marsh Coombs leave to-morrow night for New York City, shortly to set sail for Europe Mr. Coombs hopes to completely restore his health.

The barn of H. A. Rosenbaum, of Laporte county, was burned by sparks from a Nickel Plate locomotive, with stock grain and implements. Loss, $3,000; insurance, $500.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Strauss, of New York, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lauferty. President Cleveland recently appointed a brother of Mr. Strauss as minister to Turkey.

The people of Lagrange county have voted aid for a branch of the Grand Rapids road from Lagrange to Orland. The railroad scheme had a majority of 148 and the tax will be about forty-five cents on each $100 of valuation.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard O'Connor, of West Wayne street, and Miss Marie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Hedekin, leave to-morrow for the Pacific coast to reside for a year or more. Mr. O'Connor is not in good health and hopes to be benefitted in the land of orange blossoms.

Mr. Joe Mason accompanied Sheriff Nelson to Rensselaer last night and is prepared to give bond in any sum for his appearance when the Bohemian oats conspiracy case against him is called. Mr. Mason's arrest created a decided sensation and is a new phase of the oats traffic.

The state board of health has issued an order that "no parent or guardian having charge or control of any child or children shall allow any such child or children to go from any house infected with scarlet fever, diphtheria, whooping cough, measels or other contagious or infectious disease, or attend any public or private schools."

Workmen are planting trees in the city parks.

Get ready for the Y. M. C. A. concert. Secure your tickets.

Hay is scarce and costly, so Weighmaster Ryan tells us.

There will be a business meeting of the Y. M. C. A. this evening.

Shade trees are being planted in front of Trinity English Lutheran church.

Justin Lauer has sold lot 263, Lewis' addition, to Christ F. Stahl for $450.

Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Roerger celebrated the first anniversary of their wedding yesterday.

The annual meeting of the German Building Loan association, No. 5, occurs Tuesday evening next. The annual report, will be read and officers chosen.

The public school board held a meeting this week and did routine business. They will inspect the schools next week.

Mr. Charles McClain, the genial deputy county auditor, left to-day for Wabash to spend a week's vacation. Mrs. McLain accompanied him to their old home.

The boys and girls of the Baptist church gave their beloved pastor, S. A. Northrop, a handsome pair of cuff buttons on the occasion of his birthday anniversary last Thursday.

The music at the Cathedral to-morrow will be unusually brilliant. The program includes: "Messe du," by Sacre; "Coeur," by Gonnod; "Regina Celi," by Cherubini; "Veni Sancte," by Flotow.

In the Bohemian oats suit of Aaron Rothschild vs. F. Parnin and Wm. Dickerson, the superior court jury returned a verdict for Mr. Rothschild against Mr. Dickerson for $114.09, he having guaranteed the payment of the note.

Joseph Sincel, Charles Peters, Archibald Sellers, John Kellenburg, Carrie Williams and Marion Benson were fined for drunkenness, and all went to jail save Peters and Killenburg, who are out on bail. These fellows got into a fight and were drunk. Their true names are not given.

The Northern Indiana Fair association met last night and fixed the date of the next exhibition at September 27, 28, 29 and 30. As soon as the weather permits they will put the grounds, stables and track in excellent shape and will build a bicycle course if sufficient encouragement is given.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* says: "Among the railway men at the Grand Pacific hotel yesterday were Gen. John McNulta, the newly appointed receiver of the Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific railway, Bloomington; George R. Peck, solicitor Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railway, Topeka; D. McCool, general manager St. Joe and Grand Island railway, St. Joseph; Lewis Williams, general superintendent, Cleveland, and C. D. Gorham, western division superintendent "Nickel Plate route," Fort Wayne."

The United States Express company advertise a sale of unclaimed articles at Indianapolis, May 24. Among them are these from Fort Wayne: Pkg E. Curtis, grip C. A. Carpenter, pkg Kate Duray, desk W. B. Doughman, box Fred Eckert & Co., cage Lulu Fisher, pkg Dr. H. Goula, pkg C. Hough, sewing mach Mrs. M. Hurst, box Wm James, box Keller Medicine Co., pkg Rev. E. A. Koenig, pkg W. D. Miller, grip Charles Manning, pkg H. B. Moorehouse, box Carl Proegler, casting Dan Shordon, pkg S. B. Tolan, box F. W. Wilson, box Louis Wolf, pkg Franz Zimwalder.

In his address to the Fort Wayne conference at Marion, Bishop Hurst congratulated the conference of the prosperous condition of the church in Indiana, which he denominated the Methodism of education. They had commenced by the establishment of colleges, and the work had been blessed and glorified. He spoke hopefully of the missionary work in Mexico, which he had recently visited in person, and said that the money expended there had not been thrown away. Prof. W. F. Yocum and Rev. Mr. Browne, of this city, were placed on the education committee and the Fort Wayne district was called. Presiding Elder Lynch reported good revivals, salaries mostly paid, good benevolent collections, and an advance over last years on all lines of work.

In mining districts Salvation Oil is regarded as an indispensable necessity. Miners will have it.

Life is but short, and we should do all we can ts prolong it. Check a cough or cold at once by using the old reliable remedy, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

### Butter, Eggs and Ham Down.

Best roll butter 25c. Good 20c.
Fresh eggs dozen, 12c.
Hams, best sugar cured, pound 12½c.
FRUIT HOUSE.

The best in the world—Centlivre's Bock beer, on sale to-day.

3 lb can tomatoes, 10c.
3 lb can California egg plums, 20c.
3 lb can California green gages, 20c.
3 lb can California Bartlett pears, 22c.
3 lb can California Apricots, 22c.
YANKEE GROCERY.

To-day is pay day at the Bass and Murray foundries.

Frank Alderman has returned from Wichita, Kansas.

Have you tickets for Gilmore's concert Tuesday evening?

Prof. Crocker's horse show had a big matinee this afternoon and close their engagement at the Temple to-night.

H. A. Grotholdman, the contractor and builder, has received a letter from Germany announcing the death of his mother.

Superintendent P. S. O'Rourke will go to New York City next Monday to attend a meeting of the association of the Railroad Superintendents of America.

The next regular meeting of the Citizens' Reform league will be held at the office of Dr. A. E. VanBuskirk, 416 South Calhoun street, on Monday evening at 5 o'clock, standard time. Thus it will allow those who wish to attend the Y. M. C. A. concert in the evening.

Sheriff Braxton, of Huntington, is still in the city. He has not discovered the bigamist prisoner who escaped from him at the south depot yesterday morning. The fugitive's name is G. W. I. Woltz and he is wanted at Portland for bigamy. He was recently acquitted of the charge of fraud in Huntington county and when he escaped was safely hand-cuffed. It is difficult to see how he can get the irons off.

If the liver and kidneys are sluggish and inactive, Hood's Sarsaparilla will rouse them to prompt and regular action. Take it now.

### IT'S FUN FOR THE PEOPLE.

**Its Amusing to us, Its a Mystery to Our Would-be Competitors—Since March 15, we Have Presented:**

Henry C. Bowers, Jefferson township; Charles Richards, 55 Maumee avenue; C. H. Rose, St. Joe township; J. F. Sallot, 164 East Lewis street; Mrs. E. Trainor, 12 Elm street; D. Zuber, Antwerp, Ohio; N. Van Hoozen, Aboit township, each with one of America's Best Mantel clocks.

Jos. Stucky, Maysville, Ind.; Henry Good, Garr Creek, Ind.; F. Kramer, 128 Madison street, each with a splendid silver ore watch.

Henry Kress, Nine Mile P, O.; C. Yant, Aboit; H. Smith, 130 West Washington street, each with a suberb Meridan Dinner Caster.

Geo. Elbert, 129 East Dewald street; Maggie Hibler, Defiance, O.; Alex Kintx, 111 Cass street; F. Beckman, Marion township; J. C. Myer, Pleasant, each with a magnificent silver and crystal Fruit Stand.

August Neuman, 208 Broadway; Jno. Benton, 213 Barr street; Wm. Schwarz, 131 Wallace street; H. Hoevil, Adams township, each with a set of silver table spoons.

Wm. Stewert, Geoglein P. O. set of Rodgers silver table knives.

Alex Pepe, Academy Station, a fine meridan silver butter dish,

2,000 valuable presents, also a $350 city lot, a $150 grand parlor organ, a $150 custom made buggy, to be given our patrons before September 1, 1887. The largest stock of spring clothing, all entirely new. Prices lower than ever before.

### SAM, PETE & MAX.

Indiana's "Boss" Clothiers.

Call for Centlivre's Bock beer, the best in the world. Try it and you will have no other.

Ice cream and sherbets for Easter at the Chicago bakery on Broadway.

The only imperishable material for monumental work is white bronze. It is artistic, elegant, inexpensive.—*New York World.*

Call for Centlivre's Bock beer, the best in the world. Try it and you will have no other.

White bronze is very enduring and an excellent material for monuments.—*Scientific American*

Large French prunes, 10c pound.
Golden prunells, 15c pound.
Fard (or black) dates, 10c pound.
Golden dates, 10c pound.
YANKEE GROCERY.

Centlivre will put on sale to-day the finest quality of Bock beer ever seen in Fort Wayne.

**Nonnamaker.** I have just received a new stock of Boots and Shoes from some of the best manufactories east and west. My goods are medium and fine grades, and are waranted to give satisfaction. Call and see the new goods. Prices are as low as can be made anywhere in there state. The best Ladies' $2.00 Shoe in the city. No. 5 Keystone Block.
9-2t A. NONNAMAKER.

### Big Sale of Silk Sun Umbrellas.

We have still about 50 Sun Umbrellas left, which we will close out for less than cost; amongst them are the celebrated Gloria Sun Umbrella, warranted not to crack, fade or break, which will be sold at $1.50. We can safely say that it is the best bargain ever offered to the purchasing public, at Chaska's Old Stand, 72 Calhoun street.

Centlivre has placed on sale to-day his famous Bock beer. The best ever sold in this city.


# BOO. BOO. BOO. BOOTS!

—AND—

# SHO! SHO! SHO! SHOES.

—AT THE—

# HOO! HOO! HOO! HOOSIER!

| | |
|---|---|
| Men's Solid Kip Dom Pedro | $1 75 |
| Men's Solid Kip Stitch down | 1 75 |
| Men's Solid Split Dom Pedro | 1 40 |
| Men's Solid Split Stitch Down | 1 40 |
| Men's Solid Working Shoes | 1 00 |
| Ladies' Solid Kid and Goat Button | 2 00 |
| Ladies' solid Grain Button | 1 35 |
| Ladies' Cheap Kid and Goat Button | 1 50 |
| Ladies' Cheap Grain Button | 1 00 |

—:o:—

# THE HOOSIER SHOE STORE,

No. 52 Calhoun Street,

## OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE,

FORT WAYNE, - - - - IND.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

J. H. SIMONSON.....Manager
F. E. STOUDER.....Treasurer

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

TUESDAY, APRIL 12.

## GILMORE!

THE GREAT



—AND HIS—

WONDERFUL BAND

Consisting of

Fifty Eminent Musicians and Soloists!

Assisted by the charming Prima Donna,

LETITIA FRITCH!

Sale of Seats To-day.

GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL,

Scale of Prices—Parquet, $1.00; Parquet Circle, $..25; Balcony, 75c. Admission, 50c and $1.00.

All dealers handling Centlivre's beer will have Bock beer on tap to-day.

## M. L. ALBRECHT

HAS REMOVED HIS

## Carriage Factory

From 106 West Main

STE Street to the

CORNER OF MAIN AND BARR STREET.

## A. HATTERSLEY & SON

PLUMBERS

Steam and Gas Fitters.

—DEALERS IN—

GAS FIXTURS

Main Street, East of Clinton
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Brass Work Iron and Lead Pipe

Lift and Force Pumps,

Sheet Lead, Bath Tubs, Wash Bowls Rubber Hose, etc.

Old gas fixtures regilt, bronzed and made equal to new.

## Our Prices Tell! Our Quality Sells!

Our immense stock of Spring Styles of only leading makes of

# BOOTS and SHOES

FOR LADIES', GENTS AND CHILDREN'S WEAR

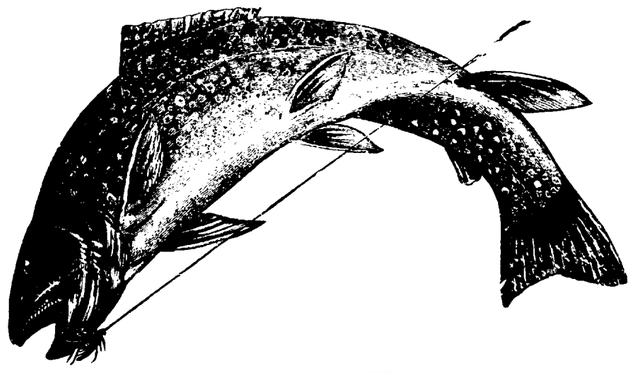
Now complete in every detail.

## CASH BOUGHT THEM---LOW PRICES WILL SELL THEM

LADIES' TURNED LACE OR BUTTON OXFORDS from $1 to $3.
For Reliable Goods do not fail to call on

# THE JACOBS SHOE STORE!

NO. 17 CALHOUN, STREET.



## AT THE
## Sportsmen's Headquarters!

The finest line of FISHING TACKEL and Hunting Goods ever seen in Fort Wayne. Retail and wholesale at bottom prices.

## CHAS. H. MILLER,

No. 20 West Main Street.

## GLOBE WAREHOUSE!

We are now showing the famous Jamestown Worsted Dress Goods in all the Spring and Summer shades; the goods are made from the best material thoroughly finished so they may be worn in damp or wet weather without shrinking or curling and are perfectly fast colors. The goods may be washed if desired without the least injury to the fabric.

## Globe Warehouse

58 Calhoun Street.




GEO. H. LOESCH. Druggist,
Wholesale and Retail Agent,
Corner Barr and Wayne Streets
Oct. 12-eod-6mo.

## DR. T. J. DILLS

Has his office at
NO. 17 COURT STREET
Where he will give exclusive attention to all
DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.
Office hours 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.

## CHAS. ROSE

IS SELLING

| | |
|---|---|
| New Potatoes, per peck | 50c |
| Good, New Cabbage, large heads | — |
| Package Coffees, per lb | 20c |
| Canned Tomatoes | 10c |
| Canned Peaches, best quality | 18c |
| Canned Corn | 10c |
| Canned Pumpkin | 10c |
| Best Red Bananas, per dozen | 30c |
| Lemons, per dozen | 15c |
| Prunes, per lb | 10c |
| Dressed Poultry, per lb | 10c |

And in fact everything in the

GROCERY LINE

—AT—

BOTTOM PRICES.

Fresh Butter every day. Also all kinds of Feed constantly on hand at

Nos. 75 and 77 East Wayne Street.
March 26-1mo

## J. JAXTHEIMER,

—THE—

## Merchant Tailor!

Has a full line of imported and domestic goods for

SPRING AND SUMMER

## SUITINGS!

All Goods are made up in the most artistic manner and no suit is to leave the store without giving entire satisfaction.

PRICES REASONABLE.

# JUST ARRIVED!

A LINE OF LADIES KID BUTTON SHOES AT $1. ALSO, A LINE OF LADIES KID TOE SLIPPERS AT 50 CENTS AT THE

# MASSACHUSETTS SHOE COMPANY

No. 8 Keystone Block. - - - E. W. Lewis, Manager.

# The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 9, 1887. PRICE FIVE CENTS



WE ARE OFFERING

SPECIAL BARGAINS

In White and Colored

**Bed Spreads!**

We Have a Big Drive in

**Linen Towells!**

One lot for 15 cents.
One lot for 20 cents.
One lot for 25 cents.

These goods are of extra value and worth more money.

**GEORGE DEWALD & CO.**

Cor. Calhoun & Columbia.



**CHOICE LOTS IN WILLIAMS' ADDITION.**

Near South Calhoun Street.

From $500 up. Small cash payment; long time on remainder if desired, with privilege of making payments to stop interest at any time. These lots are near to Calhoun street, the main central thoroughfare of the city, where property always rents well, is quickly saleable and is especially desirable from its location, midway between the Wabash on the west and Pittsburg offices and shops on the east. Calhoun is Fort Wayne's great central street, destined to be fully occupied with stores, shops, etc.

For these standard lots inquire of any real estate agent in the city or at the main office corner of Clinton and Berry streets, opposite the new government building. 19-tf


Remember that to-day is the day for Centlivre's Book beer. Inquire for it.

The young lady teacher of a public school at Santa Rosa, Cal., was very desirous of giving an "exhibition" at the close of the term, and drilled the scholars in declamations, recitations, etc. The pupils were strongly averse to the project, fearing the criticisms of visitors, and when the dreaded day arrived, and all preparations were completed, the teacher was surprised by the absence of visitors, of whom she had invited many. The reason was made apparent by the subsequent discovery that the pupils had surreptitiously pinned a card on the door after the school hour, which read: "Examination day! No visitors admitted this afternoon."

### THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, April 9.—The stock market was again strong at the opening, the first prices showing advances of ¼ to ½ per cent.

Noon—Money easy at 6@7 per cent.

NEW YORK, April 9.—Wheat unsettled; May a trifle lower, and others a shade better, but less doing; No. 2 red, May, 92¼@92¾c. Corn, quiet, but steady, at 49@50¾. Oats, a trifle better, at 35@42c. Pork, steady; new mess, $16.25. Lard, firm, at $7.60c. Butter, steady, at 12@29c. Eggs, 13¼@14c. Sugar, steady; granulated, 5¾c. Molasses, firm, but quiet, at 29c. Coffee, firm and unchanged, at 15½c.

CHICAGO, April 9.—Wheat, easy, at 78¼@81¾c. Corn, easy at 34¼@38¾c. Oats, steady, at 24¼@28¼c. Rye, 54¾c. Barley, 51¼c. Flaxseed, $1.06. Prime timothy, $1.64. Whisky, $1.18. Pork, steady, at $20.75. Lard, firm, at $7.30.


**Only 4c! Only 4c!**

Will buy, to-day, Allen's Best Shirting Prints, at Chaska's Old Stand, 72 Calhoun street.

Eggs 12c. per dozen.
Butter 25c. per pound.
YANKEE GROCERY.

Centlivre's Book beer. Nothing like it. Centlivre's Book beer.

Fresh strawberries, first of the season.
Lettuce, quarter pound, 7c.
Spinnach, half peck 15c.
Radishes, bunch 4c.
Onions, 2c.
FRUIT HOUSE.

All dealers handling Centlivre's beer will have Book beer on tap to-day.


### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

To the Editor of THE SENTINEL.

In response to the earnest request of my friends to be a candidate for mayor at the coming election, I have consented to be a candidate, subject to the decision of the democratic primary election.

SIDNEY C. LUMBARD.

To the Editor of THE SENTINEL.

In announcing myself as a candidate for

## COERCION.

**A Big Mass Meeting Against It—Gladstone's Powerful Manifesto.**

LONDON, April 9.—The anti-coercion meeting to be held in Hyde park, Monday, promises to be the biggest out door political meeting held in London for years.

Gladstone, in a manifesto, says of the coercion bill: "It is the first time coercion has been proposed without any attempt by the ministry to show, what we know they cannot show, a state of exceptional and flagrant or growing crime. If England is to coerce Ireland for crime, Ireland can reply that, relatively to population, she has less crime than England. In my opinion the rejection of the bill is more needed by England than Ireland. For Ireland it is a question of suffering and she knows how to suffer. For England it is a question of shame and dishonor and to cast away shame and dishonor is the first business of a great nation. In 1876 the meeting of London workingmen first gave effectual force to the movement for Bulgaria which brought about the election of 1880. May the meeting of Monday next ring the death knell of the worst, most insulting and most conscienceless coercion bill ever submitted to parliament."

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, April 9.—News has been received at Hayti, to the effect that an amicable settlement of the British claims may be expected.

**Crop Report.**

WASHINGTON, April 9.—The report of the department of agriculture for April relates to the condition of winter grain and the comparative healthfulness of farm animals. The average condition is 88, same as in 1881 and higher than at the same date in 1883 and 1885. The damage from the hessian fly is comparatively slight.

The American Fishery union recently suggested to President Cleveland the closing of our markets to Canadian fish products as a sufficient measure of retaliation. The chief executive, in a lengthy reply, reminds the union that the retaliation proposed is not designed for any particular interest, but to maintain the national honor.

**Prohibition in Kansas.**

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., April 9.—The new law passed by the late Kansas legislature which is intended as a backbone to the present prohibitory law, is playing havoc with the liquor trade in Kansas. The St. Joseph wholesale dealers complain of a falling off of trade and a firm known as one of the largest in the city has taken four of its Kansas men off the road.

**A New Labor Organization.**

PITTSBURG, April 9.—The requisite number of assemblies of Knights of Labor signed yesterday for the formation of a state assembly of iron workers. The new organization will embrace nothing but these workers and is expected to be the strongest labor assembly in the state.

CHICAGO, April 9.—The strike of the union carpenters is still on and work on many large buildings is being retarded in consequence. The bricklayers and stone masons are notified that they must not assist bosses or any one else in carpenter work, under pain of fine.

**Prohibition Will Come Before the Texas Voters.**

GALVESTON, TEXAS, April 9.—The prohibition question is rapidly assuming a front rank among the political issues of TEXAS. The late legislature passed an act submitting this question to a vote of the people in August. The anti-prohibitionists are organizing for the battle.

**The Fires.**

CINCINNATI, April 9.—Fire this morning damaged the buildings of the J. Walker Brewing company to the extent of $50,000, which is covered by insurance. The building extends from No's. 385 to 392 Sycamore street. About fifty horses, stabled on the premises, were rescued with difficulty.

**The Weather.**

WASHINGTON, April 9.—Following are the weather indications:

Indiana, fair weather, followed during Sunday with local rains and cooler weather.

**A Girl Poisoned.**

NEW YORK, April 9.—Clara Schalg, the young girl who swallowed a quantity of carbolic acid Tuesday last, repeated the dose last night and is dead.

**Boilers Exploded.**

MILWAUKEE, April 9.—Two boilers in the ship yard exploded this morning, doing $10,000 damages.

**A Burglar Killed.**

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., April 9.—A. R. Cattling shot and killed Charles Green, a burglar from Bradford, Pa., who was entering his house last night.

**Caught by a Belt.**

DECATUR, Ind., April 9.—A thirteen-year-old son of John Johnson, of this city, while endeavoring to put on a belt in the pulley of a grindstone in his father's planing mill Thursday, was caught by the driving belt of the mill and carried to the line shafting, where he was whirled round and round until every bone in his body was broken. One of his arms was torn from his body at the shoulder. His death was almost instantaneous.

**Indictments.**

HUNTINGTON, Ind., April 9.—The grand jury adjourned yesterday. Among the indictments returned were one against Joseph Engleman, who assaulted David Shoemaker and fractured his skull, and one against Uriah Poogh for forgery whose arrest and attempted suicide was telegraphed yesterday. Engleman gave bonds for appearance in the sum of $500.

**Two Executions.**

Patrick McCarty was hanged yesterday at Fort Smith, by the United States marshal, for the murder of the Mahoney brothers in Indian territory. Schado Scarbrough was executed at Clayton, Alabama.

**The New Hunting Law Now in Force.**

An act to amend section 202 of an act entitled. "An act concerning public offences, and their punishment," approved April 14, 1881, being sections 2,110 of the revised statues of 1881:

Section 1. Be it enacted by the general assembly of the state of Indiana. That section 202 of the above entitled act be and the same is hereby amended to read as follows: Section 202. Whoever hunts with a dog or dogs, or hunts or shoots with any kind of firearms, on enclosed lands whithout having first obtained the consent of the owner or occupant thereof, shall, upon conviction thereof, be fined in any sum not more than fifty dollars nor less the five, provided that no prosecution shall be instituted under the provisions for this section, except upon the consent of the owner of the land entered. And provided further, that the provisions of this section shall not apply to wet or overflowed lands.

**Indiana Men Smothered.**

CHICAGO, April 9.—Alvin Hill and G. W. Archibald, the former the son of the president of the Adams County National bank, Decatur, Indiana, and the latter a dry goods merchant of Pleasant Mills, Indiana, arrived in the city yesterday and about 10 o'clock last night registered at a hotel on West Lake street. Both went to bed in the same room and blew out the gas. The landlady missed them this morning and later in the day pried the door to the room open. She found young Hill dead and Archibald just alive. He was brought back to consciousness after hours of hard work.

**Deaths of the Week.**

The following is the list of deaths since our last report:

John Dennison, 2 days, exhaustion.
Sarah A. Wilhelm, 31 years, paralysis of the brain.
Thomas Hamilton, 75 years, pneumonia.
Daniel Barens, 75 years, exhaustion.
Azel A. Rogers, 60 years, gangrene.
Blanche Forest, 1 month, congestion of the brain.
Rabura Berson, 74 years, congestion of the lungs.
Mary Schafer, 7 years, rheumatic fever.
Samuel Rosenthal, 17 years, consumption.

## LOCAL NEWS.

R. E. Moyers, of this city, was at Indianapolis yesterday.

The Pennington machine works were incorporated at Indianapolis yesterday.

The viewers have reported in favor of the Habecker ditch in Adams township.

The jury in the *Gazette* case was out deliberating when THE SENTINEL went to press.

Mrs. J. D. Hance, who has been the guest of her son, J. P. Hance, returned to her home in Carroll county, to-day.

Regular services at the Y. M. C. A., Sabbath afternoon, at 3:30. Come.

Rev. J. M. Fulton will conduct the usual services at the Second Presbyterian church to-morrow.

A woman died on the Pittsburg passenger train No. 1 as it approached the city at noon. She was afflicted with consumption. Undertaker Peltier prepared the remains and shipped them to Englewood, her home.

The Douglas avenue branch of the C. L. S. C. will meet on Thursday evening of next week instead of on Monday evening at the residence of the Misses Newell, No. 79 Douglas avenue, to accomodate any who may wish to attend the Y. M. C. A. concert Monday evening.

Mr. W. A. Foote came down from Duluth to visit his family and square himself against the collection of a picture in the Minneapolis *Tribune* on his handsome face. Mr. Foote is prospering in the northwest and his friends are all glad to greet him.

Rose Mooney sues Julius C. Mooney for a decree of divorce on the ground of abuse to her and her children. He also neglected his family and made his wife do farm work, including the clearing of their land. She closes by asserting that she has never had decent clothes or enough of them. The parties live in Eel River township.

The Fort Wayne turnverein has elected the following new officers: Frank Zimmerman, first speaker; Peter Nussbaum, second speaker; George Brattinger, secretary; Gottlieb Stauffer, treasurer; Emil Berthold, superintendent; August Schubert, first turnward; Fred Kratzsch, second turnward; Louis Rastetter, John Renss and Frank Gruber, trustees.

Building permits have been granted to Charles Strubey to erect an addition to his frame house on lot 81, Hanna's addition, to cost $400; to Thomas Ahern to build a three-story brick building on lot 88, Brackenridge addition, to cost $4,000; to Joseph Nichter, to construct a one and a half story frame house on lot 47, Bond's addition, to cost $800; to F. H. Peters, to put up an addition to his frame house on lot 20, Ewing's second addition, to cost $200, and to Julius Remus to erect a kitchen on Ewing's outlot No, 1, to cost $200.

## Y. M. C. A.

**Program of the Grand Subscription Concert of Monday Evening Next.**

The sale of tickets for the grand subscription concert for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A., indicates a crowded house next Monday evening. Following is the full program for that occasion:

PART I.

Overture, "Morning, Noon and Night in Vienna,".....Von Suppe
Reichaw's Orchestra.
Quartet, "Come, Dance and Sing".....Buck
Hardin Quartet.
Piano Solo, "Lucia de Lammermoor,".....Donizzetti
Miss Ilgen Schlesinger.
Baritone Solo, "The Y Kings".....Adams
Mr. W. F. Gardner.
Instrumental, "The Huntsman's Farewell".....Mendelssohn
Fort Wayne Brass Quartette.
Dialect Song, "The Dippery Christening,".....McGinnis
Mr. A. T. Lukens.
Gospel Hymn, "It is Well With My Soul,".....Bliss
Chorus of Male Voices.

PART II.

Overture, "Old Lavender".....Brahan
Reichaw's Orchestra.
Quartet, "Remember Thy Creator,"....Rhodes
Hardin Quartet.
Contralto Solo, "Ashamed of Christ"...Banks
Miss Minnie Graves.
Instrumental, "Praise of the Soldier".....Holditch
Brass Quartet.
Soprano Solo, "The Forget-Me-Not".....Von Suppe
Mrs. L. Aaron.
Dialect Song, "Little Mischief".....Markham
Mr. A. T. Lukens.
Gospel Hymn, "I've Found the Pearl"...Bliss
Chorus of Male Voices.

## INDIANA NEWS.

**Items of Interest From all Parts of Hoosierdom.**

Huntington is sinking gas well No. 2.

Laporte has raised $5,000 for gas well purposes.

Quakers are to build a new church at Plainville.

Huntington G. A. R. aid loan is liberally patronized.

The residence of Wm. K. Whittaker, about twelve miles northwest of Martinsville, was burned yesterday, together with most of the contents. Loss, $1,500; insured in the Phœnix of Hartford, for $375.

The sale of the Madison woolen mill, which was set for yesterday, has been postponed until Thursday, May 5. It is hoped that, pending the sale, some plan will be adopted under which the mill will be started.

## BREVITIES.

**Short Telegrams, Giving the News of the Day From all Around.**

As a result of the recent tragedy in Avery street, Boston, house No. 101 Beattie square, which has been a gambling den for twenty-five years, has been closed.

The Chicago striking carpenters refused to compromise their differences with the "bosses," who will not recognize the union, and a long and bitter struggle is expected.

Gen. Charles J. Payne, of Boston, owner of the Mayflower, has decided to build a steel center board yacht, about the size of the Mayflower, to defend the American cup.

Rev. W. F. Lowery, pastor of Brown's African M. E. church, Allegheny City, was the target of a would-be assassin last Sunday night during services. The bullet barely missed his head.

Paul Leader, one of the defendants in the Haddock murder trial at Sioux City, testified that Leavitt, who was the state's chief witness, shot Haddock, and not Arensdorf, the man on trial.

PRINCE BISMARCK said in his interview with M. de Lesseps, as an illustration of the fickleness of popular favor: "I was speaking to you just now of my popularity. This is almost as awkward as antipathy. This pavement of Berlin, which formerly I could not tread without the people I met spitting as I passed to show their disgust for me, is now so crowded with friends when I set foot out of doors that I am reduced to snowing myself as little as possible. The day may come when there will again be spitting on my path."

## THE CROWNING DAY.

**The Lord Will Come in Power and Glory From on High—Free Salvation, as It Will be Uttered From the Lips of God's Servants To-morrow.**

Do not be ashamed of Christ.

See that your children attend Sunday school.

This world is not your home, kind reader!

Do not live in this world alone for yourself.

Communion service to-morrow morning in the First Presbyterian church at 10:45. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.

Commence with Easter Sunday to live a life that will do you some good when you pass away to the other world.

If the Lord has given you wealth use it for his cause. Remember you will be held responsible and will have to give an account for every penny—whether you use in for good or evil.

There will be a mission and Easter service to-morrow evening at 7:30 at the Simpson M. E. church, corner Dawson and Harrison street. All are invited. Come, and bring your friends.

The morning service of the Third Presbyterian church will be conducted by the Rev. J. P. Lloyd. Sunday school at 2 p. m., instead of 7 o'clock. There will be no evening service.

Regular services at the church of God, corner of Hoagland avenue and DeWald streets, to-morrow morning at 10:30 and evening at 7:30. A cordial invitation extended to all. W. W. Lovett, pastor.

No services at the Wayne street M. E. church to-morrow morning, but the Sunday school services will begin at 2 o'clock p. m., and a missionary and Easter concert will be given in the evening.

Easter will be observed at the A. M. E church to-morrow. Special sermons Easter morning and evening. EASTER service at 3 p. m. Friends are invited to all these services by the pastor, W. H. Brown.

The Christian and Congregational churches will join in a union service in the Congregational church at 10:30 a. m. At 7:30 p. m. an easter concert exercise will be given by the Sabbath school.

Grace Reformed chapel will be reopened, 'mid the joys of the Easter morning. Appropriate services will be held. The evening theme will be "The Profitableness of Godliness. T. J. Bacher, pastor.

Trinity church, W. N. Webbe, Rector, Easter Sunday, services at 7:30 a. m., 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school celebration. Easter music at the 10:30 a. m. service: Processional "March of the Templars," Hiles; "Christ our Passover," Hodges; "Gloria," Mozart; "TeDeum," Tully; "Jubilate," Rossi; "Gloria," Twelfth mass, Mozart; Offeratory, "I Know that my Redeemer Liveth," Handel; "Gloria in Excelsis," Buck. All are cordially invited.

Come with your friends and neighbors to the 7:30 services at the Baptist church. Easter will be celebrated by the baptism of several converts at the 10:30 services, symbolizing the death, burial and resurrection of Jesus Christ in accordance with Romans, 6:3, 4.—"Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized with Jesus Christ, were baptized into his death. Therefore, we are baptized with him into death, that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so, we also should walk in the newness of life," S. A. Northrup, pastor.

Don't disparage the good that other people are doing. People will not be led to think you great or wise or good if you are constantly sneering at the goodness or wisdom or greatness of others. It is the mark of a petty mind to do this. Form the habit of sneering and in a short time there will be scarcely a thing that you can not find fault with, and you will be a contemptible thing. Speak kindly and you will find some good thing in almost any one to speak of, and you will develop into the cheery, happy one who blesses and is blessed wherever he may go.

## CEDAR BLOCKS.

**A Strong Petition to be Presented to the Council Next Tuesday Evening.**

The following petition in reference to wooden blocks will be presented to the common council next Tuesday evening:

To the Honorable Mayor and Common Council of the City Fort Wayne, Indiana.

GENTLEMEN—We the undersigned property owners of Calhoun street and citizens of Fort Wayne, respectfully represent that we are the owners of the number of feet set opposite our names, and that we represent a large majority of the property bordering on that part of Calhoun street which is to be paved, and believing that our wishes will receive the consideration from your hands that it deserves, beg your honorable body to order the paving of said street with cedar blocks or other suitable wooden material that has been tried and will stand the heavy traffic it will be subjected to, on this street especially. We therefore respectfully solicit you to grant the petition.

Edward Seidel, 20 feet front on Calhoun street,
Dessauer, Trauerman & Wolf, 30 feet.
John Mohr, jr., 20 feet.
H. W. Mordhurst, 20 feet.
Fred Graffe, 90 feet.
John Bothner, 25 feet.
Louis Fox, 50 feet.
Thomas Lau, 93½ feet.
John Koester, 50 feet.
Wilhelmina Salemann, 25 feet.
J. J. Jocquel, 50 feet.
F. W. E. Helmke, 70 feet.
C. C. Gumpper, 20 feet.
J. D. & C. C. Gumpper, 20 feet.
M. M. Kelley, 20 feet.
Patrick Hoarn, 20 feet.
P. H. Garvey, 22 feet.
Michael and J. Woulfe, 50 feet.
Pat Woulfe, 20 feet.
A. M. Agster, 40 feet.
Joseph Mommer, jr., 20 feet.
Miller & Moritz, 85 feet.
Caroline W. Phillips, 65 feet.
Margaret Breen and Wm. P. Breen, 28 feet.
William Dunn, 130 feet.
August C. Trentman, 125 feet.
E. M. Powers, 50 feet.
A. B. Trentman, 65 feet.
W. Fleming, 166 feet.
H. G. Wagner, 55 feet.
Wm. H. Dreier, 20 feet.
Chas. Stellhorn, 15 feet.
John H. Welch, 20 feet.
John Leichner, 20 feet.
Henry C. Graffe, 80 feet.
S. C. Lumbard, administrator estate of Ann Bird, dead, 20 feet.
Jacob Foellinger, sr., 110 feet.
Charles G. Smith, secretary board of trustees Fort Wayne lodge, No. 14, I. O. O. F., 70 feet.
Mathias App, 20 feet.
L. O. Hull, 20 feet.
Wm. Saunders, 20 feet.
Sanford Rich, 60 feet.
Juliana T. Norman, 42½ feet.
E. A. K. Hackett, 25 feet.
L. Mohr, 25 feet.
Wilson & Bro., 20 feet.
John Gaelje, 40 feet.
G. Stauffer, 20 feet.
Mrs. B. B. Nill, 18 feet.
Gottlieb Niemann, 20 feet.
Empie & Samaders, 20 feet.
Daniel Harmon, 102 feet.
Nirdlinger & Oppenheimer, 22½ feet.
John Leibner, 10 feet.
Fred W. Stenner, 25 feet.
Gottlieb Orff, 25 feet.
T. B. Hedekin, 200 feet.
Elisa Schroeder, 20 feet.
Schroeder Bros., 20 feet.
J. Henry Schone, 20 feet.
Mary C. Schneckman, 20 feet.
James M. Kane, 25 feet.
M. B. Shilling, 20 feet.
H. G. Olds, 20 feet.
Mrs. Hanna Smith leaves the matter to C. McCulloch, so I will be satisfied with cedar block. C. McCulloch. 150 feet.
E. P. Williams, 22½ feet.
Jas. Summers, 20 feet.
C. O. Lepper, 20 feet.
H. C. Sites, 20 feet.
Jacob Certin, per Peter Certin, 40 feet.
Hester A. Wood, 74 feet.
Leop. Freiberger, 20 feet.
A. H. Hamilton, 45 feet on west side and 20 on east side.
Geo. W. Brackenridge, 22 feet.
John C. Spencer, by guardian, 40 feet.
Timothy Hogan, 60 feet.
Mrs. E. Driscoll, 17 feet.
J. W and H. P. Vordermark, 20 feet.
J. B. White, 210 feet.
Mary Smith by Geo. D. Crane, her attorney, 20 feet.
Jacob Baker, 30 feet.
J. B. Jacob, for Y. M. C. A., 90 feet.
Susan C. Williams by Henry M. Williams, 20 feet.
George T. Roelle, 60 feet.
J. B. Barnes, 40 feet.
E. Miller, administrator, 17½ feet.
J. Brackenridge, 30 feet.
G. McCullough, 20 feet.
Louis Sauser, 20 feet.
Montgomery Hamilton, 20 feet.


**PRACTICAL TAILORS.**

**One of the Leading and Popular Merchant Tailoring Establishments of this City, is that of Young & Co.**

Their success has been fully commensurate with its merit. They employ only skilled and experienced assistants, supervising their business personally in all its departments, and no suit is permitted to leave the house that is not a perfect fit. Among their patrons are numbered many of our leading citizens, who have learned that the place to obtain an elegant fit is at this establishment. The stock carried of foreign and domestic cloths of all kinds is probably the most complete and carfully selected in the city.

We can briefly say, give them a call and it will prove to you that they have the spring and summer line of cloth goods for all sorts of suitings.


## BUNCHED THEM!

**The Wabash Courier and Plain Dealer Consolidated Under Charley Haas.**

Negotiations which have been in progress for several weeks, looking to the consolidation of the two republican newspapers in Wabash, the *Plain Dealer* and *Courier*, were concluded last evening, and an agreement for the sale of the good will of the latter paper to Charles S. Haas, who will consolidate it with the *Plain Dealer*, was perfected. A joint stock company with a capital of $12,000 will be organized at once for the publication of the consolidated paper. Chas. H. Nowell, for eighteen months past editor of the *Plain Dealer*, will have charge of the business department. Charles S. Haas, the editor, and Henry H. Harris will superintend the mechanical department. Lee Linn, of the *Courier*, who has completed his thirteenth year of newspaper work in Wabash, will remove to Denison, Texas, where he will take editorial control of the *Daily News*. Mr. Haas, the editor of the consolidated newspapers, was formerly city reporter on THE SENTINEL. He is a gentleman and a bright, entertaining writer.


Salvation Oil cures wounds of all kinds, 25 cts.

The Philadelphia Star asserts that "truth whispered is more effective than nonsense thundered;" and truth it is that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the best remedy in the land for curing a cough or cold.

The best in the world—Centlivre's Book beer, on sale to day.

**For To-day's Trade.**

We will place on sale one thousand yards Allen's Best Shirting Prints, at 4c. a yard, at Chaska's Old Stand, 72 Calhoun street.

**Street Railway Notice.**

Commencing with Sunday, April 10th, the cars on the Citizens' Street railroad will be run every twenty minutes, the same as on week days, between the hours of 8 a. m. and 9 p. m., until further notice.

S. U. LEMBARD, Receiver.

Ice cream and sherbets for Easter at the Chicago bakery on Broadway.

WM. YERGEN'S, JR.

**House Painting and Dealer in Wall Paper.**

One of the largest stocks, best selections and the newest and most desirable patterns and designs can be found with Wm. Yergens, Jr., No. 186 Broadway. It embraces all the latest styles in wall decorations, from the most elaborate velvet finish to the medium and cheaper grades. Mr. Yergens also carries a full stock of white leads, oils, mixed paints, etc. House and sign painting is conducted by skilled artists, and the many new structures in the west end are proofs that Mr. Yergens is the leader in all matters pertaining to interior and exterior of house decorating.

Centlivre Book beer. Nothing like it. Centlivre's Book beer.

Maple sugar, 12½c pound.
Maple molasses, $1.10 per gallon.
Buckwheat flour, 30c for 10 lb sack.
YANKEE GROCERY.

Remember that to-day is the day for Centlivre's Book beer. Inquire for it.

The spring term of the Conservatory of Music begins on Wednesday, the 13th inst. Enrollment of pupils Monday and Tuesday. 9-3t

**OUR AIM.**

To save money for our patrons.

**OUR INTENTION**

To do better by you than any one else.

**OUR PLATFORM**

Square dealing and low price.

A positive saving of 33 per cent. on all purchases made at the

**BANKRUPT SHOE STORE,**

19 CALHOUN ST.

Kites given away with every pair of boys' shoes.

# Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1887.


## STYLES IN DRESS.

### The Budding Toilet Beauties of the Spring-Time.

### THE PREVALENCE OF STRIPES.

*Features of the New Fabrics for Spring and Summer Wear—Miscellaneous Fashion Notes.*

The novelty in summer silks is Bengaline with small rops, and of almost as light weight as are French foulards, says *Harper's Bazar*. It comes in plain colors, and in stripes, checks, and plaids, showing all the new soft quaint tapestry shades. It will be made up with the striped or plaid Bengaline for the plain lower skirt, the vest, collar, and cuffs, while plain Bengaline or else cashmere of the prevailing color will be used for the basque and drapery. Thus serpent blue cashmere (with gray in it) is draped on a satin-striped Bengaline, or else plain heliotrope Bengaline is made over a plaid Bengaline skirt of heliotrope barred with old rose, or the new Battenberg green of a solid color is combined with striped green, ecru, and primrose Bengaline. Double stripes and stripes of irregular widths are a feature of new fabrics, though the regular hair stripes and pencilled lines are still shown.

Pompadour Sicilicnes of light quality and very gray coloring are shown in stripes for making the entire dress, with the shapely Louis Quatorze coat-basque, or draped with Marie Antoinette panniers, festoons, ruches, and great choux, made all of the same fabric. These light Sicilicnnes have stripes of a cream ground strewn with trailing vines, wreaths, and garlands of flowers in their natural hues, alternating with plain stripes of Dresden-china blue, Dubarry rose, celadon, serpent, heliotrope, or the yellow of French porcelains.

New silks made in Tussah, India, have the cream ground of pongee, but are of a lighter wiry reel fiber, pleasant to the touch, and prettily decorated with green, brown, or porcelain-blue Grecian broche squares, or with cubes or diamonds. They are also imported in stripes and plaids of soft India colors on ecru grounds. Exceedingly strong yet light twilled silks are made in the ecru or unbleached shades from India cocoons of natural growth that are found in the forests, and are said to make more durable silks than those of the cultivated cocoons. These come in fine stripes and will be used for traveling wraps and costumes.

The India silks and foulards have single long-stemmed flowers strewn at wide intervals on light grounds—rose, cream, serpent, or Nile green—or they are in flowered stripes, vines of cream, ecru, or pink on china blue, brown, green, or violet grounds; or else they are in darker colors with great wheel patterns, or with smaller linked squares or bars of two colors—such as dark wine-colored grounds with lapping quadrangles of ecru and green, or velvet with pale rose and gold squares.

For black and white mixtures gros grain has stripes of gros grain—not of satin—as two irregular white stripes on a black ground, or double black stripes on a white ground. When the silk is all black and plain the soft faille Francoise is still the best choice. For combination black silk dresses there are new stripes two or three inches wide of zigzag armures, with moire or else surah stripes alternating with repped faille stripes, to be used for skirts and basques, and part of the drapery of moire, plain faille, or armure. A rich fabric for the trains of black dresses has only three stripes in each breadth like wide sash ribbons, two of moire with one of satin between, or else only two stripes are in a width.

For colors in monotone or in contrasts are dotted stripes that have dots within dots, and often three kinds of stripes, en camaieu, are in one fabric—repped stripes, satin, and gros grain—or else they contrast—white and black, blue with gray, ecru with heliotrope, or old-rose with green. There are also very narrow frise velvet stripes in tapestry colors on surah grounds of heavy twills. For evening silks are light faille Francaise stripes, white with pale-rose, or blue with brocaded wreaths of small flowers, borders of ribbon, bouquets, etc.

There is a revival of the old-time moire antique, a stately fabric dear to dowagers before the introduction of watered silks with set waves in stripes. The genuine moire antique has irregular zigzag lines like streaks of lightning all over its surface, and this will be used for the whole dress, or else in combination with sheilar moire that is overlaid with satin stripes. The striped moires are of all one color, or in contrast, as cream moire with brown satin stripes, dark blue with red, old-rose with wine-color, gray with heliotrope, or white with black. The striped fabrics will also be used for the lower skirt of cashmere and of Bengaline dresses made up in the quaint gathered waists with soft full draperies.

Newly-imported Paris dresses show all these new fabrics made up with voluminous draperies of most irregular arrangement, no two dresses being alike, and the sides of each dress being draped differently. Sometimes this variety is carried so far as to make one-half the dress like a polonaise, while the other half is a basque with over-skirt or pannier draperies. This last caprice is seen not only in the silken fabrics for the house, but in the tailor dresses of serge, cloth, and camel's-hair

*Spring Novelties.*

A very pretty gown for a young lady, says an Eastern fashion authority, was made with a skirt and bodice of sage-green diagonal cross-warp serge; the overskirt, revers, collar and cuffs were of vienna striped with red.

Another had a skirt and bodice of biscuit delaine, printed with shades of green; drapery and vest of plain biscuit delaine, yoke and cuffs of green velvet.

Pretty spring costumes are made of grisaille material and composed of a tunic and underskirt. The bodice is gathered round the neck and waist, and fastened on the left side with a row of fancy brocaded galloon in gray or silver or gold. The tunic is draped into two small paniers on each side and a pouf at the back. A belt trimmed with the brocaded galloon is fastened at the waist with an oval gold or silver buckle, and thence falls into two lapels in the middle. The underskirt is plaited in flat, wide plaits.

Gowns of sprigged muslin delaines and other light fancy woolens are made with a bodice similar to the above, only the tunic is simply continued from the waist downward, the front overlapping the back part at the side and being slightly draped over a gathered skirt. Round waist with sash or belt. The edge of the tunic is scalloped out and embroidered.

Printed muslins will be made the same way, very slightly draped over an underskirt of silk or satinet, made quite plain. Some few models have puffed-out sleeves, but the greater number have tight sleeves, finished with a bracelet of ribbon and bow with short ends.

With all light materials the bodice gathered like a chemisette on to a band round the neck will be very fashionable, but becoming only to ladies with slight figures. Those who, on the contrary, are gifted with rather too much of a figure will still adhere to the plain bodice pealed in front. This style is renovated by the various styles of shoulder-pieces now in fashion, and of which we have already given a description. The pointed shoulder-piece in particular makes the figure look much slighter.

*Dinner Toilets.*

A lovely and rather unique dinner dress has a bodice and plaited panel of burnt sienna and gold-colored brocade, the drapery of corn-colored faille, the chemisette of cream-colored lace, and a spray of brown leaves on the right side of the skirt and in the hair.

The next has an underskirt of coral-pink ottoman covered with cream lace. The bodice and drapery is also of coral-pink ottoman. A plaiting of Indian silk extends from the left shoulder to the right side of the waist, and is fastened at the shoulder with a bow; chemisette of cream lace; ivy spray in the left side of the skirt.

Another has an underskirt and bodice of olive-green striped fancy silk. The plaited front and tunic are of pink silk; collar band and stripe down the front of bodice of olive surah.

This one has an underskirt of cream striped silk; the bodice and tunic of poppy-red striped silk; revers and trimming on tunic of poppy-red velvet; plastron of plaited India muslin.

A very rich dinner dress has a narrow plaiting at the bottom of the skirt of electric blue sicilienne, then a deep plaiting of cream India silk. The Vandyked overskirt is of electric blue velvet. The drapery is of electric blue sicilienne, fastened on the hip with old silver ornaments; electric blue velvet bodice, with gauged under-bodice of cream India silk. The lower parts of the sleeves are of velvet, with old silver ornaments.

Another very stylish dress is of biscuit and red striped silk. The overskirt is of germinium-red glace silk, with fan-shaped plaiting of velvet. The side panel and bodice are of the stripe, the vest and sleeves of silk, with collar, cuffs, and bows of velvet.

One of green glace silk had a panel and bodice trimming of terra-cotta brocade, trimmed with chenille and cord fringe.

A very stylish dress of blue faille was trimmed with brown-embroidered satin edged with beads. The bows and pointed belt were of blue ribbon velvet. —*Philadelphia Record.*

*Tapestry Shades.*

The wood shades of bronze are very popular.

Old Normandy lace has come again into use among other revived novelties.

Charles X. pink is to be one of the fashionable colors in the millinery department this season.

Plain skirts will be the rule the coming season, with very long and full draperies in the over-dress.

All the newest plaid dresses show the material made up bias, this being considered especially effective in the large plaids.

Among the new jackets made by English tailors checks are largely used, especially in the new gray-blue shade with white, and their trimming is Directoire revers of darker blue moire antique, with collar, pockets, cuffs, and lapels on the back of the same old-time silk.

Stockings in silk and Lisle-thread repeat all the new greens and shades of heliotrope. For wear with evening dress are silk stockings with black feet and black half way up, the rest being flesh color. This gives a curious appearance, as if only half high boots were worn.

Long classic draperies in peplum points, pleats from belt to foot in front of draperies, and diagonal pleats from the left hip to the right foot, are seen on other tailor gowns. The new green cloths braided with silver are shown for reception and visiting toilets, and the pale fawn colors that are always liked in the spring are shown in barred cheviots for general wear, and also in the finer-faced cloths.

## SABBATH READING.

### The Christian's Life is One of Continued Warfare with Sin.

### WHAT WE SOW WE REAP.

*What the Church Needs to Know—Shun the Vicious — Typical Expressions from Beecher.*

*What the Church Needs to Know.*

We believe the church in these last days needs to know that, in giving her the Bible, her divine Head never meant that she should put even His own book in place of Him,—so that she would be always appealing to its letter for guidance, rather than to the Spirit who indited it, and gives it life. We hold most strongly the full inspiration of the Bible as the Word of God, and as our infallible guide. We believe also that the Spirit who gave it can never contradict Himself and that all new views of truth must be tested by it. But we also believe that the Spirit who first gave the Bible to the Church, is God's perpetual gift to her to the end of time, that His presence must be duly acknowledged and honored, that His guidance must not be only sought, but expected, that His voice must be listened to, His promptings obeyed. We know the danger here of fanaticism. But even fanaticism is less dangerous than dead formality. Better the disorder of a Corinthian assembly, where there is the energy of the Spirit, than the most decorous worship of modern days of which He is not the inspiration. —*Words of Reconciliation.*

*Shun the Vicious.*

A man cannot live long in an atmosphere impregnated with miasmatic poison and preserve his physical health; neither can he dwell where the poisoned air is moistened by vicious contamination and preserve a pure and upright character. We are all of us, more or less influenced by our surroundings and our associations, and those who seem strong, when far from immoral companions, frequently are the first to fall when brought into direct contact with those who give unbridled license to the grosser passions of their nature. While it is true that temptation, when successfully resisted, develops virtue, it is also a melancholy fact that in most instances the resisting power is not equal to the aggressive force. As physical health is conditioned upon the purification of the air we breathe, so moral health is determined largely by the character and conduct of those around us. If we would be pure in deed and thought, we must mingle with the pure in word and conduct, and shun the companionship of those who make a jest of virtue and a mock of honor.

*Typical Expressions from Beecher.*

Mr. Beecher never delivered a discourse in which there were not many gems. A hasty glance through a few of his published utterances discloses these epigrammatic thoughts upon every page. A few of them are culled as presented below, but they of necessity lack completeness and serve better to show Mr. Beecher's originality of expression than the breadth of his mind. The misconceptions of religion and the quarrelling of the sects were frequent topics with him:

Religion is a very slim, lean, gaunt, poor, ill-fed thing as it is ordinarily conceived of in this world.

Men sit around a tool-chest quarreling about saws and planes and chisels. They are not building anything; they are debating about tools. They are fit to be a theological seminary.

That kind of revival preaching which seeks to drive men into Heaven by the fear of hell is not Christianity. It is the worst form of Paganism.

Sects are candlesticks, and a man or woman that is big enough to be good for anything is too large for any sect.

Why is it that men think it incumbent upon them to be cats and dogs in religion and gentlemen in everything outside of it?

Sunday with him was not a day of gloom, and he took frequent occasion to show the needlessness of being somber on that day.

I esteem the awfulness that is attached to Sunday, and church, and pulpit, the greatest mistake of Christendom.

The prevalent idea of keeping the Sabbath is that it is a day on which certain things must not be done. To the majority of people, Sunday is a day full of *nots*.

I am in favor of any movement that helps anybody to appreciate Sunday as a day of rest, of healthful and pure pleasures, and that will gently lead men, women, and children from the things of low estate up to the higher.

Some of his utterances on the question of death and the future life are peculiarly appropriate at this time:

To one who is living aright, no death can be sudden and no place unfavorable. One step and all roads meet.

Dying is the best part of life to one who knows how to live worthily.

If the life that has gone out has been like music, full of concords, full of sweetness, richness, delicacy, truth, then there are two ways to look at it: One is to say, "I have not lost it!" Another to say, "Blessed be God that I have had it so long!"

When we comprehend the fullness of what death will do for us, in all our outlook and forelook, dying is triumphing. Nowhere is there so fair a sight, so sweet a prospect, as when a young soul is passing away out of life and time through the gate of death—the rosy, the royal, the golden, the pearly gate of death.

Death is an sweet flowers are. It is as blessed as bird-singing in spring. I never hear of the death of any one who is ready to die, that my heart does not sing like a harp. I am sorry for those that were left behind but not for those who have gone before.

As I grow older and come nearer to death, I look upon it more and more with complacent joy, and but of every longing I hear God say: "Oh, trusting, hungering one, come to me." What the other life will bring I know not, only that I shall awake in God's likeness and see Him as He is.

Rest on, then, Oh heart, and yearn for dying. I have drunk at many a fountain, but thirst came again; I have fed at many a humteous table, but hunger returned; I have seen many bright and lovely things, but while I gazed their luster faded. There is nothing here that can give me rest, but when I behold Thee, Oh, God, I shall be satisfied.

His ever exuberant and joyous nature was a constant protest against the ascetic in religion or in daily life.

Don't mope. Be young as long as you live. Laugh a good deal. Frolic every day. A low tone of mind is unhealthy.

A lawyer who works ten months in the year and then for two solid months amuses himself, will last twice as long as if he took no recreation.

Men have come to think that tears are more sacred than smiles. No! Laughing is as divine as crying.

Humor usually tends towards good nature, and everything that tends towards good nature tends towards good grace.

If laughing's a sin, I don't see what the Lord let's so many funny things happen for.

Having wit and buoyancy of spirits, let them flask out in services of religion. Don't consider it necessary to rake them up and hide them.

Humor is the atmosphere in which grace most flourishes.

I say when a person becomes a christian that he loses nothing that he should not be afraid to keep. If ever you are going to be a Christian don't set out to be a gloomy-eyed, twilight-faced, bat-like Christian.

*JOHN BROWN'S WIFE AND DAUGHTER.*

At Los Gatos we begin to ascend into a more wild and picturesque country. The road winds up and around the Santa Cruz mountains, along creeks fed by the mountain streams and gulches, into woods which hold greater wealth for California than the gold in its mines, for here the wild grapevine was discovered, and here was the home of the early "Mission" grape, which was the first one cultivated. Near Los Gatos a spot is pointed out —a bare spot between two trees upon a mountain peak—where the wife and daughter of John Brown took refuge after the tragedy of Harper's Ferry. It was a wild, lonely place, with not even a trail by which it could be reached; but the daughter used to come down the mountain at intervals on the back of a mountain pony to do a little trading, and carry her food home strapped to its back. The editor of the San Jose *Mercury* first called public attention to the wretched loneliness and poverty stricken condition of the two women and started a fund for their benefit. The New York *Tribune* and Daily *Times* took it up, and the sum was raised which bought the land, built a comfortable cottage and left enough for a small income. The county subsequently made a road up the mountain; and though the mother died nearly two years ago, the daughter continues to live at her home in the wild Santa Cruz mountains.—*California Cor. New York Graphic.*

*AN IDYL OF THE GULCH.*

In 1858, "Sallowed-Faced Dick," one of the wildest-mannered pirates who ever cut a throat, run down from Red Gulch to Frisco to sell his dust and have a racket. He got washed up at the hotel, put on his store clothes, and lounged into the office. Standing by the door was a gentleman whose face attracted him by reason of its genial and, indeed, lovable expression. Dick opened conversation, and, as he proceeded, was fascinated by the stranger's general information on mining topics. From out of the bottom of his heart came the only response which he had been taught to make to one whose conduct pleased him.

"Ole boy," said he, slapping him on the shoulder, "let's liquor."

"I beg your pardon," said the other. "I am a minister of the Gospel, and never drink."

Dick's sallow face grew sallower, tears came to his eyes, and his hand moved nervously toward his hip.

"Good God, stranger," said he, I've just come to town for a good time. Don't make me shoot a man the first day."

The drink was taken.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

*A TRAMP'S ELOQUENCE.*

"You do not look very well, my poor man," said a lady to a tramp to whom she was handing something to eat.

"No, ma'am, I do not," he answered, "I neglected to take my annual bath last summer, and I am suffering now for my carelessness. I kept putting it off until the weather became too cold. This shows you, ma'am, the evil of procrastination. And let me add that if you have it in your mind to give a poor tramp a small drop of something to keep him warm, now is the time to do it. Do not be like me, ma'am! Do not procrastinate and afterwards carry around with you a chestful of remorse and regret. Be warned, madam, by one who repents at the eleventh hour."

This admonition was too strong for the lady to withstand, and she immediately went into the house and brought the tramp out a cup of weak tea, steaming hot.—*Boston Courier.*

"How sad!" exclaimed one blade of a pair of scissors to the other; "how sad, we only meet to sever!"

## THE CHILDREN.

### Matters Grave and Gay for the Amusement of the Little Ones.

### THE CABIN-BOY'S TREASURE.

*An Interesting Account of a Shipwreck, and the Brave Captain's Love for the Little Cabin-Boy.*

*The Cabin-Boy's Treasure.*

"We'll be driven ashore in less than five minutes, and then may God have mercy upon us, for the rocks will have none!"

So muttered through his clinched teeth (as he strained his eyes through the blinding spray to catch the dim loom of the cliffs right ahead) the Captain of the trading brig Mermaid, homeward bound to London from the Brazilian port of Pernambuco.

It was indeed all over with the poor old brig. Both her masts were gone, her wheel and steering-gear had been carried away, and a tremendous sea was sweeping her straight toward the wildest and rockiest part of the southwest coast of England. For himself Capt. Barrett would have cared little, accustomed as he was to face every kind of danger without flinching; but his wife and her little girl were on board along with him, and what was to become of them?

Close by the captain's side, clinging as tightly as his benumbed and cramped fingers would let him to the jagged stump of the mainmast (behind which Mrs. Barrett and her child had been placed for shelter), stood Bill the cabin-boy, a bright-eyed, curly-haired little fellow, barely 10 years old. The kind-hearted captain had found him wandering disconsolately about the East India docks, ragged and hungry; and remembering the time when he himself had been just such a poor and friendless boy, had taken the forlorn lad aboard the Mermaid, where he had remained ever since.

Bill was much better off than most ship-boys, for instead of being starved and beaten, as they usually were in those rough days, he was made a regular pet both by the captain and the crew. But he was not their only favorite, for Capt. Barrett had brought back from Brazil a queer little South American raccoon, not much bigger than a rat, and looking very like one, with its long, sharp snout and sleek brown coat. All through the homeward voyage, Zip, as the coon was called, was the chosen playmate of the sailors, who were never tired of running about the forecastle with him, or feeding him on pieces of softened biscuit. But now, when every man on board expected to be struggling for his life within a few minutes, poor Zip seemed likely to be left to take care of himself, and to have but a poor chance for escape.

Suddenly Bill was seen to leave his place and to pick his way like a rope-dancer across the rocking, reeling deck, over which the furious sea broke every moment in roaring waterfalls of foam. One would hardly have thought the little cabin-boy likely to possess any treasure for which he would care to risk his life; but it was plain enough that he did, for when he got back to his place (after venturing down to the lower deck) he had something buttoned up inside his jacket, of which he seemed to be very careful indeed.

He was barely in time, for scarcely had he caught hold of the broken mast once more when the doomed vessel was suddenly whirled upward on the crest of an enormous wave, as if she were being flung up into the very sky. Then she flew forward with amazing swiftness, and a tremendous crash was heard as her bow was driven hard and fast between two low jagged rocks!

The shock threw all on board off their feet, and they clung in desperation to whatever they could seize, as the waves poured over the stern like a cataract. For a moment it seemed as if the whole vessel must go to pieces at once; but no—she held firm, and there was still a chance for life.

But what was to be done next? They were indeed only a very little way from the land; but how were they to reach it? The only plan was for some one to swim ashore with a rope; and this, in the teeth of the great seas that came thundering in every moment, would be as deadly a venture as to charge through a shower of cannon balls.

But help was at hand. The drifting wreck had long since been descried from the shore, and suddenly a bright flash shot out from the brow of the cliff, and something like a fiery star came hissing toward the stranded brig through the darkness which the first pale gleam of dawn was just beginning to pierce. It was a rocket, with a rope attached to it.

Such was the fury of the storm that the messenger of safety all but missed its mark. The line fell just upon the shattered bow, and would have dropped off into the sea in another instant had not one of the sailors sprung forward and caught it. It was quickly made fast, while those on shore secured the other end, and the way of escape lay open.

In a trice Capt. Barrett had fastened his wife and little Mary firmly into the sling attached to the rope; and all on board held their breath as the two disappeared into the darkness, drawn along that frail cord which looked as slender as a spider's thread amid the mountain waves that leaped and gnashed around it like wild beasts. But after a suspense which seemed endless to the anxious watchers on the wreck, a cheer from the shore, faintly heard through the roar of wind and wave, told that the mother and child had got safely to land.

"Thank God!" said the Captain, fervently. "Now, lads, away you go; I must be the last man aboard the poor old craft, you know."

The men obeyed in grim silence. One by one they were drawn to land, and last of all came the Captain himself. But although he had borne up bravely till then, his overtaxed strength gave way as soon as he reached the shore, and down he fell in a dead faint.

When he came to himself again, he was lying on the floor of a fisherman's hut, and beside him sat Mrs. Barrett with her child in her lap.

"All right Cap'n," said the old fisherman, cheerily, helping him to rise; "we've got your men safe, all twelve of 'em."

"And the boy?" cried Capt. Barrett, "the little cabin-boy?"

"The boy?" echoed the old man, doubtfully. "I didn't see no boy among 'em, nohow."

"What! is little Bill missing?" shouted the Captain. "I must go and see about that at once."

But he went that moment, weak though he was; and he soon fell in with three or four of his men, who, like himself, were coming out of the huts in which they were sheltered. But none of them knew anything about Bill, and the Captain's heart was beginning to sink, when somebody pulled him gently by the sleeve, and there stood the missing boy, muffled in a huge pilot coat.

"I was just a-lookin' for you, sir," said Bill, touching his forelock.

"Why, where on earth have you been, my lad?" asked the Captain. "We all thought you were lost."

"Well, you see, sir, Jim Barrows wrapped me in a tarpaulin, and held me in his arms while they pulled him ashore, and maybe that's how they didn't see me. I've brought you something from the wreck, though. Look here!"

So saying, he produced from under his coat the Captain's little raccoon, Zip, which, overjoyed at seeing its master again, leaped upon his broad shoulder and rubbed its cold, wet nose against his face.

"I didn't forget him," said the boy, gleefully. "I went down and got him up just afore we struck, and buttoned him inside my jacket; and here he is, all right and jolly."

Capt. Barrett is an old man now, but as long as he lives neither Bill nor Zip will ever be far away from him.—*David Kerr, in Harper's Young People.*

*BEECHER HIS ALIVE.*

There are probably few newspaper reporters in this city that have not interviewed Henry Ward Beecher. The Plymouth pastor enjoyed great popularity among the reporters, for he was accessible, genial, and, as a rule, talkative. He was always ready to engage in a harmless bit of chaff with the newspaper men, but he did not brook insolence. The last-mentioned fact was recently impressed upon the alleged mind of a swaggering youngster who said that he represented a Brooklyn paper. A rumor that Mr. Beecher was dead got started in some unaccountable manner and spread like wildfire. Reporters by the score hurried to Mr. Beecher's house and were there confronted by the famous preacher hale and hearty. After a while along came a young man who said to Mr. Beecher with an impudent grin that he has been sent by the city editor of the Brooklyn ——— "to find out whether Beecher was alive or dead."

"Well," said the Plymouth pastor, "I suppose you know who I am?"

"Oh, yes," answered the fellow pertly, "but I would like to have it directly from you that you are not dead."

"Ah," murmured the stalwart pastor, as he laid a heavy hand on the funny young man's coat collar. The next instant the young man was held up in the air and shaken as a dog would shake a sawdust doll. Mr. Beecher set him down on the sidewalk not any too gently and quietly remarked: "Now, you can go to your city editor and tell him that you have received actual proof that I am alive."—*New York Times.*

*A MATHEMATICAL TRAVELER.*

"Say, Sam, I've been figuring," remarked one traveling man to another on the steam cars. "I've got the boss mathematical calculation."

"Let's have it."

"Well, there's at least thirty 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' combinations in the country, ain't there?"

"I guess so."

"And suppose each company plays seven nights and two matinees; that's nine performances a week. Forty weeks, the usual theatrical season, makes it 360 performances, and thirty companies make a grand total of 10,800 performances."

"Yes, but what of that?"

"Why, a Little Eva dies in each performance, and you have ocular evidence that she has become an angel in the transformation scene. Now, I was wondering whether we hadn't better hustle for the golden gates before we are crowded out by this enormous emigration of Little Evas."

But his audience was fast asleep, and the mathematician settled down and figured two overcoats out of a two months' expense account.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

*THERE WERE REASONS.*

"I notice," he said to one of the officials of a southwestern railroad, "that your earnings for December showed a decrease."

"Yes, they did."

"To what do you attribute the fact?"

"Well, we had three box-cars smashed, one flat-car disabled for twenty days, and two of the locomotives burst a flue. Nothing but the very best financial management enabled us to pull through and make any showing at all."—*Wall Street News.*

French experiments have shown that nickel may be effectively rolled upon soft steel plates, which are thus made as valuable for lamp reflectors and other purposes as silvered copper.

## FUN.

Rough on rats—strikers.

A flat failure—a poor pancake.

The morning stars sang together for joy, after they secured their long-hoped-for engagement.

"Drawing the enemy's fire" is dangerous work, both for a soldier and an artist at the front.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you." Slip down on the sidewalk and the world laughs at you.

Something that's all the better for being put off until to-morrow—the speaking of an angry word.

The Norristown *Herald* has an article on "The Distribution of the Diamond." It is such articles as these that give sparkle to a newspaper.

M. L. Holbrook has written a book on "How to Strengthen the Memory." He omits the most fashionable of strengtheners, that of tying a string about the forefinger.

Gentleman (on plank crossing stream)—Well, either you or I must turn back, Pat—Och, you turn, and I will follow you. Divil a bit will I turn me back be such a foine gentleman.

A Texas preacher predicts that the world will come to an end in ten years. Ten years! Who cares? Nine more winters of tobogganing yet. Let her slide!—*Boston Courier.*

"What's a life insurance?" asked one boy of another. "Well, I s'pose," said his companion, "it's a concern that keeps a man poor all the time he's alive, so that he may die rich."

Knowledge of character.

No man we know by outside show
Is ever that may attract—
We cannot tell what's in the shell
Until the nut we've cracked.
—*Boston Courier.*

At Sidney, an island in the South Pacific, girls are kept shut up until they are married. If an island can be discovered where girls are made to shut up after marriage, it would probably be colonized in a twinkling.

"Never would call a boy of mine 'Alias,'" said Mrs. Jones, "if I had a hundred to name. Men by that name is allus cuttin' up capers. Here's Alias Thompson, Alias Williams, Alias Nighthawk—all been took up for stealin'."

The Lowell *Courier* says that statistics show that no actor was ever killed while traveling upon a railroad. This would seem to suggest to actors the wisdom of spending all their time traveling upon a railroad. It would be a splendid relief to the public.—*Boston Post.*

The Rev. Brooke Hereford, of Boston, recently preached a sermon on "How to Make the Best of Sunday." It is said that some of the male members of his congregation were greatly disappointed because he failed to recommend going a-fishing on that day.—*Norristown Herald.*

"A man has insulted me," exclaimed a lady who had come to the ball in an extremely decollete dress, "and I want redress." "You certainly do," replied her brute of a husband, who didn't approve of his wife's taste in dress. "Redress would improve several ladies here."—*Texas Siftings.*

Tramp (whose request for food has been denied)—Well, ma'am, would you let me sleep in the ten-acre lot back of the barn if I won't make any noise? Woman—Yes, I don't mind letting ye do that. Tramp (appealingly)—Well, one thing more ma'am, before I say good night. Would you have me called at 7 sharp! I want to catch the limited cattle train West.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Feminine philosophy.

Could I but picture that dark, mysterious curtain
That veils the future from my eager eyes,
And know beyond a doubt I stood a certain
Chance to get a matrimonial prize,
Then might I scorn this bold plebeian creature
Who with bad grammar comes a-wooing me,
Who looks so "shappy" in his every feature,
And talks of love enthusiastically.
I'm thirty, so I can't afford to shake him,
Lest of a husband I might be bereft.
He's homely, but I guess I'll have to take him;
It's better, after all, than getting left.
—*Harper's Bazar.*

*HIS FADS WERE CLOCKS AND SHOES.*

Speaking of eccentric characters a gentleman recalled the idiosyncrasies of the late Sylvester Bonnaffon, who lived over what is now Madden's saloon. He died some years ago. He was a most eccentric but very methodical man. He was a devoted lover of horseflesh and always kept a fine team, in which he drove out every day for perhaps twenty years, never varying as to route or time. His action in taking his daily drive was as regular as a special train, and he arrived at particular points as punctual as though "on time" according to schedule. He invariably drove out Walnut street to Ninth, up Ninth to Ridge avenue, along Ridge avenue to Broad, and up Broad. He carried a clock to time himself and returned to the stable at 5 p. m. After his death 125 pairs of shoes were found in his room and thirty-nine clocks.—*Philadelphia News.*

*COMING TO THE POINT.*

"I hear 'em say, Miss Motio, you gwine to marry 'fore long."

"Who say so?"

"George Cowherd tole me."

"George Cowherd's mouth ain't no praar-book. Who's I gwine to marry?"

"He says ole man Harry Perkins."

"Harry Perkins! Humph! I wouldn't hab dat ole nigger for soup-grease."

"Ef 'twas me now would you have me for wood-cutter?"

"Daddy cuts de word."

"Lemme tote it den."

"Koo—oo—oo! I don' know about dat. You has ter ax mammy."

"An' how if she say yes?"

"Well, den, Mr. Meachem, I mean yes, sho' 'nough."

"Woll den—koo—oo—oo!"

There will shortly be a wedding in the highest colored circle on Munson's Branch. No cards.—*Judge.*

Many a newspaper contributor sets up as an oracle, who is put down as an ass by the discriminating reader.

# SHOT AND SHELL.

## Old Veterans' Reminiscences of the War of the Rebellion.

### Embracing Anecdotes of Actual Experience and Colloquial Acquisition.

### A Confederate Note.

[The following lines were written on the back of a Confederate note by Major S. A. Jonas, of Aberdeen, Miss., and presented to Miss Anna Rush, of Philadelphia. Major Jonas was a true soldier, and is now a good, loyal citizen of Mississippi, and an honorary member of the ex-Confederate Association of Chicago.]

Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the waters below it;
As the pledge of a nation that's dead and gone,
Keep it, dear friend, and show it.

Show it to those who will lend an ear
To the tale that this trifle will tell—
Of liberty born of a patriot's dream,
Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess precious ores
And too much of a stranger to borrow,
She issued to-day her promise to pay,
And hoped to redeem on the morrow.

The days rolled on and weeks became years,
But our coffers were empty still;
Coin was so scarce that the treasury quaked
If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong indeed,
And our poverty well we discerned;
And this little check represents the pay
That our suffering veterans earned.

We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold our soldiers received it;
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay,
And every patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay,
Or the bills that were overdue;
We knew if it bought our bread to-day
'Twas the best our poor country could do.

Keep it—it tells our history over
From the birth of the dream to the last;
Modest, and born of the angel of hope,
Like our hope of success, it passed.

### Thanksgiving in the Army.

At the battle of Gettysburg, in 1863, about one hundred and sixty officers and men of the Ninety-fourth New York, together with our Colonel, A. R. Root, were taken prisoners. We were offered the parole or go to Richmond. The Colonel said to us, "Boys, you had better take the parole;" to which we agreed, and were paroled after the battle. The most of us took a French furlough and went home for a visit.

After making a visit at home we returned to Washington, where we found there was an order for all Ninety-fourth boys taken prisoners at Gettysburg to report to Camp Parole, Annapolis, Md. Therefore all who found there was such an order out reported to Camp Parole, where we found Colonel Root in command of the camp. There were about sixty of us who reported there, and we were given quarters in a brick house close by the Colonel's headquarters. We at once became the provost guard of the camp, and were rather privileged characters as soldiers. We were looked up to as being upright and perfect in all our doings; also in keeping others straight and allowing no thieving and jayhawking to go on in the country thereabouts.

I had the honor (if there was any attached to the position) of having charge of the guard and I reported all doings and misdoings to the Colonel. Things went along smoothly, and the old Colonel was proud of us and we were proud of him, for we were having a nice time, our first and only soft job while in the service for three and a half years.

Finally Thanksgiving Day of that year was close at hand, and we naturally wanted a good Thanksgiving dinner, when the question came up, "What shall we have?"

Brooks says: "Let us go down to the city and buy some turkeys, and have roast turkey."

Banty says: "It will cost so much, we cannot raise the scrip."

Ford says: "Let us make a raid on the sutler."

"No," Dave French says, "that will not do, for that would give us away, and we would then be sent back to the front."

John Smith says: "I will tell you what to do. Let us have roast goose."

Charley McComber says: "I know of an old farmer over here a few miles who is fattening some geese and think I can buy two or three of them dog on cheap."

The boys all agreed then to have goose for Thanksgiving dinner, and up went the hats, and three cheers for the geese. The next question was, How shall we roast them?

John King, our cook, says: "You get the geese and I will see that they are roasted and stuffed in good shape."

"But how will you do it?" said I.

He said he would build a brick oven in the ground. So the day before Thanksgiving King went to work and built his oven by digging a hole in the ground and arching it over with brick; built a fire and dried it in good shape for the morrow.

That night Charley McComber (whom we called Mack for short) says that John Smith, Banty Conkling, Dave French, Dave Wilder, John King, and myself should go with him to help fetch the geese, also to help pay for them. About three o'clock on Wednesday we started down the Chesapeake Bay. We went to a place where we kept our boat (for we had built a boat for the purpose of fishing for oysters and hunting ducks), and Mack says: "You see, over across the bay there is a large farm-house standing on that rise close to the water. That is the place we can get our geese for our Thanksgiving dinner."

"But," says I, "that is so far away we cannot go there and get back to-night; besides there is danger of our getting lost or capsized."

"Oh, no, not in the least," says he; "the bay is still, and it is only about three miles," and I went.

"You, Smith and Banty get in the boat with me, while the other three boys stay here, and when it gets dark you can build a fire, and heat the water (for we had brought a camp-kettle with us), and then we will also have a guide or beacon light to get back."

All agreed; so stepped into the boat and pushed off; long before we were across it was dark, and we were guided by the light from the farm house. After awhile we succeeded in landing, and all got out and drew our boat up on land a little so it would not leave us, and then went up around the barns to reconnoiter.

We soon found a small yard made of rails, and it was so high that I could not reach the top rail.

Mack says: "Here are the geese," and commenced to climb.

I says: "Hold on! Had we not better go up to the house and see the proprietor?"

Banty says: "To the dence with the proprietor. We are a good ways from home, and in too much of a hurry to bother with him."

Smith says: "We have not had any pay in a good while, and money is a little scarce with us. He can wait until next pay-day."

I says: "All right; here goes," and we all mounted the fence and over we went. You ought to have heard those geese yell. I never heard such a noise in my life from geese. I made a dive and got one by the neck and made for the fence again. I succeeded in getting out, but I certainly thought the goose would break every bone in my body, for such a pounding as that goose gave me with her wings I had not had since I used to go past the village school-house, when the whole school would come out and pitch on to me. About the time I got out of the yard the dogs at the house set up an unearthly yell, together with the old farmer and family, all halloing, "Sick 'em, sick 'em, take 'em."

On came the dogs, and on I went [illegible] Bull Run gait. I ma[illegible] which was about [illegible] night), and jumped in; was about scared to death. My goose was completely scared to death, for it died about that time, anyhow. I took an oar and was trying to push the boat off, when up came two dogs, mad enough to eat me up. I battled them off with my oar until I got the boat started, then I felt a good deal relieved. The dogs followed me into the water until it was too deep for them, then they returned. But here I was, alone. Where were the other boys? The dogs soon told me that they were farther to the right. They had missed their bearing, and had gone past.

I whistled, and got a response some forty rods below, where I headed the boat, but before I could get to them the dogs came up with them and they were having a lively time, judging by the noise, for the boys were giving them the contents of two revolvers, and kept them back until I made port and took them in, with their cargo of geese.

We had but just got squared around and headed for our port when the old farmer came down with a light to see his wounded dogs and how many of his geese had gone, but he was not very bad off, for he was only seven short, and the dogs were not seriously hurt either, as we found out afterward.

Mack, Banty and John had two geese apiece, while I had only one. How they managed to get two I could never see, for one was all I could manage, as they were large and fat.

We soon got our eyes on our beacon light on the other shore, and pulled for it with all our might, arriving there about one o'clock Thanksgiving morning.

We immediately went to dressing our own poultry with the aid of a little commissary, which some of them fetched along. We had all done nicely by daylight, and were back to camp.

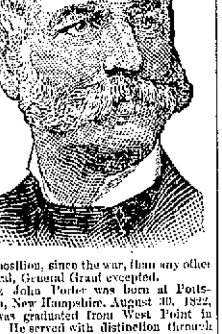
About one o'clock the cook announced that dinner was ready. The Colonel was invited over to take dinner with us, which he enjoyed very much, judging from the manner he got outside of roast goose. The Colonel supposed that we had paid for our geese, and did not know that we got trusted for them.

Thus ended as pleasant a time as was ever passed in the army.

A. J. LANGMADE,
Company K, Ninety-fourth Regiment, N. Y. S. V.
YORKSHIRE CENTRE, N. Y.

### General Porter.

General Fitz John Porter has probably been before the country in a more prominent position, since the war, than any other General, General Grant excepted.



Fitz John Porter was born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, August 30, 1822, and was graduated from West Point in 1845. He served with distinction through the war with Mexico, being severely wounded at the assault on the capital, September 13, 1847. In the Virginia Peninsular campaign he was director of the siege of Yorktown, and upon the evacuation of that place was placed in command of the Fifth Corps, and fought the battles of Hanover Court House, Mechanicsville, and Cold Harbor. He was in command at Malvern Hill, and his corps mainly resisted the assaults of that day. In the second battle of Bull Run his corps suffered severely on August 30, but was not in service on the 29th. He still continued in command of his corps, and was present at Antietam, but in November was arraigned before a court martial on the charge of disobedience of orders, and on January 21, 1863, he was deprived of his position in the army and forever prohibited holding any office under the Government. Since that time General Porter's friends have been untiring in their efforts to have him restored to rank and honor, and their efforts were at last crowned by success.

### A Run For Life.

During the winter of 1863 the Second Corps commanded by General Hancock was encamped in the vicinity of Brandy Station and Stephensburg, Virginia. The Confederate army occupied a strong position on the opposite bank of the Rapidan River. Both armies lay some distance from the river and the space between them was patrolled by scouting parties and pickets of both armies. The Third Brigade of the First Division, commanded by Brigadier General Owens, was encamped near the signal station on Stephensburg Heights. The brigade was employed during the winter doing picket duty at Kelley's Ford, on the Rappahannock, and Morton's Ford, on the Rapidan Rivers. During the month of January, in the usual line of duty, I was detailed for picket on the line between Stephensburg and Morton's Ford, nearly two miles distant. Between our post and the ford was a farm-house occupied by a family who manifested a strong sympathy for their graybacked friends on the opposite side of the river, but who were glad to avail themselves of the privilege of trading watered milk for coffee, of which our pickets had an abundance. Early in the evening I proposed to the boys on our post that some one should go out to the farm-house and exchange some coffee for milk, and it was decided that I should go. Each of the boys contributed a share of the coffee, intending to divide the milk in common for our midnight cup of coffee. Frank Green, a native of the Green Mountain State, volunteered to go with me. Equipped with our guns and canteens we started. The night was cold and clear, and the moonlight would enable us to see any party between us and the river. We soon reached the house and effected the desired exchange. Between the house and that part of the picket line where our post was located was a swampy piece of ground, well covered with a growth of willows. We were just approaching this swamp, when I heard a noise in the direction of the river. Looking in that direction I saw a party of cavalry cantering toward the house we had just left. I dodged into the cover of the willows, closely followed by Green, and proposed to remain hidden in the swamp until they had reached the house, and, with the willows between us and them, we could reach our lines without being discovered. Green agreed to the proposition, and crouching among the willows we anxiously watched the movements of the party. We could see, the gleam of their bright steel scabbards in the moonlight, and the pounding of their horses' hoofs on the frozen ground could be plainly heard. Green did not relish the sight of the bold riders, and proposed to make a run for it and get under cover of the rifles of our vedettes. I replied that if we remained in the swamp until they reached the house, our chances for escape would be good, but if we left the willows the enemy would be sure to see us and would cut us off. The words had scarcely passed my lips when Green arose, declaring he would not stay and be gobbled up. Darting out into the moonlight, he started for the picket line. Drawing my canteen strap under my belt, I followed, knowing that farther concealment would be impossible. We had not run more than a hundred yards when a chorus of yells announced that we were discovered. I now knew that it was to be a race for liberty, and perhaps for life. Glancing over my shoulder, I saw that our pursuers were riding obliquely across the fields in order to cut us off. A half mile would bring us in range of the rifles of the nearest vedettes. The ground was level, and frozen hard. In the shade of the forest, at intervals, I could plainly see the light of the picket fires, so summoning all my energies I darted after Green. Visions of Libby, Castle Thunder, Belle Isle, and Andersonville flashed before me as I could hear the rapid beat of the flying hoofs as they spurred after us with exulting shouts, as though they were sure of their prey. Green was a number of yards in advance of me, and I strained every nerve to close up the gap between us, but my utmost efforts failed (I believe that fellow could beat his own shadow). We were almost within range of the vedette's rifles. Why did they not make a diversion in our favor? The thought had hardly flashed through my mind when crack, crack, crack, went the rifles of the three nearest vedettes, and the spiteful zip, zip, of the leaden messengers, as they cleft the frosty atmosphere, and sped away in the direction of our pursuers, made weird, yet sweet music to my ears. Remembering that my own rifle was in my hands, I faced about and saw that the two foremost riders had halted. I drew a bead on the nearest and fired. He ducked his head and, with a yell of defiance, the entire party drew off and rode away in the direction of the ford, thinking no doubt that the Yanks would make it lively for them if they stayed longer on our side of the river. Two hours later a merry group around our fire were discussing hard tack, salt pork and coffee.

H. T. CATON,
Company E, One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York Volunteers.
LAWRENCEVILLE, Pa.

### How I Became Acquainted with Phil Sheridan.

Some time between the hours of ten and three of the night of Dec. 24, 1864, I started to Winchester, Va., from Upperville, in the same State, to take Christmas dinner with a lady friend of mine in Winchester. I did not know that the Yanks were in town. I rode into Winchester between daybreak and sunrise, and to my horror I found that the town was full of Yanks. I tried to get out of town by the same road that I came in, but I soon ran into the pickets. Where those pickets were when I came in is a mystery to me until this day.

Well, to make a long story short, I was captured and taken to General Custer's headquarters, and from there to General Sheridan's quarters. At that time I was only about sixteen years old, and I have often thought that was why the General treated me so nicely that day. I sat in his office talking to him from about ten o'clock until dinner was announced. The General invited me to dinner, and a good dinner it was. After dinner I went back to his office and had a good cigar, and remained there until about three o'clock, and was sent from there to the Provost Marshal's office, and, strange to say, I was not locked up in the guard house until dark. Next morning I was sent to Stevens Depot to take the train for Washington, but before we got to the depot some one cried out that Mosby was coming. I did not look to see which way the driver or my guard went. As for myself, I started for Berryville as fast as I could go. I do not think I stopped five minutes at any one time until I reached Ashby Gap, in the Blue Ridge Mountains.

That is how I became acquainted with General Sheridan, and I, an old rebel, do not hesitate to say that he is one of God's noblest sons, and if by chance he should see this he will remember the saucy young rebel that took dinner with him Dec. 25, 1864.

MOSBY'S ROOSTER.

### General Barksdale.

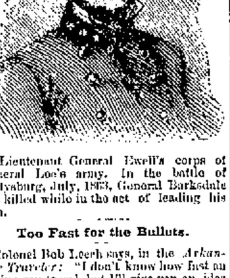
William Barksdale, of the Confederate army, was born in Rutherford County, Tenn., on August 21, 1821. His father had served in the war of 1812, and his son had early given evidence of a love for a soldier's life, although he did not follow the profession. His early education had been obtained in the Nashville University, after which he removed to Columbus, Miss., where he studied law and was admitted to the bar before he had attained his majority, becoming a successful practitioner.

Young Barksdale soon became a Southern politician, and conducted the columns of the Columbus *Democrat*.

During the year 1847 Mr. Barksdale participated in the Mexican war as a non-commissioned officer on the staff of the Second Mississippi Volunteers, and performed his military duties with credit to himself and regiment. On his return home he again began to dabble in politics, and was in 1851 chosen a member of the State convention to discuss the compromise measures proposed during the previous year.

During the year 1853 he was elected to Congress, where he remained until the war broke out, when, with the rest of the secession members of the South, he took his departure to join the Confederate ranks.

Mr. Barksdale raised, during 1861, the Thirteenth Regiment of Mississippi Volunteers, and at their head joined the Confederate army in Virginia. After participating in various campaigns he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General, and placed in command of the Third Brigade of Major General Early's division



of Lieutenant General Ewell's corps of General Lee's army. In the battle of Gettysburg, July, 1863, General Barksdale was killed while in the act of leading his men.

### Too Fast for the Bullets.

Colonel Bob Leech says, in the *Arkansaw Traveler*: "I don't know how fast an engine can travel, but I'll give you an idea of how fast one did go. During the war I ran a scouting engine for the Confederate Government. It was my duty to carry a telegraph operator, who, at different points, would cut the wires and send dispatches. We were running at a rapid rate one day when, upon rounding a curve, I saw a thousand gun barrels blaze in the sunlight. I also saw that a number of cross-ties had been piled on the track. To stop in time was an impossibility, to go on seemed certain death, for if we escaped being killed by the wrecking of the engine we would be shot to death, for we were regarded as spies. I decided in a second what to do. Telling my companion to lie down in the tender, I seized the throttle, and, in locomotive parlance, threw her wide open. The engine jumped like a rabbit. I threw myself flat in the tender, expecting every second to be hurled to an awful death. Bang, bang, bang! went the guns. Then all was silent save the whir, whir of the wheels. Could it be possible that the engine had knocked off the obstructions? I arose and looked out. We had passed the enemy and scattered the ties. My companion, as much astonished as myself, got up. I looked back, and just above the tender I saw what I took to be a swarm of big black flies. I reached out and took hold of one. Gracious! I then discovered what they were. They were a shower of bullets that the enemy had fired after us. Well, we ran along at this rate until the bullets all fell behind." The gentlemen looked at one another, but no one disputed the statement.

THE three most brilliant centuries of Egyptian history were from 1600 to 1200 B. C.

## HADDOCK'S SLAYER.

### Testimony of Two of the Men Who Witnessed the Assassination.

Strong Evidence Against Arensdorf, Who Is Accused of Being the Chief Plotter.

The Wife of the Murdered Preacher Creates a Sensation by Fainting in the Court Room.

[SIOUX CITY CORRESPONDENCE.]

Interest in the trial of the slayers of the Rev. Dr. Haddock has been so great here in Sioux City that for the past week it has dwarfed all other themes. Scarcely anything else is discussed or talked of in the store, the workshop, the drawing-room, or at the dining-table.

The introduction of evidence began on Friday of last week. Physicians and others testified as to hearing the shot, finding the body, the nature of the wound, and the



MR. MARSH, THE PROSECUTING ATTORNEY.

flight of the conspirators, among whom Leavitt, the State witness, was identified. On Monday Leavitt was placed upon the witness stand and told his story. It was identical with his original confession, or statement, and very damaging to Arensdorf's chances of acquittal. Condensed into a narrative, Leavitt's testimony is as follows:

In the latter part of December, 1885, he came to Sioux City, but went away and returned in the first week of January, 1886. He opened his variety theater on Pearl street in February. In June he went East and came back to this place a few days before the killing of Dr. Haddock. There was a saloon connected with the theater. There was a bar up-stairs and another down-stairs. "Doc" Darling and a brother of witness were bartenders. Dan Moriarty was doorkeeper and Billy Dorsam treasurer. Witness knew John Arensdorf; he became acquainted with him in January, 1886, and bought beer of the Franz Brewing Company to the extent of $50 or $75 a week. Arensdorf was seen at the theater and about town frequently by the witness. Leavitt proceeded to describe in detail his return to Sioux City from Mount Clemens, Mich., late in July; how the plan of having him join the Saloonkeepers' Union was proposed; how the meeting mentioned by Witness Adelsheim was held and Leavitt made a member of the organization.

After he joined, several persons, among them Arensdorf, the defendant, agreed to the proposal that something should be done to rid the town of temperance workers. Arensdorf said there was $700 or $800 in Junk's safe, which he thought sufficient to effect the purpose. Arensdorf said that something must be done, and suggested that Haddock's or Turner's house be blown up or burned down.

The next day witness went down to the St. Paul Railroad yards to see Dan Moriarty and try to get him to whip Dr. Haddock. They were willing to give him $100 for the job, and witness thought him to be the proper person for the work. Moriarty refused to whip anybody.

Witness testified to seeing Dr. Haddock on the stand as a witness in the injunction cases then on trial. The day before the saloon-keepers' meeting, on the evening of Aug. 3, Leavitt met by chance Plath, Treiber, Fred Munchrath, Jr., and two Germans, whom he afterward knew to be Granda and Koschnitzki. They were standing on the Sioux City National Bank corner, on Fourth street, talking about Haddock's trip to Greenville. Leavitt joined in the conversation. Witness described the hack ride to Greenville "to see how the preacher got his evidence in the whisky cases."

On returning from "Greenville," which is near the eastern limits of town and is a local designation, the party was driven directly to Junk's saloon. The four men went into the saloon. Treiber got money and paid the driver, Adams. Leavitt treated the crowd to cigars and remained three or four minutes. Arensdorf, Grady, Scollard and Junk were there. Then all seemed to start for their homes; at least witness did so. As they reached the street "Bismarck" came up and said the buggy had turned. Arensdorf said: "Let's go up and see." Arensdorf, Peters, Treiber, Plath and Leavitt went toward the stable on Water street, Arensdorf and Peters leading. Sherman walked with Leavitt. This was the first time witness saw Sherman. Leavitt saw John Ryan on the street and spoke to him. The party stopped by the board fence, corner Fourth and Water streets. Munchrath was seen there by witness and heard to say: "If you lick Haddock, just give him a black eye or something that won't hurt him or get any of us in any trouble." Witness heard Arensdorf say something about "a drunken Dutchman."

Leavitt remained calm, and Arensdorf did not move a muscle during this portion of the evidence. As Leavitt continued to explain the manner of the killing the audience was breathless with interest. The witness described how Haddock came from the stable, moved north on West Water street to the corner of Fourth, turned eastward, and midway on the crossing was met by Arensdorf, who had walked out from the fence to encounter him. "They met, and Arensdorf looked into Haddock's face; Haddock raised his hand; the hand came down; Arensdorf passed; then came the shot."

The remainder of Leavitt's direct examination pertained to his own conduct. He went to Ryan's house into the rooms occupied by Mr. Reilly and Mr. and Mrs. Dorsam, where he took off his hat and his two coats—a rubber overcoat and a dark Prince Albert. The hat was of straw. He talked with the Dorsams about what had occurred. The hat he wore was Plath's, for which he had exchanged his own while going toward Water street. Witness wore Dorsam's hat away from Ryan's house.

Witness saw John Arensdorf the next day before the latter appeared at the coroner's inquest.

"I said," he continued, "'Hello, John,' and asked how he felt. He said he did not feel any too well. He asked me if I had seen it. I said: 'Yes, John. It is a bad thing for you. You ought never to have done that.'

"'I know it,' he said; 'but everybody has got to keep still. Did anybody see it besides you?'

"I says, 'Yes; everybody on the spot there must have seen it, John, because they all stopped dumb when it happened.'

"He said: 'Can I depend on you as a brother?'

"I said: 'You can. I am a Knight of Pythias.'

"After the coroner's inquest I asked him: 'What did you know, John?' He said nothing and kind of laughed. He said he couldn't fix Henry Peters for any evidence, and thought about sending him over to Nebraska for a few days, and from there to Germany."

Leavitt was subjected to a rigorous cross-examination by the defense without in the least shaking his testimony.

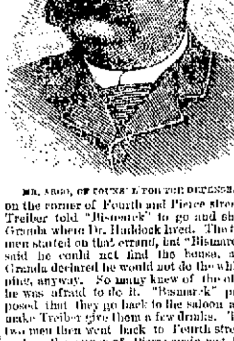
Mrs. Leavitt was called to the stand, and corroborated her husband's testimony in regard to the conversation which he had with Arensdorf upon the sidewalk in front of their rooms on Fourth street, soon after the murder of Haddock, in which Arensdorf spoke of sending Peters away to Nebraska or Germany because he could not be fixed for evidence. Attorney Argo conducted the cross-examination. Considerable amusement was created when the attorney asked the witness whether she had ever drank beer with any men there. She replied: "Yes; I drank beer with you, Mr. Argo."

Albert Koschnitzi, or "Bismarck," was next placed upon the stand. He strongly corroborated Leavitt. His evidence, summarized, was substantially as follows:

The morning of the day of the murder of Mr. Haddock, he went to Fourth street and met George Treiber. He went with him into Treiber's saloon and was given a glass of beer. The two then went together to the court house, where they remained until noon. The injunction cases were being tried. Mr. Haddock was a witness in the cases, and after the court adjourned they went out together and went up the street in front of the court house to Seventh street, then east on Seventh street. They walked by Haddock's house. Treiber, pointing at it, as they strolled by, told him (witness) that Haddock lived there, and that Treiber would give $500 to have the preacher whipped. Treiber asked if he knew Fritz Folger and Sylvester Granda. Witness said he did. Treiber told him to see Granda and tell him about the $500 offer. The witness saw Granda that forenoon and told him. Granda agreed to go to Treiber's saloon that night. On Tuesday morning witness went to Treiber's saloon. Treiber said that Granda had not been there as he had promised. Witness then sought out Granda and again talked about the money and the whipping. Granda said he went to the saloon and that Treiber was not there.

Witness went back to Treiber with that message. Treiber told him to be sure and bring Granda up that evening. Witness on the day of the murder went with Treiber to the court-house and saw Haddock there. The whisky trial was in progress. He remained in court about an hour and a half. In the evening witness went once to Treiber's saloon. Granda had not been there, and Treiber wanted witness to go and fetch him, giving him five cents to pay street-car fare. Witness went to Granda's house, but did not find him, and returned to the saloon.

On starting to go, witness met Treiber, Granda, Platt, Munchrath, and Paul Leader



MR. ARGO, OF COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE.

on the corner of Fourth and Pierce streets. Treiber told "Bismarck" to go and show Granda where Dr. Haddock lived. The two men started on that errand, but "Bismarck" said he could not find the house, and Granda declared he would not do the whipping, anyway. So many knew of the offer he was afraid to do it. "Bismarck" proposed that they go back to the saloon and make Treiber give them a few drinks. The two men then went back to Fourth street, and on the corner of Pierce again met the crowd. Leavitt and Henry Peters were with the others. At this encounter Plath gave Granda twenty-five cents.

Witness and Granda went to Gauble's saloon and took a drink. They returned to the corner. Treiber sent them down to the Columbia House to see if Haddock had returned from Greenville. Witness found Eberhardt at the Columbia House playing cards and called to him to come out. In response to Bismarck's request Eberhardt sent a man to the stable next door to make the inquiry about the buggy. Fitzsimmons was the man. About an hour later witness saw the horse and buggy come back. He was watching for it in the rain at the corner of Fourth and Water streets. Granda was with him. The two men went east on Fourth street and told the crowd near Junk's saloon that the buggy had returned.

The crowd met by witness consisted of Arensdorf, Peters, Leader, Munchrath, Leavitt, Granda and others. They proceeded west until they reached the corner of Water street, Paul Leader walking with "Bismarck." Dr. Haddock came along Water street to the crossing of Fourth. John Arensdorf went out to meet him, passed a step or two by the minister, then turned and fired at his head.

In the midst of "Bismarck's" cross-examination Mrs. Haddock, who had borne the nervous strain of the direct narrative by force of will without evincing distress, was unable longer to endure the excitement of the trial. A moan startled the audience, causing hundreds to spring to their feet. Judge Lewis instantly perceived both the cause and the perils of the alarm. He commanded all to resume their seats and observe quiet. Sheriff McDonald hastened to Mrs. Haddock's side, and, aided by friends, bore her, insensible, to the Judge's library, immediately behind the judicial desk. The large opaque windows at the rear of the bench, which had been raised to improve the ventilation of the court-room were rattled down and the doors closed. Meanwhile Judge Lewis, prompt to appreciate the legal as well as the physical emergency, abruptly dismissed the jury from the court-room with but a word or two of instructions that none of them should speak of the case while absent.

Order was soon restored in the audience, the jury was recalled, and the business of the session resumed. The Judge's conduct illustrates his instinctive fairness. He perceived that the sympathies of the jury might be aroused by this scene of a heart-broken wife's anguish.

Mrs. Koschnitzki and her daughter were placed on the stand and corroborated "Bismarck's" statement relative to the conduct of the defendant after the crime. As it now looks, the prosecution has made a stronger case than many of its warmest friends believed was possible.

The daughter of "Bismarck," Minnie Koschnitzki, a little 12-year-old girl, was placed on the stand, and testified in regard to her father's movements immediately preceding and following the murder, and to the paying of money to her mother by Arensdorf. At this point the State rested its case, and the defense began by attacking the character of the principal witnesses for the State—"Bismarck" and the Leavitts. Several witnesses swore that the former was beastly drunk on the night of August 3, and that his character was bad. Testimony was introduced to the effect that the Leavitts had denounced the murdered preacher, and expressed the hope that he would be killed.

Several witnesses swore positively that an hour before the murder they saw Leavitt on Fourth street, wearing light pants. Other witnesses testified to his having made remarks about killing Haddock the day of the murder. The defense are evidently laying the foundation of a plot charging Leavitt with the act of murder.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

### Notes on the Lesson for April 17—"Joseph Makes Himself Known."

[From Chicago Standard. By Rev. J. M. Coon.]

The lesson to be studied is found in the forty-fifth chapter of Genesis, verses one to fifteen. Time, 1707 B. C., nine years after the events of the last lesson. Place, Heliopolis, the capital of Lower Egypt.

SPECIAL MENTION.

*Egypt.*—One of the most ancient and interesting countries on the face of the earth. It is bounded south by Ethiopia, north by the Mediterranean Sea, and east by the Red Sea. Its northern and southern limits are given in Ezek. 29: 10; 30: 6. It presents itself to the eye of the traveler as an immense valley, extending nearly 6.0 miles in length, and hemmed in on the east and west by a ridge of hills and a vast expanse of desert. It has an alluvial basin, owing its existence, fertility, and beauty to the River Nile, which flows through it. Hence, Egypt was anciently called "the gift of the Nile." As to the origin of the name, there is much difference of opinion. In the Old Testament, the Hebrew word translated Egypt is *Mizraim*, which was the name of one of the sons of Ham (Gen. 10: 6), who might have been the founder of the nation. It is sometimes called Ham (Ps. 78: 51; 105: 23-27; 106: 22) and also Rahab (Ps. 87: 4; 89: 10; Isa. 51: 9.) The Arabs now call it Mizr. As a subject of prophecy, Egypt is one of the most interesting of ancient nations (Isa. 18: 19; Jer. 42: 46; Ezek. 29: 32). The predictions concerning it are remarkable for their precision and fullness; and their exact fulfillment in every essential point is attested by incontrovertible evidence. At the time when some of the most extraordinary of these predictions were uttered (Ezek. 30: 21-26), Egypt was flourishing in arts and arms. Her splendid cities rose up on every side, and the stately monuments of her genius and industry were without a parallel. But when the divine counsel was fulfilled, the scepter of the Pharaohs fell, and Egypt became a tributary kingdom, without a prince of its own, subject to a foreign yoke, and has often been governed by slaves. (Cook's Comp. Quar.)

*Benjamin.* (Gen. 35: 18) was the youngest son of Jacob and Rachel. His mother died immediately after his birth, which took place near Bethlehem, when the family were on their journey from Padan-aram to Canaan. With her dying breath she called him Benoni ("the son of my sorrow"), but his father gave him the name of Benjamin. The tribe of Benjamin had their portion of the promised land adjoining Judah, and when ten of the tribes revolted, Benjamin continued steady in its attachment to Judah, and formed a part of that kingdom (1 Kings 12: 17-23). The prophetic history of the tribe is told in Gen. 49: 27, and Deut. 33: 12.

*Goshen.* This land, also called "the land of Rameses" (Chap. 47: 11), probably from the city "Raamses," which the Israelites were compelled to build there (Ex. 1: 11), was situated on the eastern bank of the Nile, and, apparently commencing a little to the north of Memphis, extended to the Mediterranean, and to the borders of the Philistines' land (Ex. 13: 17). In Ps. 78: 12—43, it is called the "field of Zoan," or Tanis. It probably was an unsettled district, but rich in pastures, and belonged in a very loose way to Egypt. In the lxx. it is called "Gesem of Arabia," to which country both Herodotus and Strabo reckoned all the district on the east of the Nile toward the Isthmus of Suez as belonging. And here the Israelites were constantly joined by large numbers of Semitic immigrants, who were enrolled in their "lists," and swelled the rapidly increasing number of their dependents.

*God's hand in human affairs.* This is the great truth of the passage. The following extracts, bearing upon the subject, will set forth this truth in various phases:

The divine purpose in bringing Jacob and his descendants into Egypt, for which the way is prepared in the events of this lesson, seems to have been two-fold. (1) The bad surroundings of Jacob's sons were rapidly demoralizing them. It was necessary to remove them from contact with the Canaanites, and place them where they would not suffer from association with corrupt people.

This could be accomplished in Egypt, because the Egyptians would hold them, as shepherds, in abomination, and would not mingle with them. (2) It was intended ultimately to bring them into conflict with the most powerful and enlightened nation then existing, and give them the victory, that the name and might and majesty of Jehovah might be exhibited throughout Egypt and the surrounding countries, in the overthrow of the Egyptian gods, and in overwhelming judgments on Pharaoh and his people. In wonderful ways, and yet through the ordinary channels of human nature, all this was accomplished. (Standard Eccl. Comm.)

Upon this we have three remarks to make: First, that it is utterly impossible for us to judge of any event, whether it is a blessing or a misfortune, from simply looking at the event itself; because we do not know the whole. Fancy the having of a slave in a cave in Canaan, and straightway there springs up in your breast a feeling of indignation. Pass on a few years, and we find Joseph happy, honored, and beloved; two nations at least are saved by him from famine. Secondly, we remark how God educes good from evil, and that man is only an instrument in his hands. A secular historian, treating of mighty events, always infers that there has been some plan, steadily pursued; he would have traced, step by step, how it all came about, and referred it all to Joseph. But from the inspired history we find that Joseph knew not one step before him. Thirdly, we remark that there is a danger in a too-easy acquiescence in the fact that good comes from evil; for we begin to say: Evil, then, is God's agent; to do evil must be right; and so we are landed in confusion. Before this had taken place had Joseph's brethren said, "Out of this good will come, let us sell our brother," they would have been acting against their conscience; but after the event it was but faith to refer it to God's intention. Had they done this before it would have been presumption. But to feel that good has come through you, but not by your will, is humiliating. You feel that the evil is all yours, and the good is God's. (F. W. Robertson.)

"*It was not you that sent me hither, but God.*" In one sense that was true. And it was kind and commendable in Joseph to endeavor to mitigate his brothers' sense of guilt, by directing their attention to the Providence which directed and overruled their action. But God's providence does not interfere with man's freedom and responsibility. Joseph's brethren were not the less guilty on account of their crime, for the fact that in it they had unconsciously carried out God's plans and purposes, or for the fact that Providence overruled their action so as to bring out of it better results than they intended. And, though Joseph's intention was kind and right, his brothers were wrong if they allowed the consideration which he presented to lessen in the least their sense of guilt and of need of repentance and forgiveness." (Todd.)

At the very moment when Joseph kindly saw in his brethren only the unconscious instruments of God's providence, he was serving it almost as unconsciously by his plan for securing his father and brethren a safe and happy settlement in Egypt. (Smith.) This history of Joseph shows how skillfully and mightily God manages the wicked, making their wickedness work (wholly against their purpose) to evolve abounding good. If the Lord were obliged to say, "I must content myself with the co-operation of the good, the unfallen, turning their agency to best account for the promotion of happiness, but, as to the wicked, they are beyond my reach; I can do nothing with them; the evil they do must be endured as so much dead loss to the universe, never to be of any service toward virtue and happiness,"—the case would be, so far, one of unrelieved sadness. We may bless the name of our Lord, that his resources of wisdom and power, and the outgoings of his love, are not thus limited. Some good results will be extorted from even those horrible crimes of Joseph's brethren. Even the devil's wickedness, in which he exults as availing to frustrate God's plans and to shake his throne, he will find at length, to his everlasting confusion and shame, has been made, by the overmastering wisdom, power and love of God, to subserve the very ends he thought to break down, and to break down every thing he had vainly hoped to build up. For is not God wiser and mightier than the devil? (Cowles.)

SUGGESTIVE AND GERM THOUGHTS.

1. Sacredness and instinctive modesty of deep grief (v. 1).
2. A guilty conscience makes one fearful and cowardly (v. 3).
3. Beauty and power of a forgiving spirit (v. 4).
4. Human responsibility and divine sovereignty (v. 5).
5. God can make even man's wickedness to serve his purpose (v. 5).
6. Wickedness is none the less sinful because God overrules it.
7. God is the author and source of all our success and glory (v. 8).
8. The unexpected and embarrassing detection of sin (v. 3.)
9. A momentary sin may bring a continuous and increasing punishment.

Subject of the lesson for April 24, Joseph and His Father. Gen. 47: 1-12.

## HOBART PASHA.

*Anecdotes Related by Himself of His Experience with a Tyrant.*

As a midshipman his start in life was a rough one, with a very unpleasant cousin for a captain, says the London *Standard*, speaking of Hobart Pasha. It then gives some anecdotes of his boyhood:

"I shall never forget his first words. He was a handsome young fellow with fine features, darkened, however, by a deep scowl. As he stepped over the side he greeted us by saying to the first lieutenant in a loud voice: 'Put all my boat's crew in irons for neglect of duty.' It seems that one of them kept him waiting for a couple of minutes when he came down to embark. After giving this order the captain honored the officers who received him with a haughty bow, read aloud his commission, and retired to his cabin, having ordered the anchor to be weighed in two hours.

"Accordingly at 8 o'clock we stood out to sea, the weather being fine and wind favorable. At 11 all hands were called to attend the punishment of the captain's boat's crew. I cannot describe the horror with which I witnessed six fine sailor-like looking fellows torn by the frightful cat for having kept their officer waiting a few minutes on the pier."

But the boy's own turn came next. For getting in the way, or crying (he was not 13), or "in some way vexing the tyrant," he was at once mast-headed.

"Go to the mast-head, indeed! with a freshening wind under whose influence the ship was beginning to heel over, and an increasing sea that made her jump about like an acrobat. I had not got my sea-legs, and this feat seemed an utter impossibility to me. I looked with horror up aloft; then came over me the remembrance of Marryat's story of the lad who refused to go to the mast-head, and who was hoisted up by the signal halyards. While thinking of this another 'Well, sir, why don't you obey orders?' started me into the lower rigging, which I began with the greatest difficulty to climb, expecting at every step to go headlong overboard. A good-natured sailor, seeing the fix I was in, gave me a helping hand and up I crawled as far as the maintop. This, I must explain to my non-nautical reader, is not the mast-head, but a comparatively comfortable half-way resting place, from whence one can look about, feeling somewhat secure. On looking down to the deck my heart bled to see the poor sailor who had helped me undergoing punishment for his kind act. I heard myself at the same time ordered 'to go higher,' and a little higher I did go. Then I stopped, frightened to death and almost senseless; terror, however, seemed to give me presence of mind to cling on, and there I remained till some hours afterward; then I was called down. On reaching the deck I fainted, and knew no more till I awoke after some time in my hammock."

For three years he suffered, but with so little harm to his spirit that, on coming home, and being offered a lift to London from Portsmouth in his cousin's carriage, he tells us:

"Full of disgust and horror at the very sight of him, I replied that I would rather 'crawl home on my hands and knees than go in his carriage,' and so ended our acquaintance, for I never saw him again."

### MISTAKES IN IDENTITY.

Questions of identity, says the *Medical Standard*, are among the most confusing in practice, and positive opinions should be given only after careful analysis of the case. The peculiar confusion which results in such cases is well illustrated in the recent Daly-Strahl case. A lunatic named Wilson confessed that he killed Daly, cut his body up, and threw the pieces into a creek. At the same time a man named Dieterle had been charged with the murder of Strahl, who had disappeared. The head and dismembered trunk of a body, one leg, and one arm were found and identified as Strahl's by his brother and others. Daly's friends also identified them as Daly's. Strahl and Daly had the same size head, were both left-handed; both had scars on their right hand; both were red-haired and bald on the vertex; both had the right shoulder higher than the left. Dieterle was acquitted of Strahl's murder. Wilson was hung for Daly's murder, chiefly on his own confession, which, however, was corroborated by the circumstances mentioned. Such confusion of identity is far from exceptional. In 1883 three similar cases of confusion of identity occurred in the United States. Tidy reports a case in which a mangled body was identified by a woman and her children as that of the husband and father. Within an hour after interment the real father entered and gave a satisfactory account of his absence. Ogston reports the case of a medical student who resurrected the body of a countryman, and was arrested with it in his possession. The wife and sons of a missing weaver identified it as the husband and father. The medical student told his story, and the grave was examined and found empty. The people whose church-yard had been violated identified the body, but so did the wife and sons aforesaid. Finally the weaver made his appearance, and only then were his wife and sons convinced of their mistake. Dr. Kinlock reports a case in which the body of an old man with a left ear and finger missing, a mutilation of long standing, was found. The daughters and friends of the old man who was missing fully identified the body. On their return from burying the supposed body they were astounded to find their father had returned, and that they had buried a stranger.

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Oct 23-d&w6mo THIEME & GROSS.

## O.D. WEISELL DENTIST
## 34 Calhoun St.

Offers a professional experience of over 25 years april 23 1y

## JOS. H. BRIMMER

*The Only Practical;*

## SIGN PAINTER

Will give his special attention to fine

## Sign and Picture Painting!

No 7 Harrison Street.

April 15 1y.


### *WANTED.*

WANTED—By a competent lady, washing to do. Will go out, or take it home. Will clean house and guarantee satisfaction. Call on or address 266 South Calhoun street. 6-6t

WANTED—100 laborers immediately to lay mains for the Wabash water works. Wages, $1.50 per day; board guaranteed. Also a number of experienced corkers and yarn men at a good figure. For further particulars inquire of Wabash Water Works, Wabash, Ind. 6-6t

WANTED—A woman of sense, energy and respectability for our business in her locality; middle aged preferred. Salary $50 per month. Permanent position. References exchanged.
E. J. JOHNSON, Manager 12 Barclay St., N. Y.

### *FOR RENT.*

FOR RENT—Brick house No. 284 West Jefferson street. Inquire of George Ortlieb, 60 Calhoun street. apr2 tf


LOST Manhood, Youthful Imprudence, Nervous Debility cured by Botanic Nerve Bitters. 50 Cts. Herb Medicine Co. 16 N. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all Druggists.


### *FOR SALE.*

FOR SALE—I. D. Barnes' old homestead, on the corner of DeWald and Miner streets, one square east of Broadway. 100 feet front and 151 feet deep. On easy terms and small payments. Good house with twelve rooms and all modern improvements. Cheap. For particulars, call on SCARLET & MILLER.
6-4t. No. 70½ Calhoun St.

FOR SALE—CHEAP—One good peddling wagon, suitable for cigars, notions or confectionery. Also, one set of double harness, nearly new. Call at 130 Creighton avenue. 4-eod 6t.


## EASTER MEATS!

Beef, Veal and Spring Lamb of the Finest ever seen in Fort Wayne at prices that will

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At No. 100 Barr street,

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April8-1m

PENNYROYAL WAFERS are successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Are Safe, Effectual and Pleasant $1 per box by mail or at druggists. Sealed Particulars 2 postage stamps. Address THE EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., DETROIT, MICH. Sold in Fort Wayne by Dreier Bro. Oct. 18-1y.

## MEAT DOWN!

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| Boiling Meat | 5c per lb |
| Roasts | 6 to 9c per lb |
| Steaks | 10c per lb |
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Lamb, Veil and Bacon, etc., at bottom prices at

HALLER'S MEAT MARKET,
388 South Calhoun street. jan30-tf


# TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### "A Live Church," is the Subject of His Discourse To-day.

BROOKLYN, April 3.—The Rev. T De Witt Talmage, D. D., has returned from the West, after an absence of nearly three weeks, in which he preached and lectured in fifteen cities to immense throngs. A vast congregation was present at the Tabernacle this morning and joined with fine effect in singing the hymn which begins:

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run.

Dr. Talmage's subject was "A Live Church," and his text Revelations ii. 8, 9: "Unto the angel of the church in Smyrna write: These things saith the first and the last, which was dead and is alive. I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty, but thou art rich."

Smyrna was a great city of the ancients, founded on three sides by mountains. It was the central emporium of the Levantine trade. In that prosperous and brilliant city there was a Christian Church established. After it had existed for a while it was rocked down by an earthquake. It was rebuilt. Then it was consumed by a conflagration that swept over the entire city. That church went through fire, and trouble, and disaster, but kept on to great spiritual prosperity. The fact was that church had the grace of God, an ever active principle. Had it been otherwise, all the grandeur of architecture and all the pomp of surroundings would only have been the ornament of death—the garlands of a coffin, the plumes of a hearse.

It may be profitable to consider what are the elements of a live church.

I remark, in the first place, that one characteristic of such a church is punctuality in meeting its engagements. All ecclesiastical institutions have financial relations, and they ought to meet their obligations just as certainly as men meet their obligations at the bank. When a church of God is not as faithful in its promises as the Bank of England it ceases to be a church of God. It ought to be understood that prayers cannot paint a church, and prayers cannot pay the winter's coal bill, and prayers cannot meet the insurance, and that, while prayers can do a thousand things, there are a thousand things that prayers cannot do. Prayer for any particular church will never reach Heaven high unless it goes down pocket deep. In my church at the west there was a man of comfortable means, who used to pray for his pastor in such elongated style that he became a nuisance to the prayer meeting; asking God, in a prayer that was almost without ceasing, that the pastor might be blessed in his basket and in his store, while the fact was he never paid anything. If we pray for the advancement of the church and do not out of our means contribute to its advancement, our prayer is only mockery. Let the church of God then meet its obligations on the outside, and let the members of the congregation meet the obligations on the inside, and the church will be financially prosperous.

Let me say, also, that there must be punctuality in the attendance on the house of the Lord. If the service begins at 10:30 in the morning, the regular congregation of a live church will not come at 10:45. If the service is to begin at 7:30 in the evening, the regular congregation of a live church will not come at 7:45. In some churches I have noticed the people are always tardy. There are some people who are always late. They were born too late, and the probability is they will die too late. The rustling of dresses up the aisle, and the slamming of doors, and the treading of heavy feet, is poor inspiration for a minister. It requires great abstraction in a pastor's mind to proceed with the preliminary exercises of the church when one-half of the audience seated are looking around to see the other half come in. Such a difference of attendance upon the house of God may be a difference of time pieces, but the live church of which I am speaking ought to go by railroad time, and that is pretty well understood in all our communities. There is one hymn that ought to be sung in a great many Christian families on Sabbath morning: "Early, my God, without delay, I haste to seek thy place."

Another characteristic of a live church is the fact that all the people participate in the exercise. A stranger can tell by the way the first tune starts whether there is any life there. A church that does not sing is a dead church. It is awful to find a cold drizzle of music coming down from the organ loft while all the people beneath sit in silence. When a tune wanders around, lonely and unbefriended, and is finally lost amid the arches because the people do not join in it, there is not much melody unto the Lord. In Heaven they all sing, though some there cannot sing half as well as others. The Methodist Church has sung all around the world and gone from conquest to conquest, among other things, because it is a singing church; and any Christian Church organization that with enthusiasm performs this part of its duty will go on from triumph to triumph. A Church of God that can sing can do anything that ought to be done. We go forth into this holy war with the Bible in one hand and a hymn book in the other. Oh! ye who used to sing the praises of the Lord and have got out of the habit, take your harps down from the willows. I am glad to know that, as a church, we are making advancement in this respect When I came to be your pastor we had an excellent choir in the little chapel, and they sang very sweetly to us Sabbath by Sabbath; but ever and anon there was trouble, for you know that the choirs in the United States are the Waterloos where the great battles go on. One Sunday they will sing like angels, and the next Sunday they will be mad and will not sing at all. We resolved to settle all the difficulties and have one skillful man at the organ and one man to do the work of the precentor; and now, from Sabbath to Sabbath, the song comes up like the voice of mighty thunderings.

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the Heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad.

On the way to triumph that never ends, and pleasures that never die—sing!

Another characteristic of a live church is a flourishing Sabbath-school. It is too late in the history of the Christian Church to argue the benefit of such an institution. The Sabbath-school is not a supplement to the church; it is its right arm. But you say there are dead churches that have Sabbath-schools. Yes, but the Sabbath-schools are dead, too. It is a dead mother holding in her arms a dead child. But when superintendent, and teachers, and scholars come on Sabbath afternoon together, their faces glowing with interest and enthusiasm, and their songs are heard all through the exercises, and at the close they go away feeling they have been on the Mount of Transfiguration—that is a live school, and it is characteristic of a live church. There is only one thing I have against the Sabbath-schools of this country, and that is, they are too respectable. We gather into our schools the children of the refined, and the cultured, and the educated; but alas for the great multitude of the children of the abandoned and the lost! A few of them are gathered into our Sabbath-schools; but what about the 70,000 destitute children of New York and the score of thousands of destitute children of Brooklyn around whom are thrown no benign and heavenly and Christian influences? It is a tremendous question, what is to become of the destitute children of these cities? We must either act on them or they will act on us. We will either Christianize them or they will heathenize us. It is a question not more for the Christian than for the philanthropist and the statesman. Oh, if we could have all these little ones gathered together, what a scene of hunger and wretchedness and rags and sin and trouble and darkness! If we could see those little feet on the broad road to death, which through Christian charity ought to be pressing the narrow path of life; if we could hear these voices in blasphemy, which ought to be singing the praises of God; if we could see those little hearts, which at that age ought not to be soiled with one unclean thought, becoming the sewers for every abomination; if we could see those suffering little ones sacrificed on the altar of every iniquitous passion and baptized with fire from the lava of the pit we would recoil, crying out: "Avaunt, thou dream of hell!" They are not always going to be children. They are coming up to be the men and women of this country. That spark of iniquity that might now be put out with one drop of the water of life will become the conflagration of every green thing that God ever planted in the soul. That which ought to have been a temple of the Holy Ghost will become a scarred and blistered ruin—every light quenched and every altar in the dust. That petty thief, who slips into your store and takes a yard of cloth from your counter, will become the highwayman of the forest, or the burglar at midnight, picking the lock of your money safe and blowing up your store to hide the villany. A great army, with staggering step, and bloodshot eye and drunken hoot, they are coming on—gathering recruits from every grog shop and den of infamy in the land—to take the ballot box and hurrah at the elections. The hard-knuckled fist of ruffianism will have more power than the gentle hand of intelligence and sobriety. Men, bloated, and with the signature of sin burned in from the top of the forehead to the bottom of the chin, will look honest men out of countenance. Moral corpses, which ought to be buried 100 feet deep to keep them from poisoning the air, will rot in the face of the sun at noonday. Industry in her plain frock will be unappreciated, while thousands of men will wander around in idleness, with their hands on their lips, saying: "The world owes us a living." O, what a tremendous power there is in iniquity when uneducated and unrestrained and unbalanced it goes on concentrating and deepening and widening and gathering momentum until it swings ahead with a very triumph of desolation, drowning like surges, scorching like flames, crushing like rocks! What are you going to do with this abandoned population of the streets? Will you gather them in your churches? It is not the will of your Heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish. If you have ten respectable children in your class, gather in ten that are not respectable. If in your Bible class there be twenty young men who have come from Christian homes and elegant surroundings, let those twenty young men go out and gather in twenty more of the young men of the city who are lost to God and lost to society. This outside population, unless educated and restrained, will work terror in ages that are to come. Years ago at New Orleans, when the cholera was raging fearfully, a steamboat put out just before nightfall crowded with passengers who were trying to escape from the pestilence. After the boat had been out a little while the engineer fell with the cholera. The captain in consternation went down among the passengers and asked: "Is there any one here who knows anything about engineering?" A swarthy man replied: "I am an engineer," "Well," said the captain, "I would be very glad if you would take charge of this boat." The man went to the engine. The steamer moved more rapidly until after a while the captain and some passengers were alarmed and they went to see what was the matter, and they found that this was a maniac engineer and that he was seated on the safety valve; and as they came to him, he said: "I am commissioned of satan to drive this steamer to hell," and he flourished his pistol, and would not come down. But after a while, through some stratagem, he was brought from his position, and the lives of the passengers were saved. Oh! my friends, that steamer had no such peril as our institutions are threatened with, if the ignorant and unrestrained children of this land shall come up in their ignorance and their crime to engineer our civil and religious institutions, and drive them on the rocks. Educate this abandoned population, or they will overthrow the institutions of this land. Gather them into your Sabbath-schools. I congratulate you that many have been gathered. Go forth, teachers, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and on the coming Sabbaths may there be found gathered scores and hundreds of these wanderers, and instead of 1,800 in the Sabbath-school, we shall see 3,000 or 4,000, and the grace of God will come down upon them, and the Holy Spirit will bring them all into the truth.

Another characteristic of a live church is one with appropriate architecture. In the far West and amid destitute population, a log church is very appropriate—the people living in log houses. But in communities where people live in comfortable abodes, a church uncommodious or lacking in beauty is a moral nuisance. Because Christ was born in a manger is no reason why we should worship him in a barn. Let the churches of Jesus Christ be not only comfortable, but ornate. Years ago we resolved to have a comfortable church. We resolved that it should be amphitheatrical in shape. The prominent architects of the country, after figuring on the matter a good while, said that such a church would not be churchly, and they would have nothing to do with the enterprise. But after a while we found an architect willing to risk his reputation. He put up for us the first tabernacle, in amphitheatrical style. We liked it. All who came liked it. This building followed in the same style. We believe it is appropriate and adapted. An angular church will have an angular theology. The church of Jesus Christ ought to be a great family circle, the pulpit only the fireplace, around which they are gathered in sweet and domestic communion. But when our first tabernacle went up, O, the caricature and the scoffing! They said: "It's a hippodrome! It's a holy circus! It's Talmage's theater!" But the Lord came down with power upon that old building, and made it the gate of heaven to a great many. And this building followed. That we were right in persisting in the style of architecture is proved by the fact that now there are sixty or seventy churches in the United States in the same style. Indeed, our tabernacle has revolutionized church architecture in this country. A live church must have a commodious, a comfortable, an adapted building. "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

Again, the characteristic of a live church must be that it is a soul-saving church. It must be the old Gospel of Christ. "O," say some people, "the Gospel of Christ allows but a small swing for a man's faculties, and some men have left the ministry with that idea." One such said to Rowland Hill: "I have left the ministry, because I don't want to hid my talents any longer." "Well," replied Rowland Hill, "I think the more you hide your talents the better." Why, there is no field on earth so grand as that which is open before the Gospel ministry. Have you powers of analysis? exhaust them here. Have you unconquerable logic? let it grapple with Paul's Epistle to the Romans. Have you strong imagination? let it discourse on the Psalms of David and John's apocalyptic version. Have you great powers of pathos? exhaust it in telling the story of a Savior's love. Have you a bold style of thinking? then follow Ezekiel's wheel, full of eyes, and hear through his chapters the rush of the wings of the seraphim. All ye who want a grand field in which to work for God, come into the gospel ministry. At any rate, come into Christian circles, and somewhere and somehow declare the grace of God. Pardon for all sin. Comfort for all trouble. Eternal life for all the dead. O, my soul! preach it forever. It has been my ambition, and I believe it has been yours, my dear people, in these years of my ministry to have this a soul-saving church, and we never yet threw out the Gospel net but we drew in a great multitude. They have come 100 at a time, and 200 at a time, and 350 at a time, and I expect the day will appear when, in some service, there will be 3,000 souls accepting the offers of eternal life. I wish I could tell you some circumstances that have come under my observation, proving the fact that God has blessed the prayers of these people in behalf of souls immortal. I could tell you of one night when I stood at the end of the platform and a gentleman passed me, his cheek bronzed with the sun, and as he went into the inquiry room he said to me, "I am an Englishman." I said: "I am very glad to see you; walk in." That night he gave his heart to Lord. It was a clear case of quick but thorough conversion. Passing out at the close of the inquiry meeting I said: "How long have you been in this country?" He said: "I arrived by steamer this morning at 11 o'clock." "I said: "How long will you be in the city?" He said: "I leave to-morrow for Canada, and thence I go to Halifax, and thence to Europe, and I'll never be here again." I said: "I think you must have come to this country to have your soul saved." "He said: "That certainly was the reason." In the other room, one night, at the close of the service, there sat among other persons, three persons looking so cheerful that I said to myself: "These are not anxious inquirers." I said to the man: "Are you a Christian?" He said: "I am." I said: "When did you become a Christian?" He said: "To-night." His wife sat next to him. I said to her: "Are you a Christian?" She said: "I am." I said: "When did you become a Christian?" She said: "To-night." I remarked: "Is this young lady your daughter?" They said: "Yes." I said to her: "Are you a Christian?" She said: "Yes." I said: "When did you become a Christian?" She said: "To-night." I said to them: "From whence came you?" They said: "We are from Charleston, S. C." I said: "When did you come?" They said: "We came yesterday." "How long are you going to remain?" "We go to-morrow. We have never been here before, and shall never be here again." I have heard from them since. They are members of the church of Jesus Christ, in good and regular standing, eminent for consistency and piety. And so God has made it a soul-saving church. But I could tell you of a tragic scene, when once, at the close of the service, I found a man in one of these front seats, wrought upon most mightily. I said to him: "What is the matter?" He replied: "I am a captive of strong drink; I came from the west; I thought, perhaps, you could do me some good; I find you can't do me any good; I find there is no hope for me." I said: "Come into this side room and we will talk together." "Oh, no!" he said, "there's no need of my going in; I am a lost man; I have a beautiful wife; I have four beautiful children; I had a fine profession; I have had a thorough education; I had every opportunity a man ever had, but I am a captive of strong drink. God only knows what I suffer." I said: "Be encouraged; come in here and we'll talk together about it." "No," he said, "I can't come; you can't do me any good. I was on the Hudson River Railroad yesterday, and coming down I resolved never again to touch a drop of strong drink. While I sat there a man came in—a low creature—and sat by me. He had a whisky flask and he said to me: 'Will you take a drink?' I said: 'No;' but Oh, how I wanted it! And as I said no it seemed that the liquor curled up around the mouth of the flask and begged: 'Take me! take me! take me!' I felt I couldn't resist it, and yet I was determined not to drink, and I rushed out on the platform of the car, and I thought I would jump off; we were going at the rate of forty miles an hour, and I didn't dare to jump; the paroxysm of thirst went off, and I am here to-night." I said: "Come in, I'll pray for you, and commend you to God." He came in trembling. Some of you remember. After the service we walked out and up the street. I said: "You have an awful struggle; I'll take you into a drug store, perhaps the doctor can give you some medicine that will help you in your struggle, though after all, you will have to depend upon the grace of God." I said to the doctor: "Can you give this man something to help him in his battle against strong drink?" "I can," replied the doctor, and he prepared a bottle of medicine. I said: "There is no alcohol in this—no strong drink?" "None at all," said the doctor. "How long will this last?" I inquired. "It will last him a week." "O," I said, "give us another bottle." We passed out into the street and stood under the gaslight. It was getting late, and I said to the man: "I must part with you. Put your trust in the Lord and He will see you through. You will make use of this medicine when the paroxysm of thirst comes on." A few weeks passed away, and I got a letter from Boston saying: "Dear friend, I inclose the money you paid for that medicine. I have never used any of it. The thirst for strong drink has entirely gone away from me. I send you two or three newspapers to show you what I have been doing since I came to Boston." I opened the newspapers and saw accounts of meetings of 2,000 or 3,000 people to whom this man had been preaching righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. I have heard from him again and again since. He is faithful now, and will be, I know, faithful to the last. O, this work of soul saving! Would God that out of this audience to-day 500 men might hear the voice of the son of God bidding them come to a glorious resurrection!

All the offers of the Gospel are extended to you, "without money and without price," and you are conscious of the fact that these opportunities will soon be gone forever. The conductor of a rail train was telling me of the fact that he was one night standing by his train on the side track, his train having been switched off so that the express train could dart past unhindered. He said while he stood there in the darkness, beside his train on the side track, he heard the thunder of the express in the distance. Then he saw the flash of the headlight. The train came with fearful velocity, nearer and nearer, until after awhile, when it came very near by the flash of the headlight, he saw that the switchman had not attended to his duty—either through intoxication or indifference, had not attended to his duty—and that train, unless something were done immediately, would rush on the side track, and dash the other train to atoms. He shouted to the switchman: "Set up that switch!" and with one stroke the switch went back, and the express thundered on. O! men and women, going on toward the eternal world, swift as the years, swift as the months, swift as the days, swift as the hours, swift as the minutes, swift as the seconds—on what track are you running? Toward light or darkness? Toward victory or defeat? Toward heaven or hell? Set up that switch. Cry aloud to God: "Now is the day of salvation."

A CITIZEN of Buffalo, N. Y., after seven years' labor, has just succeeded in producing a clock that is a wonderful piece of ingenuity. The framework stands about seven feet high. The front is embellished with carved work and hand-painting. The dial, sixteen inches in diameter, shows the second, minute, and hour, ranging from one to twenty-four hours; all the days of the week and month in separate circles. An inner-ring displays figures corresponding to the twelve-hour system, thus furnishing two readings—one of twelve hours and the main one of twenty-four hours. The interior mechanism is unusually simple, containing half the ordinary number of wheels, while performing correctly a greater variety of work. By an ingenious adjustment of the lower and upper works, a very sensational effect is reached in the artistic canopy, a strange device. At every quarter the twelve apostles are seen to march out at one door and in at another, in semi-circle, in front of a figure intended to represent Christ. Peter is seen to turn his back upon the Savior. Overhead is the inscription, "Beware of Temptation," and a hand pointing toward a bar in front of which a dude is seen approaching a portly, aproned "host," who receives contemptuously his visitor's overtures to "stand him off." At the extreme left a curtained door of the adjoining saloon opens and discloses a policeman in the act of getting away with his mug of beer. At the extreme right is an aperture out of which figures representing "Childhood," "Youth," "Manhood," and "Old Age" emerge to correspond with the first, second, third, and last quarters of the hour. Not the least wonderful thing about the clock is the fact that the bulk of its elaborate carved work was done at odd times by means of a jack-knife, and that some of the richer effects were produced from cigar-boxes.


### A Great Battle

Is continually going on in the human system. The demon of impure blood strives to gain victory over the constitution, to ruin health, to drag victims to the grave. A good reliable weapon like Hood's Sarsaparilla is the weapon with which to defend one's self, drive the desperate enemy from the field and restore peace and bodily health for many years. Try this peculiar medicine.


Ex-Congressman Chittenden, of Brooklyn, will build a $100,000 library on Yale college grounds.


### John B. Gough.

No man of the present century has exerted such a marked influence on behalf of the temperance cause as the late John B. Gough. During the past forty years he delivered nearly 10,000 addresses, and traveled hundreds of thousands of miles. On January 15, 1885, he wrote: "For many years I have used Pond's Extract with great benefit. It has been my companion in my extensive travels. For bruises, chafing or irritation I have found it invaluable. For sore throat, especially when tending to ulceration, I have found it very beneficial."


A company of Chicago and New York capitalists has been formed to work the iron mines on the Kingston & Pembroke (Canada) railroad.


When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferers at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub wakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.
Jan. 19-eodawly.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents.

SHILOH'S COUGH and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle.

CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. For sale by Dreier & Bro.


Train No. 8, on the Kankakee line, yesterday ran into the caboose of a light engine ahead, near Colfax, dangerously injuring Edward Barrett, a brakeman, and slightly injuring two others. The caboose was demolished.


# ROYAL



# BAKING POWDER

## Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and can not be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-st., N. Y. jan24

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If you want a Large or Small Tract of Land, for a Home or for Speculation, write for a map of Hamilton County, Kansas. *120,000* acres on main line of Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fee R. R. to select from. Best soil for the growing of *FRUIT* and all kinds of grain, and the finest grazing land and stock country in the world. For sale on long time and easy terms of payment. Call or write to *320 Main Street, Kansas City, Mo.*

Feb 11daw-3m *E. H. DOBBS.*

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*ELY'S CREAM BALM*

*Is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into nostrils is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head. Allays inflammation. Heals the sores. Restores the senses of taste and smell.* 50cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.

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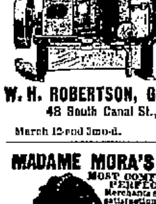
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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N.Y.

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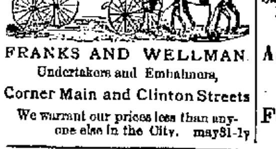
March 12-eod 3mo-d.

## MADAME MORA'S CORSETS.



MOST COMFORTABLE AND PERFECT FITTING. Merchants say they give better satisfaction than any corset they ever sold. Dressmakers recommend them for their fine shape. Cannot break over hips. Are particularly liked by Ladies of full figure. The "CONTOUR" and "ALDINE" have the PATENT TRIPLE BACK, which covers the open space and protects the spine. The "LA REINE" has the popular Removable Steels, which can be instantly taken out, without cutting or ripping. For Ladies, ask for MADAME MORA'S CORSETS. No others have the celebrated French Curved Band. Beware of imitations offered to deceive the public. For sale by all leading dealers. Manufactured by

Madame Mora's Contour, Madame Mora's La Reine, Madame Mora's Aldine, Madame Mora's Comfort Hip. L. KRAUS & CO., Birmingham, Conn. J. G. Fitzpatrick & Co., 71 Leonard St., N. Y.



FRANKS AND WELLMAN.

Undertakers and Embalmers,

Corner Main and Clinton Streets

We warrant our prices less than any one else in the City. may31-1y

### More Facts.

STERLING, ILL., August 22, 1885.
We feel we must write something of the success of Hop Bitters. Their sale is thrible that of any other article of medicine. Hence we feel it but justice to you and your Bitters to say that it is a medicine of real merit and virtue, and doing much good and effecting great cures.
Yours, J. F. & H. B. UTLEY.

HAYESVILLE, Ohio, Feb. 11, 1884.
I am very glad to say I have tried Hop Bitters, and never took anything that did me as much good. I only took two bottles and I would not take $100 for the good they did me. I recommend them to my patients, and get the best of results from their use
C. B. MERCER, M. D.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Sept. 15, 1885.
We take pleasure in giving you a notice and a nice strong one, as it (Hop Bitters) deserves it. We use it, and we know it deserves it. —*The Register.*

GREENWICH, Feb. 11, 1887.
Hop Bitters Co.:
Sirs—I was given up by the doctors to die of scrofula consumption. Two bottles of your Bitters cured me. They are having a large sale here.
LEROY BREWER.

GREENWICH, N. Y., Feb. 12, 1885.
Hop Bitters are the most valuable medicine I ever knew. I should not have any mother now but for them.
HENRY KNAPP.

LONE JACK, Mo., Sept 14, 1885.
I have been using Hop Bitters, and have received great benefit from them for liver complaint and malarial fever. They are superior to all other medicines.
P. M. BARNES.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Feb 2, 1886.
Hop Bitters Mfg. Co.:
I know Hop Bitters will bear recommendation honestly. All who use them confer upon them the highest encomiums and give them credit for making cures—all the proprietors claim for them. I have kept them since they were first offered to the public. They took high rank from the first, and maintained it, and are more called for than all others combined. So long as they keep up their high reputation for purity and usefulness I shall continue to recommend them—something I have never done before with any patent medicine.
J. J. BABCOCK,
Physician and Druggist.

KAHOKA, Mo., Feb. 9, 1886.
I purchased five bottles of your Hop Bitters of Bishop & Co. last fall, for my daughter, and am well pleased with the Bitters. They did her more good than all the medicine she has taken for six years.
WM. T. McCLURE.

The above is from a very reliable farmer, whose daughter was in poor health for seven or eight years, and could obtain no relief until she used Hop Bitters. She is now in as good health as any person in this country. We have large sales, and they are making remarkable cures.
W. H. BISHOP & CO.

## WHITE
## Bronze Monuments

Are Beautiful,

And do not decay like stone. Investigate before purchasing.

## LONGACRE & CO.,

No. 46 Harrison Street,

Fort Wayne, - - Ind.

Jan. 10 d&wly.

## Geo. R. Bowen.

Plumbing,

Steamfitting,

Sewering.

Particular attention given to

Sanitary Plumbing and Sewering.

Bath Tubs, Boilers, Water Closets, Sinks, Hydrants, Yard Hose, Brass Trimmings for Engines, Etc.

NO. 110 CALHOUN ST.

## MADDEN & COX

—PRACTICAL—

## Sanitary Plumbers.

STEAM & GASS FITTERS.

—DEALERS IN—

Sanitary Appliances, Water Closets, Bath Tubs, Wash Stands, Hydrants, Pumps, Sinks, Cesspools,

Aartistic Gas Fixtures,

73 Calhoun Street,

Fort Wayne, - - - - Ind.

aug 21-6m.

# That Tired Feeling

When the weather grows warmer, that extreme tired feeling, want of appetite, dullness, languor, and lassitude, afflict almost the entire human family, and scrofula and other diseases caused by humors, manifest themselves with many. It is impossible to throw off this debility and expel humors from the blood without the aid of a reliable medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I could not sleep, and would get up in the morning with hardly life enough to get out of bed. I had no appetite, and my face would break out with pimples. I bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and soon began to sleep soundly; could get up without that tired and languid feeling, and my appetite improved." R. A. SANFORD, Kent, O.

"I had been much troubled by general debility. Last spring Hood's Sarsaparilla proved just the thing needed. I derived an immense amount of benefit. I never felt better." H. F. MILLET, Boston, Mass.

At no other season is the system so susceptible to the beneficial effects of a reliable tonic and invigorant. The impure state of the blood, the deranged digestion, and the weak condition of the body, caused by its long battle with the cold, wintry blasts, all call for the reviving, regulating and restoring influences so happily and effectively combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla did me a great deal of good. I had no particular disease, but was tired out from overwork, and it toned me up." MRS. G. E. SIMMONS, Cohoes, N. Y.

"For seven years, spring and fall, I had scrofulous sores come out on my legs, and for two years was not free from them at all. I suffered very much. Last May I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and before I had taken two bottles, the sores healed and the humor left me." C. A. ARNOLD, Arnold, Me.

"There is no blood purifier equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla." E. B. PHELPS, Rochester, N. Y.

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**
Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
**100 Doses One Dollar**

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**
Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
**100 Doses One Dollar**

# L. O. HULL,

# WALL PAPER,



AND CEILING DECORATIONS,

The Newest Goods! The latest Novelties! The Lowest Prices! Lincrusta Walton, Window Curtains, Artists' Materials, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Window Glass.

HOUSE, SIGN AND FRESCO PAINTING.

We are headquarters for Artistic Wall and Ceiling Decoration, and can show better work and more of it than all others in the city put together. Now wake up, I am talking to you; you can get goods to please you and save money by buying at Headquarters,

## 90 CALHOUN STREET
## FORT WAYNE

# SKIN AND SCALP

## Cleansed, Purified and Beautified by the Cuticura Remedies.

For cleansing the the Skin and Scalp of Disfiguring Humors, for allaying Itching Burning and Inflammation, for curing the first symptoms of Eczema, Psoriasis, Milk Crust, Scaly Head, Scrofula, and other inherited Skin and Blood Diseases, Cuticura, the great Skin Sure, and Cuticura Soap, and exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are infallible.

### A Complete Cure.

I have suffered all my life with skin diseases of different kinds and have never found permanent relief, until, by the advice of a lady friend, I used your valuable Cuticura Remedies. I gave them a thorough trial, using six bottles of the Cuticura Resolvent, two boxes of Cuticura and seven cakes of Cuticura Soap, and the result was just what I had been told it would be—a complete cure.
BELLE WADE, Richmond, Va.
Reference, G. W. Latimer, Druggist, Richmond, Va.

### Salt Rheum Cured.

I was troubled with Salt Rheum for a number of years, so that the skin entirely came off one of my hands from the finger tips to the wrist. I tried remedies and doctors' prescriptions to no purpose until I commenced taking Cuticura Remedies, and now I am entirely cured.
E. T. PARKER, 379 Northampton St., Boston.

### Druggists Endorse Them.

Have sold a quantity of your Cuticura Remedies. One of my customers, Mrs. Henry Kintz, who had tetter on her hands to such an extent as to cause the skin to peel off, and for eight years she suffered greatly, was completely cured by the use of your medicines.
C. N. NYE, Druggist, Canton, Ohio.

### Itching, Scaly, Pimply.

For the last year I have had a species of itching, scaly and pimply humors on my face to which I have applied a great many methods of treatment without success, and which was speedily and entirely cured by Cuticura.
MRS. ISAAC PHELPS, Ravenna, O.

### No Medicine Like Them

We have sold your Cuticura Remedies for the last six years, and no medicines on our shelves give better satisfaction.
C. F. ATHERTON, Druggist, Albany, N. Y.

Cuticura Remedies are sold every where. Price: Cuticura, 50 cents; Resolvent, $1.00; Soap, 25 cents. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

GRUBS, Pimples, Skin Blemishes, and Baby Humors, cured by Cuticura Soap

## Catarrh to Consumption.

Catarrh in its destructive force stands next to and undoubtedly leads on to consumption. It is therefore singular that those afflicted with this fearful disease should not make it the object of their lives to rid themselves of it. Deceptive remedies concocted by ignorant pretenders to medical knowledge have weakened the confidence of the great majority of sufferers in all advertised remedies. They become resigned to a life of misery rather than torture themselves with doubtful palliatives.

But this will never do. Catarrh must be met at every stage and combated with all our might. In many cases the disease has assumed dangerous symptoms. The bones and cartilage of the nose, the organs of hearing, of seeing and tasting so affected as to be useless, the uvula so elongated, the throat so inflamed and irritated as to produce a constant and distressing cough.

Sanford's Radical Cure meets every phase of Catarrh, from a simple head cold to the most loathsome and destructive stages. It is local and constitutional. Instant in relieving, permanent in curing, safe, economical and never failing.

Each package contains one bottle of the Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent, and an Improved Inhaler, with treatise; price, $1.
Potter Drug & Chemical Co., Boston.

KIDNEY PAINS, And that weary, lifeless all-gone sensation ever present with those of Inflamed Kidneys, Weak Back and Loins, Aching Hips and Sides, overworked or worn out by disease, debility or dissipation, are relieved in one minute and speedily cured by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, a new, original, elegant and infallible antidote to pain and inflammation. At all druggists, 25c.; five for $1.00; or of Potter Drug Co., Boston.

# Tutt's Pills

*Is an invaluable remedy for*

*SICK HEADACHE, TORPID LIVER, DYSPEPSIA, PILES, MALARIA, COSTIVENESS,*

AND ALL BILIOUS DISEASES.

Sold Everywhere.

# Maverick National Bank,

BOSTON, MASS.

*CAPITAL* - - - - - $400,000
*SURPLUS* - - - - - 400,000

Accounts of banks, bankers and corporations solicited.

Our facilities for collections are excellent and we re-discount for banks when balances warrant it.

Boston is a Reserve city, and balances with us from banks (not located in other reserve cities) count as a reserve.

We draw our own exchange on London and the continent, and make cable transfers and place money by telegraph throughout the United States and Canada

Government bonds bought and sold, and exchanges in Washington made for banks without extra charge.

We have a market for prime first-class investment securities, and invite proposals from states, counties and cities when issuing bonds.

We do a general banking business, and invite correspondence.

ASA P. POTTER, Pres't.
JOS. W. WORK, Cashier.

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GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

# EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half pound tins by grocers, labeled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

March 13-mwly


NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

The firm of Humphreys & Gerow, slate roofers, is this day dissolved. John Humphreys will continue said business, collect all the moneys due said firm and pay all debts of said firm.

Dated at Fort Wayne, Ind., Feb. 5, 1887.
JOHN HUMPHREYS,
TALBOT GEROW.

# THE WHEEL.

## Wheelmen's Headquarters, League Uniform and Items of General Interest to Wheelmen.

Why don't the Fort Wayne Bi club challenge the state for a club team road race. We have the largest club in the state and plenty of material for a good, strong team.

A Fort Wayne rider is in receipt of a letter from Cal Reiman at Los Angeles, Cal., in which he remarks that it is an every day occurence to see clerks, bookkeepers and other riders of bicycles attending to their several duties in full uniform—i. e., knee breeches, jackets, low shoes, black stockings, &c. This is a great convenience in many ways and we think our local wheelmen should adopt the same sensible dress, for they would soon find that as the custom extended the novelty would dissapear and they would then not appear conspicuous. Who will be the first? Cal says Victors and Stars predominate.

Gormully & Jeffery have brought suit against the Pope Manufacturing company for infringements on their White ball bearings and Lillibridge saddle patents.

The cloth chosen for the new league uniform is of a dark brown color, close in texture, smooth in finish and medium in weight, and the league tailor, whomever he may be, will be compelled to agree to buy his cloth from the official mill, at a price agreed upon by the executive committee. This arrangement is expected to prevent deterioration of the cloth.

Fred Graham was riding his Champion yesterday for the first time since his accident of a year ago. He is still thusiastic on wheeling, notwithstanding his bad luck.

Dr. James G. Lathrop, athletic director of Harvard college, is of the opinion that a mile will yet be ridden on a bicycle in two minutes or less. The conditions he attaches to this statement, are, that the course shall be straight away, and the wind blowing at the rider's back, at the same rate at which he is riding, which would have the same effect as a dead calm.

"Jax" remarked to us that he took three headers last Sunday.

It was night. Outside 'twas snowing and the wind whistled through the telephone wires until they shrieked and howled as if in pain, but the wind care not for he still blew on and over. Inside, around the red-hot stove at the Wheelmen's headquarters were gathered a goodly crowd of the "knights of the wheel." At promptly 8 o'clock the club captain got down from its shelf a huge volume and called the roll. All were present but the consul. After the club secretary had read the minutes of the previous meeting and a few other minor business details had been gone through with "Jax" began telling one of his famous stories about beer and cheese and so on. When he had done a painful stillness filled the room and the ticking of the court house clock in its tower a square away could be plainly heard. This peaceful quiet was suddenly harshly broken by a prolonged blast from the club bugler, who was greeted with loud cheering, this being considered a decided improvement over the worn-out and time-honored chestnut bell. Then the "Little Unattached," who is also a bicycle agent, began in a loud tone of voice to extol the wonderful merits of the machine he represented, but was speedily chocked off by "Stick," who knows all about bicycles, and of course everybody believes what he says. Short stories of rather a musty flavor were told by "Spuds," the club secretary, the Lightnig Jerker, Fatty and others. These stories had all highly delighted their hearers the first time they had been heard, away back in the dark ages, and amply illustrated the dogma that "there is nothing now under the sun." The night wore on and the wind still blew through the telephone wires with a melancholly wail over the stories just listened to. As the interest began to lag in came the consul, who, as usual, was very late, covered with mud from head to foot. He had been experimenting with a Foote's anti-header out in his back yard with great success judging by the looks of his clothes. H began to tell about a wonderful lamp that he had rigged to his machine, which would throw a light something over six consecutive squares, but was interrupted by the club bugler and "The Flea," who had meanwhile gotten into a warm controversy over that much discussed question, "Who is Kekionga?" The dispute waxed loud and long and the spilling of blood seemed imminent, when up got the "Representative" from his seat on the counter and by a wave of his hand commanded silence, for he was an old-time rider and was much looked up to. "Gentlemen," said he, "why this needless warmth, know ye all that Kekionga is ——," but "Chunk" had grabbed the bugle from the club bugler and blew a terrible blast; the captain just then turned out the lights, the wind shrieked through the telephone wires and to this day no one knows who "Kekionga" is.

The regular monthly meeting of the Fort Wayne Bi club was held April 7, with eighteen members present. The applications of W. A. Dillendaffer, LeRoy Hartzler and F. W. Urbans were handed in for club membership, on resolution of F. W. Fee. The president appointed a committee of three, consisting of Dr. Ross, C. J. McClain, and Louis Ohnhouse to look up new quarters for the club.

The third annual banquet of the Fort Wayne Bicycle club will be celebrated to-night. The members are requested to meet at the club room at 9 o'clock, thence to Sidel's, where the banquet will be spread. Frank Fee has been appointed toast-master. The following are the toasts and members who respond:

The Ladies..........Frank Lightfoot
Our Officers..........Dr. G. A. Ross
Our City..........Theo Thieme
Our Riders..........C. J. McClain
The Wheel..........C. W. Edgerton
The League..........J. M. Kuhns
The Club..........Stephen Bond
Kekionga..........Carl Peter Swain


### The Spring Months.

Are undoubtedly the best in which to purify the blood and strengthen the system, because at this time the body is most susceptible to the beneficial effects of a reliable medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla. The feeling of debility, languor, and lassitude, caused by the changing season, is entirely overcome, and scrofula and all humors are expelled from the blood by the powerful reviving and purifying influences of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Do not delay—Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now. It is made by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists. 100 Doses One Dollar.


The indictments recently found against present and former commissioners of Cook county number 200, and against wardens and contractors 102.


### Scott's's Emulsion of Pure

*Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites For Children and Pulmonary Troubles.*

Dr. W. S. Hoy, Point Pleasant, W. Va., says: "I have made a thorough test with Scott's Emulsion in Pulmonary Troubles and General Debility, and have been astonished at the good results; for children with Rickets or Marasmus it is unequalled."


Jeff Davis was at the unveiling of the Sydney monument in New Orleans and made a speech. President Cleveland sent his regrets.


# A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*


The current number of the *Railroad Gazette* sums up February accidents at 192, with 55 persons killed and 196 wounded.


# POND'S EXTRACT

VEGETABLE

# PAIN DESTROYER

**Hemorrhages.** Bleeding from the Lungs, Stomach, Nose, or from any cause is speedily controlled and stopped.

**Sores, Ulcers, Wounds, Sprains and Bruises.** It is cooling, cleansing and Healing.

**Catarrh.** It is most efficacious for this disease, Cold in the Head, &c. Our "Catarrh Cure," is specially prepared to meet serious cases. Our Nasal Syringe is simple and inexpensive.

**Rheumatism, Neuralgia.** No other preparation has cured more cases of these distressing complaints than the Extract. Our Plaster is invaluable in these diseases, Lumbago, Pains in Back or Side, &c.

**Diphtheria & Sore Throat,** Use the Extract promptly. Delay is dangerous.

**Piles,** Blind, Bleeding or Itching. It is the greatest known remedy; rapidly curing when other medicines have failed. Our Ointment is of great service where the removal of clothing is inconvenient.

**For Broken Breast and Sore Nipples.** Mothers who have once used The Extract will never be without it. Our Ointment is the best emollient that can be applied.

**Female Complaints.** In the majority of female diseases the Extract can be used, as is well known, with the greatest benefit. Full directions accompany each bottle.

CAUTION.

**Pond's Extract** Has been imitated. The genuine has the words "Pond's Extract" blown in the glass, and our picture trade mark on surrounding buff wrapper. None other is genuine. Always insist on having Pond's Extract. Take no other preparation. *It is never sold in bulk, or by measure.*

**Sold everywhere, Prices, 50c, $1, $1.75.**

Prepared only by POND'S EXTRACT CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON.

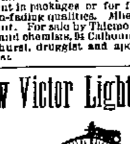
LADIES

Do Your Own Dyeing, at Home, with

# PEERLESS DYES

They will dye everything. They are sold everywhere. Price 10c. a package—40 colors. They have no equal for strength, brightness, amount in packages or for fastness of color, or non-fading qualities. They do not crock or smut. For sale by Thieme & Gross, druggists and chemists, 94 Calhoun st., and H. W. Mordhurst, druggist and apothecary, 74 Calhoun st. mar21-dawly.

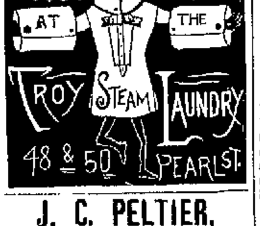

# New Victor Light Roadster



TRUE TANGENT WHEEL.

Handsomest and Strongest Bicycle in the market.

HARRY KEPLINGER, Agent




# J. C. PELTIER,

UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER,

17 W. Wayne St.

Telephone No. 174.

May 22 ly.

# GOOCH'S MEXICAN SYRUP

OF WILD CHERRY, TAR, GLYCERINE, ETC.

# WILL CURE CONSUMPTION,

And is the best remedy for the cure of all affections of the Throat, Lungs and Chest, such as Consumption, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Croup, Pain or Oppression of the Chest, Hoarseness, Spitting of Blood, and all Pulmonary Diseases.

# CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED!

WE have the gratifying fact to know that it can be cured with GOOCH'S MEXICAN SYRUP. Tuberculous matter is nothing more than nourishment imperfectly organized. Now, if we can procure the organization of this food material so that through the process of electric affinity it may take its place in the system, we can cure the disease. This is just what this Syrup does. It at once stops the progress of the disease by preventing the further supply of tuberculous matter, for while the system is under its influence all nourishment is organized and assimilated. It thus controls Coughs, Night Sweats, and all other symptoms of Consumption. Consumption is one of the most loathsome and terrible of all fatal diseases, and makes the life of the poor consumptive a hell on earth. Until recently that terrible disease has been considered an affliction beyond the reach of medicine; but a new era in the management of pulmonary diseases seems to be dawning upon the scientific medical world, and, since many distinguished physicians have acknowledged that consumption can be cured, few there are who attempt to controvert their opinion. To those singled out as victims to that fatal malady, we offer a remedy sure in its results to bring back health to their poor weakened frames and joy to the hearts of their friends.

Consumptives, because all other things fail, believe not that MEXICAN SYRUP will. Not a single sufferer need perish if he or she will take GOOCH'S MEXICAN SYRUP in time. A cough is unlike any other symptom of disease. It stands a sentinel, with threatening voice, menacing the health and existence of a vital organ; so commence at once at the first indication of a cough. TRY IT, you who suffer, and be convinced. Do you want to be saved from a consumptive's grave? Then make one more trial. This remedy is in the reach of everybody; it only costs 50 cents a bottle. Is your life not worth 50 cents? If so, make one more trial. Is not your life indeed worth one more trial? Test the truth of our words, if only by one single bottle; and never give way to dispair till you are certain there is no hope. It has cured thousands, and it will cure you. As we would plead with a friend to save him from taking his own life, so we plead with you to save yourselves from a premature grave. We positively guarantee a perceptible and continuous improvement when the medicine is faithfully and persistently used.

Below we publish a few certificates of genuine praise from those grateful for health restored. We have selected these from thousands which are now on file with us and ready for reference as proof of the merits of our medicine. We give the Post-office address, so any one desiring can write direct to the parties.

This medicine is manufactured by the CINCINNATI DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., 54 Main Street, Cincinnati, O., from a prescription of ANTONIA GARCIA, an old Mexican Doctor. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

IT SAVED HER LIFE.—Gooch's Mexican Syrup has accomplished a cure in this neighborhood which has astonished the people. A young lady, Miss Davis, was given up to die by her attending physician. She had Lung Fever. The doctor said she would die before morning, and advised her friends to discontinue his medicine, as they were doing her no good. Her parents had a bottle of your Mexican Syrup and Liniment in the house. They at once began to give the Syrup in doses one hour apart, and frequently bathed her chest with the Liniment. Before morning she was decidedly better, and, after using two bottles of each, she is almost as well as ever. It was almost like raising the dead, and has established the reputation of your medicine here. J. A. J. N. SANDS, Trimble, Athens, Co. O.

We have had an Epidemic of colds and sore throat in our town. I cured one of the worst cases with your Gooch's Mexican Syrup and Quick Relief with four or five doses, using it alternately every four hours. R. H. WOLFE, Merchant, Bowersville, O.

*Gentlemen:*—Allow me to offer my unsolicited testimony in favor of Gooch's Mexican Syrup. I had a cough for about three years and was taken with a severe hemorrhage of the lungs. They said I would not live till morning. I commenced using your Gooch's Mexican Syrup, and it relieved me in about thirty minutes. I have used three bottles and it has cured me sound and well. Hoping this may be the means of cheering the hearts of desponding invalids, I am, yours truly, SHELBY CYRUS, White Sprigs, W. Va.

EARNING HER LIVING.—Gooch's Mexican Syrup has given perfect satisfaction in my family, and I can recommend it without hesitation whatever, as the best remedy for coughs, colds and all lung troubles. A young lady in my employ, who had been forced to quit work, and who had been given up to die by her friends, with consumption, has, by the use of this remedy, been restored to health, and is now at work earning her living, and enjoying health. R. M. FLEMING, Editor Piqua Journal.

Having suffered for the past two years with a very severe cough, and was unable to find anything to give me relief until I commenced Gooch's Mexican Syrup, which I find acts immediately with great satisfaction. FRANK ARNIM, Pension Claim Agent, Room 32, Temple Bar Building, Cincinnati, O.

I am sure Gooch's Mexican Syrup is the best medicine I ever heard of. My baby had been suffering with a cough for three weeks, and six doses of the Syrup cured it. JOHN DIEFFER, Jr., No. 141 West Third Street, Covington, Ky.

*Gentlemen:* I will not hide my light under a bushel, for I want the people to know what your medicine has done for me. For four years I have been afflicted with Asthma, and could not get anything to do me any good until I got your Gooch's Mexican Syrup. I took three bottles and it cured me entirely. I give you this, hoping it may be the means of saving some one from a horrible and premature death. Yours under obligations, REV. THOS. B. WARWICK, Scott Town, O.

If not on sale at nearest dealer, will send two bottles, postpaid, on receipt of $1.00, to any part of the United States of America.

For sale by Myer Bros., wholesale dealers, C. C. Lepper, F. W. Boecker, Hanna St. Drug Store, C. B. Woodworth & Co., Temple of Pharmacy, Dreier Bros., Wm. L. Moellering, B. R. Noll & Co., W. H. Mordhurst, Thieme & Gross, Klinkenberg & Detzer.

LAWRENCE, OSTROM AND CO.'S

Famous "Belle of Bourbon"

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Thousands of children are born into the world every day with some eczematous affection, such as milk crust, scall head, scurf or dandruff, sure to develop into an agonizing eczema, the itching, burning and disfiguration of which make life a prolonged torture unless properly treated.

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Your most valuable Cuticura Remedies have done my child so much good that I feel like saying this for the benefit of those who are troubled with skin disease. My little girl was troubled with eczema, and I tried several doctors and medicines, but did not do her any good until I used the Cuticura Remedies, which speedily cured her, for which I owe you many thanks and many nights of rest.
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Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c., Soap 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases." 64 pages, 50 illustrations and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin and scalp preserved and beautified by Cuticura Medicated Soap.

Our oldest child, now six years of age, when an infant six months old, was attacked with a virulent, malignant disease. All ordinary remedies failing, we called our family physician, who attempted to cure it; but it spread with almost incredible rapidity, until the lower portion of the little fellow's person, from the middle of his back down to his knees, was one solid rash, ugly, painful, blotched and malicious. We had no rest at night, no peace by day. Finally, we were advised to try the Cuticura Remedies. The effect was simply marvellous. In three or four weeks a complete cure was wrought, leaving the little fellow's person as white and healthy as though he had never been attacked. In my opinion, your valuable remedies saved his life, and today he is a strong, healthy child, perfectly well, no repetition of the disease having ever occurred.
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Att'y at law and ex-pros. att'y, Ashland, O.
Reference: J. G. Weist, druggist, Ashland, O.

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for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Colds and Muscular Pains; outward application. Sold by all druggists and Grocers. If you cannot obtain from your druggists or grocer send to *JAMES P. SMITH, 45 Park Place, N. Y.*

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Cures Quickly
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A POWERFUL TONIC

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A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS PROSTRATION,

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# Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1887

## NEWS OF THE STAGE

### What Players, Playwrights, and Managers are Saying and Doing.

#### MOVEMENTS OF STAGE CELEBRITIES.

*News, Notes, and Gossip About Prominent Professionals on Both Sides of the Atlantic.*

*Stage Thunder.*

Edwin Forrest liked his thunder made by a cannon ball rolling from the roof of the theater through an inclined trough which ended in a funnel. In the funnel projected numerous bristle wooden "profiles" or pegs. When the heavy iron ball came thundering down this funnel, crashing and breaking the wood, it sounded as if the house was tumbling down. Thunder made Forrest warm up to work, especially as King Lear, a play in which the boys kept the ball rolling very lively during the third act. Offenbach made Calchas shake a thin sheet of iron in imitation of Jupiter Olympus, and that way of making thunder is now used in South Europe. The Saxon idea of thunder, which mythology tells us was made by Thor throwing his hammer from Walhalla and finally striking something, brought different sounds to the ear than that shaken out from a sheet of tin or iron. And the final thud and crash is made now in North Germany by the rattling of tin first and the breaking of a thin pine board by a cobblestone hurled by the scene-shifter.

The late Mr. E. L. Davenport once said that the finest thunder he had heard was one of these gentlemen tumbling down a very rickety stair and breaking each step as he bounced downward. Booth does not care much how his thunder is manufactured, but he likes it best when it grumbles in the far distance on a bass drum, ending with one or two mighty peals of sharp cracking noises at precise points in his business. Keene, on the contrary, likes it sharp, loud, and plenty of it.

Mme. Janauschek likes her thunder done in the flies by a ball rolling from wing to wing gently, and at times the prompter rattles a long piece of sheet-iron with a handle two or three times right at the audience. This, the madam thinks, gives the effect of a storm, which comes on and finally breaks over her. The prompter, with prompt-book in one hand, shaking the thunder sheet with the other, is usually the only funny thing in madam's performance.

The trouble with storm lingering or mumbling thunder is that it sounds more like an express wagon driving over a very bad pavement. Mr. W. H. Gillette uses a gentle thunder to imitate a coming carriage, and has a stone whereon one of the boys beats a gallop with a steel horseshoe. Charles Fechter finally adopted the Forrest rumbling and final crash. When he fell through a stage trap some years before he died and hurt himself severely, it is said he thought the noise he made was an excellent article of thunder, but doubted if he could get a substitute. He was very much liked by the stage hands wherever he went, and "putting up" a keg of beer for them was not a very unusual occurrence.

When Lewis Morrison brought out his "Faust" at the Chicago Columbia Theater he used all the known ways of raising thunder in the Walpurgis Nacht scene. More than a hundred supers were hired to howl and rattle tin sheets from all conceivable places. Charlotte Cushman cared nothing for the quality of her thunder, but she wanted the quantity as boisterous as she could get it, and wished the thundermakers to pause after each thunder clap in Meg Merrils just long enough for her to say her lines. She didn't care for much lightning.

At the Lyceum Theater thunder is made by rolling a stone boulder down a trough, in the bottom of which are nailed strips of wood. In the storm gathered in "Met by Chance" this thunder was very effective, accompanied as it was by lightning. Several glass tubes, through which ran a wire, were stretched across the stage in zig-zags and the electric flash sent through which could be seen through the transparent glass, and the effect was made more striking yet by throwing a light, obscured by dark, threatening clouds painted on the glass, this was reflected on the drop, and gave the whole background the appearance of a moving mass of rain laden clouds. In "The Brook" the Salsbury Troubadours heighten the effect by a perforated water-pipe in the flies, through which the water sprinkled on the stage, but the thunder and lightning are tame, as they only wish to appear to be surprised by a passing summer shower. James A. Herne was, however, the first to introduce rain on the stage, in "Hearts of Oak."

A very good effect of lightning is the forked streak of fire which blinds Mr. Wilson Barrett in his clever impersonation of Claudian, but the device is not new. It is done very much in the same manner by Stage Manager Waldron, who produces a like effect in "Clio." Magnesium is sometimes used for flash lightning, and powdered rosin blown through a quill over the flame of a candle is also frequently used. A cotton ball saturated with alcohol and thrown from the flies was used in the production of John Howard Payne's "Brutus," and the ball was hurled at the statue of Tarquin.—*N. Y. Morning Journal.*

*M. Coquelin.*

M. Coquelin will be the fourth of the distinguished performers of the French stage who have crossed the Atlantic to act in America, and although the other three were Rachel, Fechter, and Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, he is not the least of the four. It may be that he is less known in the United States than they were, and that his coming has been less widely heralded. It is true that he has never striven for that mere notoriety which sometimes serves a public performer in place of fame. No fantastic tales are told of his eccentricities. He is quite without the touch of charlatanry, which taints the sayings and doings of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. He has gone about his business quietly, and he has done his work as best he could. His success has not been achieved in a day, and there is no danger that his fame will fade over night. He has won his way steadily, and the ground is solid under his feet.

M. Coquelin has risen to be now the first comedian of the Theater Francais, as Rachel was the first tragedienne, and he belong there of right as she did: while neither Fechter nor Mme. Sarah Bernhardt were wholly at ease within its walls. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, an extraordinary personality, three-fifths genius and two-fifths sheer fudge, as Mr. Lowell said of Poe, usually broke away from the Comedie Francaise as soon as she might. Fechter's position on the Parisian stage is generally misunderstood and often overrated. He never held an undisputed place. He had passed through the Theater Francais unperceived, and his chief attempt in classic comedy, an elaborate revival of Tartuffe at the Odeon, was a lamentable—I had almost written, a ludicrous—failure.—*Brander Matthews.*

*Stage Kissing.*

Says a writer in the New York *Theater*: "In spite of the assertion that has been often made to me that an actor finds the frequent performance of 'kissing' on the stage as meaningless and unaccompanied by any emotion, there is a great deal of familiarity to be observed that is not only uncalled for, but which seems to be entered into with a zest that if it were not enjoyed ought to be resented by the player as well as by the public. A stranger to Mr. Goodwin's methods asked me, during the performance of 'The Skating Rink,' if Mr. Goodwin was not especially devoted to Miss Grubb. 'If he is not,' said he, 'there is a vulgarity displayed in the contact of faces which ought not to be permitted on a highly moral stage.' My friend was, apparently, unaccustomed to the ways of burlesque. I can see no real healthy reason myself why a woman permits a man on the stage to handle her like an animal. Yet Mr. Goodwin is not so offending in this respect as many others."

*A Letter to an Actor.*

Actors of good face and figure, who play heroic parts and who come to be identified in the minds of susceptible damsels with the heroes they represent, are frequent recipients of gushing epistles. An exchange tells this: "The copying of languishing poetical extracts in the love missives of romantic young females is never more pronounced than when engaged in a thrilling correspondence with a real actor, more particularly if the girl be not entirely too erudite. One of our actors, to whom these posies are common, received one the other day that puzzled him at first. It was a well-known fragment, evidently copied from a paper, and it was copied with an unflinching devotion that would allow none of it to escape, as the last line will show:

> "The night is long,
> I say with sobbing heart the old fond prayer:
> Good night sweet dreams,
> God help you everywhere chicago times!"
> —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

*Lecturing an Audience.*

A Pittsburgh audience tittered during a supposed-to-be pathetic passage in "The Planter's Wife," and Mr. Harry Lacy stopped in his lines and addressed them: "If you haven't sufficient mental capacity to appreciate a first-class performance I would advise you not to make the fact so apparent. This company has appeared all over the country at prices ranging from 50 cents to $1.50 and has been received with favor everywhere. Yet it is laughed at by a 10-cent audience. We are trying to give you something better than you are used to—to elevate you to a higher plane, as it were. If you cannot appreciate our efforts you had better go to the box-office and get your money." The impertinence is said to have momentarily paralyzed the audience.

*The Drama at Washington.*

First Actor—No, I have not had a moment's rest since the season opened.

Second Actor—I rested a whole evening at Washington.

"How did you get such a chance?"

"Well, you see, Mrs. Cleveland came to the theater, and as no one paid any attention to the stage we all went back to the hotel and got the bell boy to walk about and chatter a little so they wouldn't miss us."—*Omaha World.*

*Audiences Are to Blame for It.*

People who go to the theater to see art reflected upon the stage see no immorality in the private lives of the actors.—*Macon Telegraph.* That is truth. And people who go to theaters to see limbs and suggestions of immorality see no art in acting and no good in anything. Where stage performances are degraded the audiences are to blame for it.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

SARA BERNHARDT is a generous liver. She has coffee and rolls before rising, and at 11 eats a hearty breakfast, with claret. She dines well at five and has a supper after theater hours, usually nothing more than bouillon, cold meats and fruit, and sometimes terrapin.

*A MODEST MAIDEN.*

Said Seth Green, the fish culturist: "I was trout fishing on Pine Creek, Pennsylvania, below Smith's dam. The creek below the dam was about five rods across, and the bottom covered with 'hard heads,' from the size of a goose egg to a barrel. The water was three feet deep and ran like a mill trail. About ten rods below it ran into a hole ten feet deep, and whirled around like the whirlpool of Niagara. There was no escape there for anybody if he was unlucky enough to get in, unless he was a very expert swimmer. There were saw-horses placed across the creek and planks fastened to them for a foot-bridge. I had a twelve-pound basket nearly filled when I saw an 18-year-old girl come on the bridge. When she got to me I stepped on one of the saw-horses to let her pass. I watched her as she continued and don't think she had got more than thirty feet from me before I noticed that her head began to swim. She gave one of those peculiar screams such as is natural to all girls when in danger, tottered for an instant and fell head foremost down stream, and being buoyed up somewhat by her clothing the swift current carried her rapidly along toward the deep hole. To drop my rod and jump into the water was but the work of a second, and I made my way over the 'hard heads' in three feet of water as fast as I could. I went down twice, but kept going and overtook her about fifty or sixty feet from where she went in, and then began the struggle. I grabbed her and turned her around, and the first thing she did was to clutch me with one hand and push her clothing down with the other, and when she had got them below the surface we were both taken off our feet and went slipping and floating down. We went three rods before I gained a footing. The girl must have been very fond of me, for I never got such a hugging in my life as she gave me. I had my trout basket with the strap hung over my shoulder. I kept swinging it around, and it looked at one time very much as though we three would go into the deep hole. Well, I finally got a firm foot hold, and then I had a painful duty to perform, and that was to stop that girl hugging me and get her quieted down so that she knew what she was about. I told her that she must take hold of her garments, and with both hands raise them above the top of the water, or we never could get back to the bridge against the current. I placed her in front of me, and put my arms around her, and we went lock-step back to the bridge. I tell you, it was a severe wrestle with the bowlders, current, and basket of fish, but we reached there at last, and then continued the same step to the edge of the bridge at which she came on. She wouldn't consent to go ashore unless I turned my back. 'I'm old enough to be your gradfather,' I said. 'I don't care,' says she, and began to cry. 'Dammit,' says I, swearing for the second time in my life. And I turned round and stayed in the water while she climbed out, arranged her skirts, and ran off. There I stood, with my long rubber boots filled with water, and wet from head to foot, my fish half gone out of my basket, and three miles between me and the hotel."—*Turf, Field, and Farm.*

*SHE LEARNED TO LIKE THE SCHOOL.*

She goes to school and she belongs to an educational family of prominence, who have moved from San Francisco for official convenience; so she has had to go to a new school. The first day she found that, contrary to her experience, boys and girls were together in this school. This offended her, and when she went home she complained.

"Mamma, that's not a good school; I don't think I'll like to stay there."

"Why?"

"There are boys and girls all together there; it isn't pleasant."

"Well, my dear, try a little, anyhow."

The next day she came home in a better humor.

"Do you like the new school any better?"

"O, yes, mamma; the teacher has put the loveliest little boy next to me; he's a lovely little boy; I think I shall like the school."

The third day she came home in the wildest of spirits, beaming all over.

"O, mamma! I know all the boys in the school now."

This is one of those sad stories that good mothers like to read, so I am told, and I've no reason to doubt it.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

*THE CHARGE PROVEN.*

Thompson—Let's go and find Brown, and organize a little poker party for the evening.

Jones—No use looking for Brown.

"Why?"

"Brown's turned religious. No use endeavoring to run him up against a poker layout any more."

"Turned religious! It must be a mighty sudden turn then."

"I can't say about that, but it's straight. He's high up, too. They've made him treasurer or something that way already."

"Pshaw! Who told you all that?"

"No one. I discovered it myself. I was with him the other day when he was buying a paper. He pulled a lot of small change out of his pocket and about half of it was buttons, besides one poker chip."—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

*HARD LUCK.*

"You say you have met with hard luck?" she queried of the tramp who stood on the doorstep.

"Yes, indeed, very hard."

"What was it?"

"Why, ma'am, I invested my last $2 in a lottery ticket and never drew a blessed prize. Ah! If you rich people only knew the misfortunes of the poor!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

WE all love to be flattered, but the best friends we have are those who criticise our acts.


**Important.**

**When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage, expressage, and $3 carriage hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.**

613 rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.


THE water gas of the chemist is made by passing steam over hot charcoal, and is a simple mixture of carbon, monoxide and hydrogen; this has no illuminating qualities. The water gas of trade is the theoretical gas, although anthracite coal is used instead of charcoal enriched with volatile hydrocarbons, in order that it may possess luminous properties. The practice of some gas companies is to mix the gas of the old process with a large volume of water gas, and still keep within the limit of the law. Some companies with 2,000 cubic feet of coal gas mix 1,000 feet of the water gas, and then subject the mixture to the old modes of purification. A plant for water gas, compared with the old furnace, is quite simple. A tall tower lined with fire-brick, is first heated to redness. During this heating the fumes of combustion passes out at the open top. When the right temperature is reached, the opening at the top is closed, steam is blown through the hot coals of the furnace and into the base of the tower, where it meets a spray of petroleum, which, volatilizing at the high temperature, adds its enriching qualities, now in the form of permanent gases. As a result, carburetted water gas passes out at the top of the tower, and is conducted into a second tower to undergo a process known as scrubbing.


**In Town and Hamlet**

The seeds of intermittent and bilious remittent fever germinate and bear evil fruit. No community has altogether escaped it. In populous wards of large cities bad sewage causes it, and in their suburbs stagnant pools in sunken lots breed it. There is at once a remedy and a means of prevention. Its name is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is, without peradventure, the most potent antidote in existence to the malarial virus. Fortified with this incomparable, saving specific, miasmatic influences may be encountered with absolute impunity. Disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, begotten by miasma-tainted water, or any other cause, succumb to the beneficent corrective named, and rheumatic, kidney and bladder troubles are surely removable by its use when it is given a persistent trial.


"THERE is no proof of the theory that the cultivation of the mind, or one set of faculties can give expansion or increased size of brain. The Teutonic races in their barbarous state, 2,000 years ago possessed brains as large as now, and so with other races." J. C. Nott, in Types of Mankind, p. 278.—*Dr. Footes' Health Monthly.*

A NEW YORK Alderman, being told that he was ambiguous, declared that the charge was false, as he had not drunk anything for a year.—*Chicago Herald.*


> Above all other earthly ills,
> I hate the big, old-fashioned pills;
> By slow degrees they downward wend,
> And often pause, or upward tend;
> With such discomfort are they fraught,
> Their good effects amount to naught.
> Now, Dr. Pierce prepares a pill
> That just exactly fills the bill—
> A Pellet, rather, that is all—
> A Pleasant Purgative, and small;
> Just try them as you feel their need,
> You'll find that I speak truth, indeed.


IT often happens that the coat of a swell bears a buttonaire, while that of a tramp has nary a button.


**Farmers.**

Send 10 cents to the PRICKLY ASH BITTERS Co., St. Louis, Mo., and get a copy of "THE Horse Trainer."

A complete system, teaching how to break and train horses in a mild and gentle way, requiring no elaborate apparatus, nothing more than can be found in any stable in the country—a rope and a strap. Every one handling horses should have a copy.


CREDITOR—I've a bone to pick with you. Physician—Excuse me, my dissecting hour has passed.—*Tid-Bits.*


**The Throat.**—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" act directly on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary effect in all disorders of the throat.


MOLLIFIED was John when Mary said she loved him.


MENSMAN'S Peptonized Beef Tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties.* It contains blood-making, force-generating, and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the work of exhaustion, nervous prostration, or over-work, or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.


LIKE hot weather, the smiles of a lovely woman will at all times wilt a man's choler.


**IF YOU ARE LOSING YOUR GRIP**

On life try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots. For weak men, delicate women.

**"BUCHU-PAIBA."** Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney diseases, Catarrh of Bladder, &c. $1.

If muslins, calicos, etc., appear to not wear or wash as well as formerly the reason is in the use of inferior alkaline—soap washing compounds that destroy the texture and neutralize the colors. Shun them! Use "Rough on Dirt."



**Northern Michigan Attractions.**

No section of the United States is receiving more attention at the present time than what is known as the iron region of Northern Michigan. Laborers and mechanics of all kinds find employment there at good wages, and capital is constantly pouring in for the development of new iron ranges. The richest and most prosperous districts in this section of Michigan are reached by the Milwaukee and Northern Short Line Railroad, trains upon which leave the C., M. & St. P. Union Depot in Chicago daily at 11:50 a. m. and 10:30 p. m., making the trip to Iron Mountain in eleven and a half hours, stopping at Green Bay, Menominee, and other important towns on the route. Parties contemplating a trip to the Northern Michigan iron ranges during the coming season should not fail to purchase their tickets over the Milwaukee and Northern Railroad, from Chicago or Milwaukee.



**Money Makers.**

Don't let golden opportunities pass unimproved; there are times in the lives of men when more money can be made rapidly and easily, than otherwise can be earned by years of labor. Write Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, who will send you free, full particulars about work that you can do and live at home wherever you are located, at a profit of at least from $5 to $25 daily. Some have made over $50 in a single day. All is new. You are started free. Capital not required. Either sex; all ages.

**WELLS' HAIR BALSAM.**

If gray, restores to original color. An elegant dressing, softens and beautifies. No oil nor grease. A Tonic Restorative. Stops hair coming out; strengthens, cleanses, heals scalp. 50c.

The best thing on earth to add to starch to give a good body and beautiful gloss, is "Rough on Dirt," only washing compound that can be so used. Makes ironing easy and saves the starch. Has dirt removing power double that of any other.

BEST, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.


A MAN in Concord, N. H., whose wife was killed while traveling on the cars has accepted $25 from the railway company and given a receipt in full of all claims against the road for damages. It need not occasion the righteously indignant reader any surprise to meet this man in Heaven. His soul is of such dimensions that it could slip in unobserved through the keyhole.

A MECHANIC'S wife rarely wears a tulle bonnet, and yet her bonnet is usually the result of the use of the tool.


A BOTTLE of Red Star Cough Cure made a thorough and permanent cure of a cold so severe that I could not talk, says Mr. J. P. Bonob, assistant superintendent New York Central Sleeping Car Company.


A SCIENTIST says that ducks are large eaters. This fellow must keep an ice-cream saloon.—*Yonkers Statesman.*


HON. M. A. FORAN, of Ohio, member of House of Representatives, writes that St. Jacobs Oil relieved him of acute bodily pains.


**Cleaning Floors.**

In cleaning floors never wet too large a space at once. If beyond the comfortable range of the arm, there is almost certain to be a dark circle when dry, showing where you leave off each piece, because, being out of easy reach you have no power to scrub well or wipe dry. Always in using the drying cloth, rub it well beyond the space you are now cleaning over, to the one last done.—*Boston Budget.*


THE "old reliable"—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.


THE four of the family is generally in a sacque.


AS a raindrop foretells a storm, so does a pimple upon the human body indicate health-destroying virus in the blood, which can be neutralized and expelled only by Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic.

"Rough on Dirt" whitens clothing yellowed by careless washing or use of cheap washing compounds. Washes everything from finest laces to heaviest blankets. There need be no fear in using this article. Does not rot nor yellow. 5 & 10c.

**Spring Medicine**

Is a necessity with nearly every one. This is the best time of year in which to purify the blood, to restore the lost appetite, and to build up the entire system, as the body is now peculiarly susceptible to benefit from medicine. The peculiar medicinal merit of, and the wonderful cures by,

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Have made it the most popular medicine to take in the spring. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, and all humors, biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, kidney and liver complaints, catarrh, and all affections caused or promoted by low state of the system or impure blood.

"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier, and am well pleased with it." W. G. WURNER, organist St. Mary's Church, Detroit, Mich.

**Builds Up the System**

"I gladly attest the peculiar building-up power of Hood's Sarsaparilla. For some time I have been unable to attend to business, but finally at the request of a friend I used part of a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gave tone and strength to my system, and made me feel young as when a boy." GRANVILLE T. WOODS, 64 and 66 Lodge Street, Cincinnati.

N. B.—If you have made up your mind to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not take any other.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

**100 Doses One Dollar**

The best and surest Remedy for Cure of all diseases caused by any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Bilious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds yield readily to the beneficent influence of

**PRICKLY ASH BITTERS**

It is pleasant to the taste, tones up the system, restores and preserves health.

It is purely Vegetable, and cannot fail to prove beneficial, both to old and young.

As a Blood Purifier it is superior to all others. Sold everywhere at $1.00 a bottle.

**ELY'S CREAM BALM** **CATARRH**

*I have used two bottles of Ely's Cream Balm and consider myself cured. I suffered 20 years from catarrh and catarrhal headache and this is the first remedy that afforded lasting relief.—D. T. Higginson, 145 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.*




**HAY-FEVER**

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cts. at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. Circulars free. ELY BROS., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

LADY AGENTS—Article new; sells fast. No money to invest. Address R. P. LICKES, Steubenville, O.

**PENSIONS** COLLECTED and Increased by Fitzgerald & Powell, Indianapolis, Ind. Old cases reopened. Send for copy of Laws, free.

**PATENTS** R. S. & A. P. LACEY, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C. Instructions and opinions as to patentability FREE. 17 years experience.

GREATEST Puzzle out—Thermometers, Embroidery, Silks, Scrap Pictures, Magic Knives, Envelopes, etc., by mail. Circulars free. JOLLY BROS. JOHNSTOWN, PA.

**FARMS** on James River, Va., in Claremont Colony. Illustrated Circular Free. J. F. MANCHA, Claremont, Va.

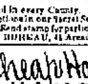
**LOTS** New Town of BENJAMIN, WIS. Cen. R. R. Plats apply Milwaukee Mining Exchange, Milwaukee, Wis. Gogebic stocks bought and sold.

**$5** to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Address Brewster's Safety Rein Holder, Holly, Mich.

**OPIUM** Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

**KIDDER'S PASTILLES** Sure relief ASTHMA. Price 35cts. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

**RUPTURE** If you want relief and cure at your home, send for Dr. J. A. Sherman's circular of instructions. 294 Broadway, New York.



We want you as our Agent to sell the Perfection Slate Eraser. It is Attractive, Durable, Inexpensive, and sells at sight. Every boy and girl wants it. Send 10 cents in stamps for sample and particulars. WITHAM MFG. Co., San Francisco, Cal. Box 2414.

**DETECTIVES**

Wanted in every County. Shrewd men to act under our instructions in our Secret Service. Experience not necessary. Send stamp for particulars. GRANNAN DETECTIVE BUREAU, 44 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.

Cheap Homes in north western KANSAS INVESTMENTS absolutely safe Profits 5 to 8 per ct. For information write Mickey Bros. Stockton Kans.

**The Morning Dress.**

It is said that a lady's standing in society can easily be determined by her dress at the breakfast-table; an expensive, showy costume indicating that the wearer has not yet learned the proprieties. But no one need be afraid of being called "shoddy" if her loveliness is as apparent by daylight as at the hops. Perfect beauty is never the attendant of disease; above all, of those diseases peculiar to women, and which find a ready cure in Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.


TO-DAY is a good deal closer than yesterday," said Smith to Jones. "Yes," said Jones, "it's nearer."


**BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTER**

Highest Awards of Medals in Europe and America.

The neatest, quickest, safest and most powerful remedy known for Rheumatism, Pleurisy, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Backache, Weakness, colds in the chest, and all aches and pains. Indorsed by 5,000 Physicians and Druggists of the highest repute. Benson's Plasters promptly relieve and cure where other plasters and greasy salves, liniments and lotions, are absolutely useless. Beware of imitations under similar sounding names, such as "Capsicum," "Capucin," "Capsicine," as they are utterly worthless and intended to deceive. ASK FOR BENSON'S AND TAKE NO OTHERS. All druggists. SEABURY & JOHNSON, Proprietors, New York.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

HAINESVILLE, N. J., October 15, 1886.

E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

*Dear Sir:*

I was taken with a very severe cold last Spring, and tried every cure we had in the store, and could get no help.

I had our village doctor prescribe for me, but kept getting worse. I saw another physician from Port Jervis, N. Y., and he told me he used Piso's Cure for Consumption in his practice.

I bought a bottle, and before I had taken all of it there was a change for the better. Then I got my employer to order a quantity of the medicine and keep it in stock. I took one more bottle, and my Cough was cured.

Respectfully, FRANK MCKELVY.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION



**$300 REWARD** WILL BE GIVEN to any person that can furnish an Automatic Swinging Straw Stacker that can do better work than the **IMPERIAL STACKER** that we are building. Send for circular and price list, which will be mailed free. All are warranted to do good work or no sale. **NEWARK MACHINE CO., Columbus, O.**



Imported Stallion CHERI, 1079 (2425), Winner of Sweepstakes Premium at the Great Percheron Show of the Ills. State Fair, held in Chicago Sept. 1886. Property of

**W. L. ELLWOOD,**

IMPORTER AND BREEDER OF

**PERCHERON HORSES.**

The Largest Breeding Establishment of Pure Blood Percherons in the United States. Five hundred head of Pure Blood and Grades now on hand, a large number of which were imported in July, 1886, and another large importation of from 150 to 200 head will arrive about the middle of October. Visitors always welcome—come and see them. I handle nothing but the best, and take pride in showing stock.

**Location, DE KALB, ILL.**

58 miles west of Chicago, on Omaha Div. C. & N. W. Ry. Send for Catalogue.

**THE GRAND RAPIDS HERD**

**Holstein-Friesians.**



About 100 HEAD of both sexes and all ages. Several Head of **BULLS READY for SERVICE** Up to two years old. Choice Cows and Heifers bred to my prize service bulls **Prins Midlum and Jonge Carre,** Who have no superiors. A specialty of young pairs not akin for foundation stock. **Every Head Registered and Guaranteed Pure-Bred.** Write for Catalogue and prices, and state age and sex desired, or come and see the herd. **M. L. SWEET,** Breeder and Importer, [MENTION THIS PAPER.] **Grand Rapids, Mich.**

**HARTER'S** THE ONLY TRUE **IRON TONIC**

Will purify the BLOOD regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS and Restore the HEALTH and VIGOR of YOUTH. Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength and Tired Feeling absolutely cured. Bones, muscles and nerves receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power.

**LADIES** Suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex will find in DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC a safe, speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion. All attempts at counterfeiting only adds to its popularity. Do not experiment—get ORIGINAL AND BEST.

Dr. HARTER'S LIVER PILLS Cure Constipation, Liver Complaint and Sick Headache. Sample Dose and Dream Book mailed on receipt of two cents in postage. **THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.**

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH **PENNYROYAL PILLS** The Original and Only Genuine. Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless Imitations. Ladies, ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or inclose 4c. (stamps) to us for particulars in letter by return mail. Name paper. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., 2818 Madison Square, Philada., Pa. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

**ADVERTISERS** or others, who wish to examine this paper, or obtain estimates on advertising space when in Chicago, will find it on file at 45 to 49 Randolph St., the Advertising Agency of **LORD & THOMAS.**

**A MAN**

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE




**CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y**

By reason of its central position, close relation to principal lines East of Chicago and continuous lines at terminal points West, Northwest and Southwest—is the only true middle-link in that transcontinental system which invites and facilitates travel and traffic in either direction between the Atlantic and Pacific.

The Rock Island main line and branches include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, St. Joseph, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns and villages.

**THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE**

Guarantees Speed, Comfort and Safety to those who travel over it. Its roadbed is thoroughly ballasted. Its track is of heavy steel. Its bridges are solid structures of stone and iron. Its rolling stock is perfect as human skill can make it. It has all the safety appliances that mechanical genius has invented and experience proved valuable. Its practical operation is conservative and methodical—its discipline strict and exacting. The luxury of its passenger accommodations is unequaled in the West—unsurpassed in the world.

ALL EXPRESS TRAINS between Chicago and the Missouri River consist of comfortable DAY COACHES, magnificent PULLMAN PALACE PARLOR and SLEEPING CARS, elegant DINING CARS providing excellent meals, and—between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison and Kansas City—restful RECLINING CHAIR CARS.

**THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE**

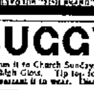
Is the direct, favorite line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul. Over this route solid Fast Express Trains run daily to the summer resorts, picturesque localities and hunting and fishing grounds of Iowa and Minnesota. The rich wheat fields and grazing lands of interior Dakota are reached via Watertown.

A short desirable route, via Seneca and Kankakee, offers superior inducements to travelers between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, St. Paul and intermediate points.

All classes of patrons, especially families, ladies and children, receive from officials and employes of Rock Island trains protection, respectful courtesy and kindly attention.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders—obtainable at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada—or any desired information, address,

R. R. CABLE, Pres't & Gen'l M'g'r, Chicago. E. ST. JOHN, Ass't Gen'l M'g'r, Chicago. E. A. HOLBROOK, Gen'l Tkt. & Pass. Agt., Chicago.




**SLICKER** Is The Best Waterproof Coat Ever Made.

None genuine unless stamped with the above TRADE MARK. Don't waste your money on a gum or rubber coat. The FISH BRAND SLICKER is absolutely water and wind proof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. Ask for the "FISH BRAND" slicker and take no other. If your storekeeper does not have the "fish brand", send for descriptive catalogue to A. J. TOWER, 20 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.

**PAINT YOUR BUGGY for ONE DOLLAR**

By using COIT'S ONE-COAT BUGGY PAINT. Paint Friday, run it to Church Sunday. Six Fashionable Shades: Black, ... Vermilion, Olive Lake, Brewster and Wagon Green. No Varnishing necessary. Dries hard with a high Gloss. Tip top for Chairs, Furniture, Baby Carriages, ... Doors, Store Fronts, etc. Will send enough to paint your Buggy upon receipt of One Dollar, and warrant it to wear. Discount to the Trade. COIT & Co., 506 & 508 Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

# Why did the Women

of this country use over *thirteen million* cakes of Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap in 1886? Buy a cake of Lenox and you will soon understand why.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

**OPIUM** and Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. Refer to 1000 patients cured in all parts. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

**MONEY** MADE FAST in Gogebic stocks, and new town lots. Security guaranteed. Maps, etc., H. F. King & Co., Milwaukee, Wis.



N. U., N. W. ...... No. 15—87



When Writing to Advertisers ... saw the Ad...

### ON HELEN'S CHEEK.

On Helen's cheek was once a glow,
An arc of dreamland glimpsed below,
A silver purpled, peachy beauty
In tidal swayings to and fro.

O flush of youth! outvelvoting
The butterfly's Arabian wing!
The very argosies of morning
Bear not from Heaven so rich a thing.

On Helen's cheek a springtide day,
Fragile and wonderful it lay;
From Helen's cheeks these twenty summers
Child-lips have kissed the bloom away.

Nay, Time! record it not so fast,
The reign of roses overpast;
All victor-pomps of their encircle
A loyal woman to the last.

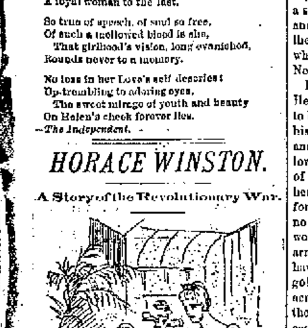
So true of speech, of soul so free,
Of such a mellowed blood is she,
That girlhood's vision, long evanished,
Rounds never to a memory.

No loss in her Love's self descries!
Up-trembling to adoring eyes,
The sweet mirage of youth and beauty
On Helen's cheek forever lies.

—*The Independent.*

## HORACE WINSTON.

A Story of the Revolutionary War.




As the above passionate wail ceased, involuntarily my eyes filled with tears. I looked at the singer's grief-stricken face and could no longer doubt that her heart was full of woe.

The slender, girlish, form was bowed; heart-broken sobs shook it, the pearly tears trickled slowly down her thin cheeks, her face, which I remembered, as being so round and rosy, was not so now. Oh, no! 'twas pale and shrunken.

Her beautiful lips drooped piteously at the corners, and every few minutes she would cough until they assumed a purplish gray color. When she took her handkerchief from them I saw 'twas wet with—blood.

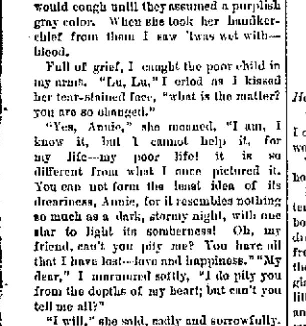
Full of grief, I caught the poor child in my arms. "Lu, Lu," I cried as I kissed her tear-stained face, "what is the matter? you are so changed."

"Yes, Annie," she moaned, "I am, I know it, but I cannot help it, for my life—my poor life! it is so different from what I once pictured it. You can not form the least idea of its dreariness, Annie, for it resembles nothing so much as a dark, stormy night, with one star to light its somberness! Oh, my friend, can't you pity me? You have all that I have lost—love and happiness." "My dear," I murmured softly, "I do pity you from the depths of my heart; but can't you tell me all?"

"I will," she said, sadly and sorrowfully. "It will be a relief to show you my heart, into which no eye but my Maker's *has ever seen.*"

For a few moments she was silent, then in a constrained voice she said:

When we parted at school I came home. Now, Annie, I will pass over my joy at once more being with my dear ones, and the pleasure I felt at revisiting every well-known spot about the old homestead—noting every change Time had wrought and every beauty he had unfolded. You can imagine all that. I will simply state the facts of which you know nothing.



*"Tell her," my lover cried, "I cannot."*

About two weeks after I got home, father called me to his study and had a long, serious conversation with me. Horace Winston, the man who had petted and spoilt me from my babyhood, wished to marry *me*, this was what he told me. Mr. Wintson was at least twice my age; but my father said, when I reminded him of the fact, "Yes, he is older than you, but he is a good, true man, and loves you dearly. I cannot live always, my child. I am old and feeble, and I would like to feel that you were in good hands. If you marry him you will be, I know he would cherish my baby."

So I became Horace's betrothed, and 'twas not long ere I learned to love him with all the ardor of my young, unsophisticated heart. And did he care for me, you ask? Why, he had loved me all his life.

Time passed swiftly. Nearer and nearer came our wedding day, until only one short week intervened.

Late one evening as I was busily putting the finishing touches to my wedding dress, I heard the quick tread of horses' feet beneath the window; then hurried steps came up the stairs, and my father and Horace came hastily in.

"What has happened?" I asked, tremulously, for one glance at their troubled faces told me something terrible had occurred.

"Tell her," my lover cried, "I cannot?"

Then father told me gently, and "with many a tear and sigh," that war—cruel war which had always brought sorrow and trouble into the land—had broken out between England and America! And that the ships were preparing to set sail on the morrow morn, and that my dear was one of the men of the first troops who had been ordered to sail. For a moment I was stunned, then—

"You can't go," I shrieked. "You shall [illegible]

[illegible]ling," he m[illegible] said, "I must go, though it breaks my heart; my King commands and I must obey, for I would not lose my honor."

I could only sob and twine my arms closer around him.

"Poor little one," he cried, his great brown eyes full of large tears. "I have only time to say a few words before I go."

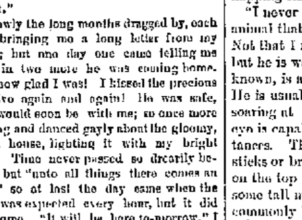
"But, oh! I am so afraid you will be hurt, and 'tis so hard to let you go."

"I know it, love, but I will soon come back; come back for my own bonny bride. Come, my dearest, don't sob so, but look up and tell me that I am doing right."

He was, I knew it, and strove to tell him so, but could not! I was not a fit bride for a soldier. I could not buckle on his sword and composedly bid him godspeed, and then see him start off to battle, not knowing whether I would ever see him again or not. No, 'twas impossible! I could only weep.

He bowed his head and prayed our Heavenly Father to watch over me, and to bring us together again. He touched his pale, quivering lips to mine, the first and—last time, and was gone! Oh, love, I did not know it, I did not dream of such a thing as I watched, with aching heart and tear-dimmed eyes, your gallant form fading away in the distance. I had no idea it was the last time; I thought you would come back to me, or my woman's arms—weak though they were—would have held you fast and ne'er have let you go! But you went—you sailed away, across the mighty ocean, and many were the sad; fond glances, I know, which you cast back to the shores where all you loved dwelt."

Slowly the long months dragged by, each one bringing me a long letter from my lover; but one day one came telling me that in two more he was coming home. Oh, how glad I was! I kissed the precious missive again and again! He was safe, and would soon be with me; so once more I sang and danced gayly about the gloomy, quiet house, lighting it with my bright face. Time never passed so drearily before, but "unto all things there comes an end;" so at last the day came when the ship was expected every hour, but it did not come. "It will be here to-morrow," I said, and so it was; for the next morning when I first opened my eyes I saw it laying at anchor. But it had not brought my lover to me, nor yet a letter from him; instead, there was one in a strange handwriting. It made me sick and sore at heart; what tidings did it bring?



*He raised the picture to his lips, and died.*

With trembling hands and bated breath, I opened it, and read—oh, woe is me! he would never come, for—for he was dead!

The letter, written by a comrade, told me how he—my Horace—had fallen.

In the very thickest of the fight, on that terrible battle-field he fell; and as they bore him to the rear and laid him down, he drew from his pocket a worn letter and from it a photograph. "My darling!" they heard him whisper, then with glowing, glassy eyes he cried, "Write to her, my little sweetheart in 'merrie old England' and tell her how I died, that "I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right, and like a true soldier, I have given my life's blood for my King! Tell her I love her and—and—" *he raised the picture to his lips and died!*

They buried him that evening; and now he sleeps in his narrow bed, on a strange soil, in a foreign land! He, the last of that glorious name, lies calmly resting—far from his home, and with none of the graves of his forefathers around him. Yet "in the midst of that dim old forest" he is sleeping quietly, with none to disturb his last slumber; and only I and the Banshee mourn.

I have no ties to bind me here now; my father has joined my darling, and they dwell in "God's beautiful mansion;" so soon I am going to that distant land where Horace fought and died. From his "own native land" I'll carry the flowers he loved, to deck his grave, then when my task of love is o'er I will lay down and die! So when the last day comes and God's angels raise the dead, my brave soldier-lover will find his sweetheart by his side.

*DO BIRDS FLY DOWN?*

I see that one of your young correspondents appeals partly to me in regard to birds flying down. But all who have written seem so well posted that I doubt if I can add anything to their knowledge.

However, I have seen a California quail, a wood-dove, and a humming-bird fly downward; but in slow flyers, with large wings and heavy bodies, the wings are used more or less as parachutes in going down; in other words, the birds spread their wings and rely upon gravity. This I have noticed in the sand-hill cranes in their migrations along the Sierra Madres. A flock of, say a hundred, will mount upward in a beautiful spiral, flashing in the sunlight, all the while uttering loud, discordant notes, until they attain an altitude of nearly a mile above the sea-level. Then they form in regular lines, and soar away at an angle that in five miles or so, will bring them within 1,000 feet of the earth. Then they will stop and begin the spiral upward movement again until a high elevation is reached, when away they go again sliding down hill in the air toward their winter home. It is very evident that a vast amount of muscular exertion is saved in this way. In some of these slides that I have watched through a glass, birds would pass from three to four miles, I should judge, without flapping their wings.—*C. F. Holder, in St. Nicholas.*

THE slopes of Etna and Vesuvius owe their richness to the fertilizing action of volcanic ashes, and reports from New Zeland indicate that the ashes from last year's eruption have enriched the soil to a remarkable degree.

[illegible] ABNEGATION, that rare virtue [illegible] good men preach and good women [illegible]tice.—*Holmes.*

## EAGLES IN INDIANA.

*The King of the Air Described by a Scientist Who Is Not Friendly.*

"A great many persons," said Prof. Collett to an Indianapolis *Journal* reporter, "who are considered well informed, seem to think there are no eagles in Indiana. The truth is we have quite a number—a great many more than we need. It was that sensible old utilitarian, Benjamin Franklin, who suggested the turkey as our national bird, objecting to the eagle as unrepublican because he had been appropriated as the emblem of sovereignty by a number of monarchial powers. The poet and the seer have given their finest fancies and inspirations to honor this bird, which, after all, is the most cruel of all feathered robbers. Sometimes he is no dantier than the buzzard, and will gorge himself with the vilest carrion. As to his cruelty, he takes special delight in attacking some of the most harmless and innocent animals. He will pick out the eyes of lambs, apparently more as a torture than for food. I have never heard of a case in Indiana where man, woman, or child was attacked by an eagle. In my own neighborhood, in Vermilion County, I have known an eagle to tear out the eyes of a dozen lambs, frightening the ewes and keeping them at a distance by flapping its wings.

"I never knew an eagle to attack an animal that was capable of resistance. Not that I mean to say he is cowardly, but he is wary. The eagle, as commonly known, is a solitary, melancholy bird. He is usually seen alone in his flights, soaring at a great height because his eye is capable of measuring great distances. Their nests are built of coarse sticks or brush, not well put together, on the top of an inaccessible rock or some tall monarch of the forest. It is commonly believed that the occupation of such a tree for the nest of an eagle causes its death; hence, in story and in pictures, the eagle-nest tree is always shown as a dead tree. It is not true that the eagle's occupancy kills the tree, but he chooses a dead tree for purposes of observation. Besides, the eggs in the nest may have enemies—not merely animals, but birds like jays and crows.

"I have little doubt that persons occasionally see eagles and mistake them for other birds, the eagle being so rare. Perhaps, however, many of our oldest inhabitants have not seen more than one or two in a lifetime. It seems that the eagle, like the wild red man, requires a large hunting ground. By a sort of arrangement a territory of five or ten miles square is assigned to a pair of eagles, though they do not sail in company. They always keep the same territory and the same nesting place. For a long period on the Wabash, below Montezuma, there was a well known eagle tree. There was another above the mouth of Sugar Creek, in Park County, and another near the mouth of Coal Creek, in Fountain County. I might mention more, but I cannot now readily call them to mind.

"We have in Indiana the bald and the golden eagles, the former the more common, the latter extremely rare. Frequently the females and young males of silvered or bald eagles are mistaken for the golden and other species. All males of the bald family are ornamented with a white crest after attaining the age of 2 years. Before that age they cannot readily be distinguished from the female in their more somber plumage. For many years I had seen but few eagles, so I was surprised to learn that on an adjoining farm to my own in Vermilion County, Indiana, within two miles of my residence, there was a bald eagle assembly—that it was held there every night, and was the center to which eagles came from a distance of more than fifty miles in all directions, for a flight of fifty miles or more is nothing to this mighty-winged bird. They came in the dusk of the evening and doubtless met for counsel and direction more than mere companionship. As the birds come in one after another there would be shrieks of welcome and noises very startling to the listener. This national congress, as I call it, has existed for a period that the mind of man runneth not to the contrary. The roosts are in lofty, bare-limbed sycamores, in a very solitary place. By actual count these eagles numbered fifty-three, of which twenty-four were males and the remainder either females or males that had not reached the age of wearing white crest."

*A DUEL WITH SYMMES.*

The *Southern Bivouac* prints an interesting article on John Cleves Symmes, the originator of the theory of a hollow, habitable world. It contains many incidents of early life in the west, and describes a duel fought by Symmes. The writer says:

An older brother of Peyton Symmes was Capt. John Cleves Symmes, the author of the "Theory of Concentric Spheres and Polar Voids." He was born in Sussex County, New Jersey, November 5, 1780, and received a good common English education, which in after life he greatly improved through his insatiable desire for knowledge. He cultivated particularly mathematics and the natural sciences, and at an early age studied out the curious theory through which he has become so widely known. He entered the army in 1802, and in 1812 received his commission as Captain. He served in that capacity during the war, and until the disbanding of the army in 1816. While stationed at Fort Adams he fought a duel with Lieut. Marshall, an interesting account of which is given in "Pioneer Biographies," by McBride.

Symmes and Marshall disagreed about the latter's pay. Symmes thought it incumbent upon himself to resent Marshall's remarks, and finally challenged him. In the encounter Marshall received a ball in the thigh, from the effects of which he suffered through life, and Symmes a wound in the left wrist, the use of which he never fully recovered. In the family papers is a letter to Symmes from his brother Daniel, on hearing of his duel. Part of it is worth giving:

"I regretted your affair of honor with Lieut. Marshall, but was gratified that you acquitted yourself as a gentleman and an officer, and that your conduct on that occasion was spoken of in high terms of approbation by all the gentlemen of our acquaintance as well as brother officers.

"It is much to be regretted that the evil custom of dueling has become so prevalent and fashionable in the American army that a man, when once insulted by a person (no matter of what character or how tired of life), a challenge must pass, and the weapons of death be exercised. To prevent this savage and calamitous practice, Frederick the Great, of Prusia, who had lost some of his best and bravest officers in this way, issued an edict that if any challenge passed in his army, the parties should fight until one was dead, and immediately afterward the survivor should be shot as a public offender; which edict was carried into execution to the astonishment of the whole army—it had the desired effect.

"No man for a moment even doubted the courage of the great and justly celebrated Julius Cæsar, and mark his conduct when challenged to single combat by Mark Antony, who was his equal, and stood high on the lists of fame. He coolly replied, that, 'If Antony is tired of life, let him leap into the sea or jump down the Tarpeian Rock.'"

*A CHAPTER ON RATS.*

It is the misfortune of some animals to be hated and dreaded, to be objects of the greatest antipathy; often, indeed, the butt of cruel fun, by those who are ignorant of the wonderful structure and uses in nature. And no class of animals has incurred a larger share of man's displeasure than rats, called by Hon. V. S. Morwood "nature's sanitary commissioners." True, these animals are mischievous and destructive, and it is necessary to put a check upon their number; yet the work they do as scavengers entitles them to humane death, even humanity not due to them as living creatures. New Orleans city authorities might well give a vote of thanks to the despised rats that nightly assist them in sanitary matters by devouring a large share of garbage. Rats belong to the order of gliris, and constitute a large family of gnawing mammalia. Black rats were at one time common in England, but their number have been lessened by the introducti n of their brown relatives, the Norway rats, who are stronger and more enterprising.

Their long, tapering tails are covered with scales. They have small but distinct ears, and large bright eyes. Their teeth are sharp, and their appetite as discriminating as a goat's. They burrow to great depths, and we are sorry to confess that they live in a great measure by pilfering. There is much to be said on the wrong side, we might call it of a rat's history, while on the good side we find only the recommendation that it is a scavenger, a game enemy in a fight and capable of affection, for pet rats have been known to love their owners, and rats, in common with all animals, love their offspring.

In "The Reason Why in Natural History," we read that rats are clean animals; they invariably wash themselves all over after eating. They perform the ablution after the manner of a cat, by licking their paws. When a rat eats he, by means of his front teeth, gnaws a mouthful which he deposits in a sort of pouch between his grinders and his cheeks, just as men store away their tobacco quid. When he ceases gnawing he masticates his food, moving his jaws incessantly—they move ten times faster than the jaws of a rabbit. A rat generally tastes his food with his tongue before eating it. When he drinks he laps like a dog. When sleeping he rolls himself up into a ball and places his nose down between his hind legs; he curls his tail around the outside of his body; no part of him projecting but his two delicate ears, which are adapted for catching every sound. Poor creatures, they doubtless know they are hunted and hated, and even while asleep keep their ears open to hear the slightest alarm.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

*SCOTT IN THE MEXICAN WAR.*

His victories have never received the credit justly due them on account of the apparent ease with which they were gained. The student of military history will rarely meet with accounts of battles in any age where the actual operations coincide so exactly with the orders issued upon the eve of conflict as in the official reports of the wonderfully energetic and successful campaign in which Gen. Scott, with a handful of men, renewed the memory of the conquest of Cortes, in his triumphant march from Vera Cruz to the Capital. The plan of the battle of Cerro Gordo was so fully carried out in action that the official report is hardly more than the general orders translated from the future tense to the past. The story of Chapultepec has the same element of the marvelous in it. The General commands apparent impossibilities in the closest detail on one day, and the next day reports that they have been accomplished. These successes were not cheaply attained. The Mexicans, though deficient in science and military intelligence, fought with bravery and sometimes desperation. The enormous percentage of loss in his army proves that Scott was engaged in no light work.—*The Century.*

MAN himself is the author of most of his infirmities, and of these the greater number originate purely in mental or moral causes. It would be absurd to suppose that many diseases, and deaths too, should not arise from causes beyond the control of man, but his own pursuits and habits in life lay the foundation of by far the greater portion.

## MIGHTY FEEDERS.

*Men Who Ordinarily Ate Food Enough for Five—Cure Gluttons in Action.*

Haydn, the great composer, and equally great consumer, liked to dine alone. It was his custom, says *Good Housekeeping*, to order dinner at 5, and then at the appointed hour to devour the whole banquet. On one occasion he commanded the new waiter, who was not acquainted with the great musician's peculiarity, to serve the dinner.

"The dinner is ready," said the waiter, bowing, "but monsieur, the company have not yet arrived."

"De gompany," retorted Haydn, contemptuously, "de gompany? I am de gompany."

The dinner was at once served to "de gompany," who demolished it quite as effectually as any ordinary company could have done. Another lordly feeder was a contemporary of Haydn, the Duke of Norfolk, who would eat, at a Covent Garden tavern, food enough for five persons, but he possessed a more sensitive temperament than the musician, and would never eat five dinners in one a second time at the same hotel, not caring to encounter again the obvious amazement of the waiters. The Cure de Brequier is immortalized by Brillat Savarin. This reverend gentleman would eat at a single sitting as much food as would serve a workingman for ten days. Brillat Savarin once saw him, in three-quarters of an hour, sweep into his capacious stomach "a quart of soup, a plate of bouilli, a large leg of mutton, a superb ham, a copious salad, a pound or two of cheese, a prodigious quantity of bread, a bottle of wine, another of water, and a cup of coffee." The narrator is careful to state that the Cure did not eat either the ham bone or that of the leg of mutton. We are told of an Englishman of letters and politics who ate at a solitary dinner seven and a half pounds of solid meat. At the shop where he performed the feat the customers were at liberty to eat as much as they liked for a certain sum, but its keeper had never before encountered a man of his ilk. Lucullus, never dined more sumptuously than when he dined alone, and on one occasion upbraided his cook for serving him with a cheap repast when "Lucullus dined with Lucullus," the cost of which was only about $800. Among modern extravagant epicures we have Vicomte de Vieil Castel, who wagered that he could consume 500 francs' worth of food and liquor in two hours. His order consisted of twenty-four dozen oysters, a soup, a beefsteak, a pheasant stuffed with truffles, a salmi of ortolans, a dish of asparagus, a plate of young peas, a pineapple, a dish of strawberries, five bottles of wine, coffee, and liquors. He won his wager in one hour and forty minutes. Napoleon I. ate little, and that rapidly, as if he begrudged the time. His two favorite dishes were a breast of mutton grilled and lentils. Napoleon III. resembled his uncle in gastronomic indifference and sobriety, and had no care about what he ate, when Louis XVIII. was more interested in a menu than in an act of parliament. To descend from the region of the historically marvelous to what I have actually witnessed, writes a correspondent of the San Francisco *Post*, I remember once breakfasting in the company of a well-known musician and being greatly astonished at his gastronomical feats. First he disposed of the half of a large muskmelon, followed by a beefsteak and mushrooms, of which he had a second and a liberal help, potato croquets, four boiled eggs, and toast and muffins *ad libitum* followed, the repast being concluded with six wheat-cakes. Said our hostess to me afterward: "I consider him the very prince of guests, with his delightful conversation, his divine music, and *such* an appetite.

*INGENUITY OF A PARIS THIEF.*

When the opera of "The Prophet" was first brought out in Paris so great was the demand for seats that tickets were resold at a most extravagant premium. One night, says the Baltimore *American*, a young military officer who had just made an unsuccessful application for a ticket at the box-office, and was about to fall back in despair, was dexterously lightened of his watch by a pickpocket. Detecting the thief before he had time to escape, he recovered the stolen timepiece without the interposition of a policeman. Then, taking the culprit aside, he entered into conversation with him.

"You are an expert in your profession," said he, "and I now wish to avail myself of all your skill."

"Monsieur le Capitaine may command me to the utmost of my abilities," replied the sharper.

"Then," whispered the officer, "go immediately and relieve some gentleman of his opera ticket and I will pay you 100 francs for it. No hesitation! be quick! the money is ready."

"It shall be done," was the business-like answer.

In three minutes the adroit rascal returned with an elegant card-case containing four opera tickets, together with a number of cards having the name of Mlle. Solange Dudevant engraved upon them.

"Wretch!" exclaimed the Captain, "you have been robbing a lady."

"No, indeed, sir, replied the sharper. "There is my unfortunate victim," he continued, pointing to a rosy-cheeked young gentleman in a black dress-coat, black tights, white vest, with plain, flat guilt buttons, and white kid gloves, who was engaged in an animated conversation with a couple of young ladies just within the vestibule.

"Dolt!" exclaimed the Captain. "That is a lady dressed en cavalier; it is Mlle. Solange Dudevant herself. Return the articles immediately."

"Monsieur is right," said the pickpocket. "No one but a brute would knowingly rob a lady, especially when that lady is the daughter of George Sand, whom we all love so well. Excuse me, monsieur; I will yet procure you a ticket."

In an instant the sharper placed himself before Mlle. Solange with a profound bow.

"Begging mademoiselle's pardon," he said, "she has had the misfortune to drop her card-case."

"Thank you kindly," replied Mlle. Solange, taking the card-case into her hand. "Allow me to reward you for returning it."

"As to that, mademoiselle," said the sharper," permit me humbly to suggest that you have four tickets in your case, whereas your party consists of only three persons."

"You, then, would like to have the extra ticket?" said mademoiselle.

"Exactly so, mademoiselle," he replied.

"You are quite welcome to it," said the lady.

The sharper took the ticket to the young officer, who, having noticed the manner in which it was obtained, did not hesitate to pay him the promised 100 francs.

On taking his seat in the opera house the Captain found himself elbow to elbow with Mlle. Dudevant, with whom he was well acquainted. He frankly explained to her the equivocal process by which he had procured his ticket, and the lady laughed heartily at the trick of which she had been the unconscious victim.

*THE YANKEE'S RETORT.*

When Mr. William Atkins, the farmer philosopher of Somerset County, was about to start on his mission to Quebec, in the interest of the Wiscasset and Kennebec Reilroad scheme, he said to Gov. Bodwell: "Mr. Bodwell, had I better put on a tall hat and slick up, or go just as I am, in this woolen shirt and paper collar?"

"Go just as you are," replied Mr. Bodwell. "It isn't the clothes we want to send, but the man under 'em."

So Mr. Atkin wore his everyday clothes to Quebec. And at Augusta, in his flannel shirt and paper collar, and slouch hat, this wonderful man, with a head more crammed with miscellaneous facts and odd conceits than any other head in Maine, entertained me greatly with an account of his stay in quaint old Quebec. He told me how he dined with the titled aristocracy of the city and handed their fine ladies out to dinner, in his flannel shirt and paper collar—how he discussed poetry and scenes in foreign lands with the literati, and astonished the doctors of divinity with what he had picked up about theology. Mr. Atkins is a man with an iron memory. He can quote passages from the poets, tell you the date of any historical event, or demonstrate a problem of Euclid with equal facility. He acquired it all sitting on the dye-pot by fire-irons of his mother's kitchen, and by burning the oil of night in his own farm library. The mental possessions of the Maine farmer, in his flannel shirt and paper collar, must have taken by surprise the learning of university-filled Quebec.

But the best part of Mr. Atkins' narrative was his dramatic story of his visit to the citadel.

"An officer," said he, "detailed a man to show me around, and he took me everywhere. Noticing a small black cannon, half hidden by the snow, as I was about to go, I said in fun, 'I guess I'll take it away with me.'"

"Go look at the inscription on the breech," said the soldier, laughing.

"I looked and read:

"'Taken at the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775.'

"I saw the soldier had me. It stirred my blood, and I wanted to make a fit reply. I read the inscription over again to gain time. Tears came to my eyes. 'Young man,' I said to him, 'you've got the cannon, but we've got Bunker Hill.'"

The patriotic son of Maine turned red and actually cried again as he repeated the story.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

*SUCKLED BY A WOLF.*

Some natives, traveling by some unfrequented part of the jungle in the Bulandshahr district, were surprised to see a small boy of 5 or 6 years old crawling about on hands and feet. On drawing near they were amazed to see the boy disappear quickly within the interior of a large hole, which, on closer inspection, turned out to be the dwelling-place of some wild beast. They reported the occurrence to the magistrate sahib of Bulandshahr, who dispatched messengers to the spot with instructions to light a fire at the mouth of the cave. This was done, and, on the blinding fumes making their way into the farthest corner of the hole, a snarling she-wolf sprang forth with a bound. A moment later the boy, too, came forth, when he fell an easy prey to those intent on securing him. On conveying him to the magistrate the boy was found to be speechless, imbecile, and as near an approach to an animal as a human being can possibly be. Vegetable food was offered to him, but this he refused, and it was only when meat was placed before him that he would eat. In the orphanage he soon learned to walk upright, partake of vegetable food, and to wear clothing. All attempts to teach him to speak have been fruitless, and he is void of ordinary reason, though not altogether unintelligent.—*Bombay Guardian.*

*CHINESE QUAIL.*

Five hundred of the small Chinese quail from the Swatow district have been imported here and distributed in lots of 100 on the ranches of gentlemen interested in sporting. They are not more than half the size of California quail and are somewhat smaller than New England quail. They are rapid flyers and it takes a good shot to bring them down.—*San Francisco Correspondence.*

THE law can never make a man honest; it can only make him very uncomfortable when he is dishonest.

*LEGENDS OF BIRDS IN INDIA.*

One little bird bears the curious designation of "the bird of the lost money," because it seems to utter in a low voice something that means: "Oh! have you kept, or have I kept it?" There is a tradition that its first ancestors were a man and wife, who, having lost all their wealth, died broken-hearted and were transformed into these birds. The country-folk believed that if you jingle money before them they will curse you, believing it to be their own.

The peacock is said to scream and dance with joy at the sound of thunder, and he "dances, dances on; when he looks down he weeps moan" (at the sight of his ugly feet, they say). The peacock is credited with a strong thievish propensity, as appears from this saying: "The deer, the monkey, the partridge, and the peacock, rob the field of its store." Anything that betrays itself is likened to "a peacock in the thief's house—a saying founded on the story of a peacock which swallowed a gold necklace brought home by a thief. This bird is sacred to the Hindoo god of beauty, who is represented as riding on it.

The kite, the hawk, and the vulture are all regarded as very unlucky birds. The screeching of the first brings serious misfortune, the sight of the second famine and oppression, and the approach of the third death. By whirling a kite around the head of a moslem child on a Tuesday or Saturday and then letting it go great blessings are insured to the little one. Fowlers trade on this superstition. Kites sometimes carry off gold ornaments, and Mohammedan women say the reason is because the young kites will not open their eyes till some gold is placed in the nest; hence the saying: "The philosopher's stone is in the kite's nest."

In India, as elsewhere, the common owl is a bird of ill-omen, but a white species is held in high esteem by the Hindoos. The white owl is always supposed to bring good luck; hence it is held sacred to the goddess of prosperity, and the people are pleased when it builds its nest in their house. In the country these birds often establish their quarters in the darkest nooks and corners of old houses, breeding there generally twice a year and producing five or six young ones at a time; and all their screeching and shrieking is endured for luck's sake. It is considered great good fortune to get a glimpse of a white owl in the daytime.

The half-mythical garuda, a kind of eagle sometimes called "adjutant," is the mortal enemy of snakes. The legend goes that the mother of the garuda quarreled with her sister, who was the mother of the snakes, respecting the color of the horse that was produced at the churning of the ocean; and since that time there has been constant enmity between their descendants. On the occasion of garuda's marriage the serpents, alarmed at the thought of having children who might destroy them, made a fierce attack on him; but he slew them all but one, which he has since worn as an ornament around his neck. To this day superstitious Hindoos repeat the name of the garuda three times when walking in the fields and going to sleep at night, as a safeguard against snakes.

*THE HEIGHT OF GREAT MEN.*

A correspondent inquires of us if there is any truth in the general belief that the leaders of any particular age are large men, "or is it merely superstition?" There is a modicum of truth in it. While there are numerous exceptions, it seems to be a fact that great poets, essayists, scholars, and philosophical thinkers are, as a rule, small; while great generals, orators, and politicians, those who are engrossed in doing rather than thinking, are, as a rule, above the average size of man. There is a reason for it; those who possess the most vitality are apt to make the biggest noise in the world. Washington was a large man; so were Cortez, Charlemagne, and Wellington; so were Webster, Clay, Tom Corwin, Tom Marshall, Lincoln, Chase, Sumner; so are Gladstone, Bismarck, Ferry, Cleveland, James G. Blaine, and Gen. Sherman. When men who have won distinction are not tall, they generally make it up in breadth, like Bonaparte, Stephen A. Douglas, and Sheridan.

The thinkers of the world have generally been small; as Cicero, Aristotle, Bacon, Alexander Pope, Alexander Hamilton, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. The members of the Senate, ever since that body was established, have been, it is alleged, about an inch taller than the average height of American men. Successful American editors have generally been tall men, averaging six feet high and over 200 pounds, as the elder Bennett, Thurlow Weed, James Watson Webb, Horace Greeley, Wilbur F. Story, Murat Halstead, Joseph Medill, Whitelaw Reid, Joseph Pulitzer, and Charles A. Dana, all fine specimens of full-grown men.

Great orators are almost always large men, and such specimens as Joseph Cook, Henry Ward Beecher, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, Mr. Moody, Roscoe Conkling, and T. De Witt Talmage are familiar to the eye of the present generation of Americans. These orators are not only alike in weighing 225 pounds apiece, but they further resemble each other in possessing a keen sense of both humor and pathos, and in being coarse-grained, of the earth earthy. If they had not been of coarse texture they would have died young, and if they were not large they would have lacked the physical strength to surpass in the sharp competitions of their time. In New York it is proverbial that the great merchants outweigh their clerks.—*Fox Popul i.*

"'Tis love that makes the world go round." It also makes the young man go round—to the home of his sweetheart about seven nights per week.

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# Daily Sentinel.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1887.


## THE CITY NEWS.

There are fifty musicians in the Gilmore band.

The Business Men's exchange meets Monday night.

Mr. Jacob Riess, of this city, was at Indianapolis yesterday.

Prof. John A. Maier gives guitar lessons at Andrews every Saturday.

Mr. Louis Haxzard is strongly urged for councilman in the Ninth ward.

The Presbytery of Fort Wayne, will meet next Tuesday, in LaGrange.

Some of the Wabash locomotives are in service on the Chicago and Atlantic road.

Judge R. S. Taylor, the Mississippi river commissioner, is at Washington, D. C.

Penn has a new daily, the *Herald*, edited and published by J. T. and Ed E. Cox.

There are seventy colored men confined in the northern prison at Michigan City.

D. B. Andrews has accepted the management of nine big band saw mills at Woodville, Mich.

The city council meets Tuesday night and the street paving question will come up for final solution.

Sanford E. North and Idelia A. Boyle, John W. Luntz and Lizetta C. Vollmer have been licensed to wed.

The spring term of the conservatory begins next Wednesday, and the pretty girls, like flowers, will bloom.

The cab of a Grand Rapids and Indiana engine took fire at Richmond yesterday and was nearly consumed.

The Jenny Electric Light company has renewed its contract to light the streets of Logansport for another year.

Mr. Chris B. Stein, one of United States Marshal Hawkins' deputies, was married last night to Miss Maria S. Rehling, at Indianapolis.

C. C. Albertson, H. L. Watson, B. S. Hollopeter, A. S. Preston and W. E. Murray are seeking admission to the Fort Wayne conference.

Miss Nellie M. Brown, of LaGrange, Ind., who has been the guest of Mrs. J. F. Beegan for several weeks, returned to her home this afternoon.

Col. and Mrs. J. Marsh Coombs leave to-morrow night for New York City, shortly to set sail for Europe Mr. Coombs hopes to completely restore his health.

The barn of H. A. Rosenbaum, of Laporte county, was burned by sparks from a Nickel Plate locomotive, with stock grain and implements. Loss, $3,000; insurance, $500.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Strauss, of New York, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lauferty. President Cleveland recently appointed a brother of Mr. Strauss as minister to Turkey.

The people of Lagrange county have voted aid for a branch of the Grand Rapids road from Lagrange to Orland. The railroad scheme had a majority of 148 and the tax will be about forty-five cents on each $100 of valuation.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard O'Connor, of West Wayne street, and Miss Marie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Hodgkin, leave to-morrow for the Pacific coast to reside for a year or more. Mr. O'Connor is not in good health and hopes to be benefitted in the land of orange blossoms.

Mr. Joe Mason accompanied Sheriff Nelson to Rensselaer last night and is prepared to give bond in any sum for his appearance when the Bohemian oats conspiracy case against him is called. Mr. Mason's arrest created a decided sensation and is a new phase of the oats traffic.

The state board of health has issued an order that "no parent or guardian having charge or control of any child or children shall allow any such child or children to go from any house infected with scarlet fever, diphtheria, whooping cough, measels or other contagious or infectious disease, or attend any public or private schools."

Workmen are planting trees in the city parks.

Get ready for the Y. M. C. A. concert. Secure your tickets.

Hay is scarce and costly, so Weighmaster Ryan tells us.

There will be a business meeting of the Y. M. C. A. this evening.

Shade trees are being planted in front of Trinity English Lutheran church.

Justin Lauer has sold lot 263, Lewis' addition, to Christ F. Stahl for $450.

Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Roerger celebrated the first anniversary of their wedding yesterday.

The annual meeting of the German Building Loan association, No. 5, occurs Tuesday evening next. The annual report, will be read and officers chosen.

The public school board held a meeting this week and did routine business. They will inspect the schools next week.

Mr. Charles McClain, the genial deputy county auditor, left to-day for Wabash to spend a week's vacation. Mrs. McLain accompanied him to their old home.

The boys and girls of the Baptist church gave their beloved pastor, S. A. Northrop, a handsome pair of calf buttons on the occasion of his birthday anniversary last Thursday.

The music at the Cathedral to-morrow will be unusually brilliant. The program includes: "Messe du," by Sacre; "Coeur," by Gounod; "Regina Celi," by Cherubini; "Veni Sancte," by Flotow.

In the Bohemian oats suit of Aaron Rothschild vs. F. Parnin and Wm. Dickerson, the superior court jury returned a verdict for Mr. Rothschild against Mr. Dickerson for $114.09, he having guaranteed the payment of the note.

Joseph Sincel, Charles Peters, Archibald Sellers, John Kellenburg, Carrie Williams and Marion Benson were fined for drunkenness, and all went to jail save Peters and Killenburg, who are out on bail. These fellows got into a fight and were drunk. Their true names are not given.

The Northern Indiana Fair association met last night and fixed the date of the next exhibition at September 27, 28, 29 and 30. As soon as the weather permits they will put the grounds, stables and track in excellent shape and will build a bicycle course if sufficient encouragement is given.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean says*: "Among the railway men at the Grand Pacific hotel yesterday were Gen. John McNulta, the newly appointed receiver of the Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific railway, Bloomington; George R. Peck, solicitor Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railway, Topeka; D. McCool, general manager St. Joe and Grand Island railway, St. Joseph; Lewis Williams, general superintendent, Cleveland, and O. D. Gorham, western division superintendent "Nickel Plate route," Fort Wayne."

The United States Express company advertise a sale of unclaimed articles at Indianapolis, May 24. Among them are those from Fort Wayne: Pkg E. Curtis, grip C. A. Carpenter, pkg Kate Duray, desk W. B. Dougherman, box Fred Eckert & Co., cage Lulu Fisher, pkg Dr. H. Goulo, pkg C. Hough, sewing mach Mrs. M. Hurst, box Wm James, box Keller Medicine Co., pkg Rev. E. A. Koenig, pkg W. D. Miller, grip Charles Manning, pkg H. B. Moorehouse, box Carl Proegler, casting Dan Shordon, pkg S. B. Tolan, box F. W. Wilson, box Louis Wolf, pkg Franz Zimwalder.

In his address to the Fort Wayne conference at Marion, Bishop Hurst congratulated the conference of the prosperous condition of the church in Indiana, which he denominated the Methodism of education. They had commenced by the establishment of colleges, and the work had been blessed and glorified. He spoke hopefully of the missionary work in Mexico, which he had recently visited in person, and said that the money expended there had not been thrown away. Prof. W. F. Yocum and Rev. Mr. Browne, of this city, were placed on the education committee and the Fort Wayne district was called. Presiding Elder Lynch reported good revivals, salaries mostly paid, good benevolent collections, and an advance over last years on all lines of work.


In mining districts Salvation Oil is regarded as an indispensable necessity. Miners will have it.



Life is but short, and we should do all we can to prolong it. Check a cough or cold at once by using the old reliable remedy, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.



**Butter, Eggs and Ham Down.**

Best roll butter 25c. Good 20c.
Fresh eggs dozen, 12c.
Hams, best sugar cured, pound 12½c.

FRUIT HOUSE.



The best in the world—Centlivre's Bock beer, on sale to-day.



3 lb can tomatoes, 10c.
3 lb can California egg plums, 20c.
3 lb can California green gages, 20c.
3 lb can California Bartlett pears, 22c.
3 lb can California Apricots, 22c.

YANKEE GROCERY.


To-day is pay day at the Bass and Murray foundries.

Frank Alderman has returned from Wichita, Kansas.

Have you tickets for Gilmore's concert Tuesday evening?

Prof. Crocker's horse show had a big matinee this afternoon and close their engagement at the Temple to-night.

H. A. Grotholdman, the contractor and builder, has received a letter from Germany announcing the death of his mother.

Superintendent P. S. O'Rourke will go to New York City next Monday to attend a meeting of the association of the Railroad Superintendents of America.

The next regular meeting of the Citizens' Reform league will be held at the office of Dr. A. E. VanBuskirk, 416 South Calhoun street, on Monday evening at 5 o'clock, standard time. Thus it will allow those who wish to attend the Y. M. C. A. concert in the evening.

Sheriff Bratton, of Huntington, is still in the city. He has not discovered the bigamist prisoner who escaped from him at the south depot yesterday morning. The fugitive's name is G. W. I. Woltz and he is wanted at Portland for bigamy. He was recently acquitted of the charge of fraud in Huntington county and when he escaped was safely hand-cuffed. It is difficult to see how he can get the irons off.


If the liver and kidneys are sluggish and inactive, Hood's Sarsaparilla will rouse them to prompt and regular action. Take it now.



**IT'S FUN FOR THE PEOPLE.**

**Its Amusing to us. Its a Mystery to Our Would-be Competitors— Since March 15, we Have Presented:**

Henry C. Bowers, Jefferson township; Charles Richards, 55 Maumee avenue; C. H. Ross, St. Joe township; J. F. Sellel, 164 East Lewis street; Mrs. E. Trainor, 12 Elm street; D. Zuber, Antwerp, Ohio; N. Van Hoozen, Aboit township, each with one of America's Best Mantel clocks.

Jos. Stucky, Maysville, Ind.; Henry Good, Garr Creek, Ind.; F. Kramer, 128 Madison street, each with a splendid silver ore watch.

Henry Kress, Nine Mile P. O.; C. Yant, Aboit; H. Smith, 130 West Washington street, each with a suberb Meriden Dinner Caster.

Geo. Elbert, 129 East Dowald street; Maggie Hilder, Defiance, O.; Alex Klutz, 111 Cass street; F. Beckman, Marion township; J. C. Myer, Pleasant, each with a magnificent silver and crystal Fruit Stand.

August Neuman, 293 Broadway; Jno. Benton, 213 Barr street; Wm. Schwarz, 191 Wallace street; H. Hoevil, Adams township, each with a set of silver table spoons.

Wm. Stewert, Georgetown P. O. set of Rodgers silver table knives.

Alex Pepo, Academy Station, a fine meridan silver butter dish,

2,000 valuable presents, also a $350 city lot, a $150 grand parlor organ, a $150 custom made buggy, to be given our patrons before September 1, 1887. The largest stock of spring clothing, all entirely new. Prices lower than ever before.

**SAM, PETE & MAX,**

Indiana's "Hoss" Clothiers.



Call for Centlivre's Bock beer, the best in the world. Try it and you will have no other.



Ice cream and sherbets for Easter at the Chicago bakery on Broadway.



The only imperishable material for monumental work is white bronze. It is artistic, elegant, inexpensive.—*New York World.*



Call for Centlivre's Bock beer, the best in the world. Try it and you will have no other.



White bronze is very enduring and an excellent material for monuments.—*Scientific American*



Large French prunes, 10c pound.
Golden prunelle, 15c pound.
Fard (or black) dates, 10c pound.
Golden dates, 10c pound.

YANKEE GROCERY.



Centlivre will put on sale to-day the finest quality of Bock beer ever seen in Fort Wayne.



**Nonnamaker.** I have just received a new stock of Boots and Shoes from some of the best manufactories east and west. My goods are medium and fine grades, and are warranted to give satisfaction. Call and see the new goods. Prices are as low as can be made anywhere in these state. The best Ladies' $2.00 Shoe in the city. No. 5 Keystone Block.

9-24 A. NONNAMAKER.



**Big Sale of Silk Sun Umbrellas.**

We have still about 50 Sun Umbrellas left, which we will close out for less than cost; amongst them are the celebrated Gloria Sun Umbrella, warranted not to crack, fade or break, which will be sold at $1.50. We can safely say that it is the best bargain ever offered to the purchasing public, at Chaska's Old Stand, 72 Calhoun street.

Centlivre has placed on sale to-day his famous Bock beer. The best ever sold in this city.



# BOO. BOO. BOO. BOOTS!
## AND
# SHO! SHO! SHO! SHOES.
AT THE
# HOO! HOO! HOO! HOOSIER!

| | |
|---|---|
| Men's Solid Kip Dom Pedro | $1 75 |
| Men's Solid Kip Stitch down | 1 75 |
| Men's Solid Split Dom Pedro | 1 40 |
| Men's Solid Split Stitch Down | 1 40 |
| Men's Solid Working Shoes | 1 60 |
| Ladies' Solid Kid and Goat Button | 2 00 |
| Ladies' solid Grain Button | 1 35 |
| Ladies' Cheap Kid and Goat Button | 1 60 |
| Ladies' Cheap Grain Button | 1 00 |

## THE HOOSIER SHOE STORE,

No. 52 Calhoun Street,

## OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE,

FORT WAYNE, - - - - IND.



MASONIC TEMPLE.

J. H. SIMONSON.....Manager
P. E. STUDER.....Treasurer

ONE NIGHT ONLY.
TUESDAY, APRIL 12.

## GILMORE!
THE GREAT





AND HIS
WONDERFUL BAND
Consisting of
Fifty Eminent Musicians and Soloists!
Assisted by the charming Prima Donna,
LETITIA FRITCH!
Sale of Seats To-day.
GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL,
Scale of Prices—Parquet, $1.00; Parquet Circle, $.75; Balcony, 50c. Admission, 50c and $1.00.



All dealers handling Centlivre's beer will have Bock beer on tap to-day.



## M. L. ALBRECHT

HAS REMOVED HIS

## Carriage Factory

From 106 West Main

STREET to the

CORNER OF MAIN AND BARR STREET.



A. HATTERSLEY & SON
PLUMBERS
Steam and Gas Fitters.
—DEALERS IN—
GAS FIXTURES
Main Street, East of Clinton
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Brass Work Iron and Lead Pipe
Lift and Force Pumps,
Sheet Lead, Bath Tubs, Wash Bowls Rubber Hose, etc.

Old gas fixtures regilt, bronzed and made equal to new.



## Our Prices Tell! Our Quality Sells!

Our immense stock of Spring Styles of only leading makes of

# BOOTS and SHOES

FOR LADIES', GENTS AND CHILDREN'S WEAR

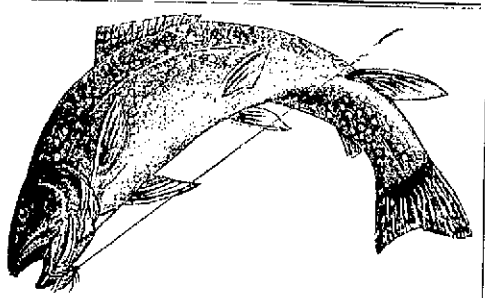
Now complete in every detail.

## CASH BOUGHT THEM---LOW PRICES WILL SELL THEM

LADIES' TURNED LACE OR BUTTON OXFORDS from $1 to $3.
For Reliable Goods do not fail to call on

## THE JACOBS SHOE STORE!

NO. 17 CALHOUN, STREET.


## AT THE
# Sportsmen's Headquarters!

The finest line of FISHING TACKEL and Hunting Goods ever seen in Fort Wayne. Retail and wholesale at bottom prices.

## CHAS. H. MILLER,

No. 20 West Main Street,



# JUST ARRIVED!

A LINE OF LADIES KID BUTTON SHOES AT $1. ALSO, A LINE OF LADIES KID TOE SLIPPERS AT 50 CENTS AT THE

# MASSACHUSETTS SHOE COMPANY,

No. 8 Keystone Block, - - - E. W. Lewis, Manager.



## GLOBE WAREHOUSE !

We are now showing the famous Jamestown Worsted Dress Goods in all the Spring and Summer shades; the goods are made from the best material thoroughly finished so they may be worn in damp or wet weather without shrinking or curling and are perfectly fast colors. The goods may be washed if desired without the least injury to the fabric.

## Globe Warehouse

58 Calhoun Street,






GEO. H. LOESCH, Druggist,
Wholesale and Retail Agent,
Corner Barr and Wayne Streets
Oct. 12-eod-6mo.



DR. T. J. DILLS
Has his office at
NO. 17 COURT STREET
Where he will give exclusive attention to all
DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.
Office hours 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.



## CHAS. ROSE
IS SELLING

| | |
|---|---|
| New Potatoes, per peck | 60c |
| Good, New Cabbage, large heads, | — |
| Package Coffees, per lb | 20c |
| Canned Tomatoes | 10c |
| Canned Peaches, best quality | 18c |
| Canned Corn | 10c |
| Canned Pumpkin | 10c |
| Best Red Bananas, per dozen | 30c |
| Lemons, per dozen | 15c |
| Prunes, per lb | 10c |
| Dressed Poultry, per lb | 10c |

And in fact everything in the
GROCERY LINE
—AT—
BOTTOM PRICES.

Fresh Butter every day. Also all kinds of Feed constantly on hand at

Nos. 75 and 77 East Wayne Street.
March 26-1mo



## J. JAXTHEIMER,
—THE—
# Merchant Tailor!

Has a full line of imported and domestic goods for

SPRING AND SUMMER
## SUITINGS!

All Goods are made up in the most artistic manner and no suit is to leave the store without giving entire satisfaction.

PRICES REASONABLE.

W. MAIN ST.